

SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

Post-



Post-**CRISIS**

Prologue: Family Histories

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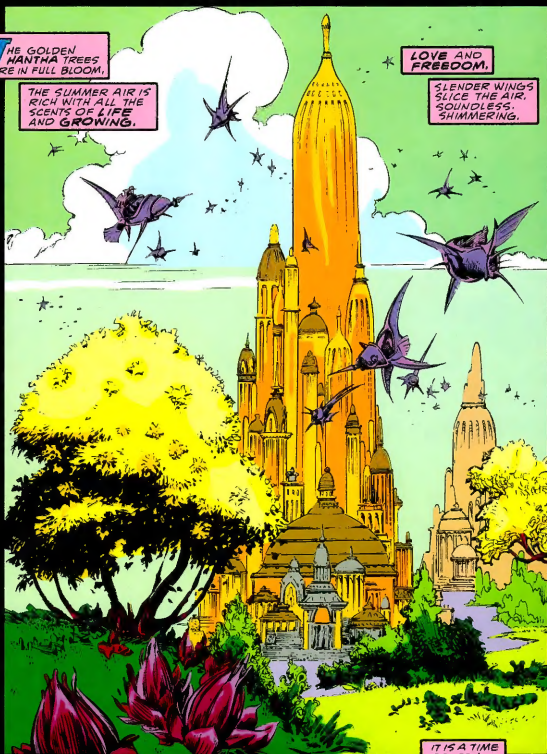
Volume
1

THE GOLDEN
NANTHA TREES
ARE IN FULL BLOOM.

THE SUMMER AIR IS
RICH WITH ALL THE
SCENTS OF LIFE
AND GROWING.

LOVE AND
FREEDOM.

SLENDER WINGS
SLICE THE AIR.
SOUNDLESS.
SHIMMERING.



IT IS A TIME
OF JOY.

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IT IS A TIME OF
CELEBRATION!

THE WORLD OF KRYPTON

STORY BY · JOHN BYRNE
BREAKDOWNS BY · MIKE MIGNOLA
FINISHES BY · RICK BRYANT
LETTERS BY · JOHN WORKMAN
COLORS BY · PETRA SCOTSE
EDITING BY · MICHAEL CARLIN
BASED ON CONCEPTS CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL
AND JOE SHUSTER

HIS NAME IS VAN-L.

HE IS YOUNG, AND FULL
OF THE FIRES OF LIFE.

AND TODAY,
EVEN MORE.

TODAY THERE IS A SPECIAL
JOY IN HIS HEART AS HE
FLINGS HIS FILIGREE SKY-
SHIP THROUGH THE SUMMER
AIR.

PIECES

FOR THIS IS
VAN-L'S DAY OF
PASSAGE...

WHEN HE
AWOKE THIS
MORNING,
HE WAS BUT
A CHILD.

WHEN RAO
SETS TO-
NIGHT, HE WILL
BE A MAN.

NOTHING ELSE
FILLS HIS
MIND AS HE
DARTS AND
WEAVES
THROUGH
SLOWER
SKYSHIPS.

OLDER KRYPTONIANS,
RECOGNIZING HIM,
ALLOW
THEMSELVES INDULGENT
SMILES AND MEMORY.

NOTHING ELSE FILLS
VAN-L'S MIND...
...UNTIL...

HO,
SPEEDY-
BIRD!

WHAT'S
YOUR
RUSH?

VARA!

YOU LOOK--
BEAUTIFUL!

I KNOW.

YOU MUST
REALLY BE
GROWING UP,
VAN-L.

I THINK
IT'S THE FIRST
TIME YOU'VE
NOTICED!

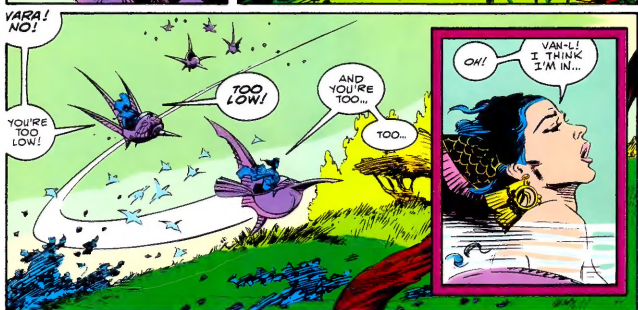
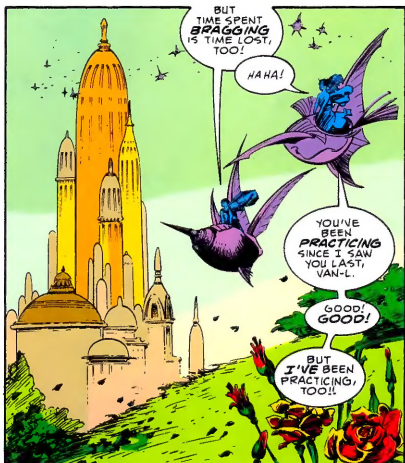
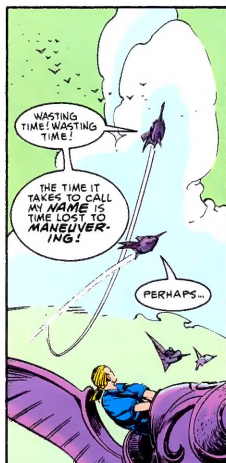
I'VE A
MEAL IN THE
REAR COMPART-
MENT, ENOUGH
FOR TWO.

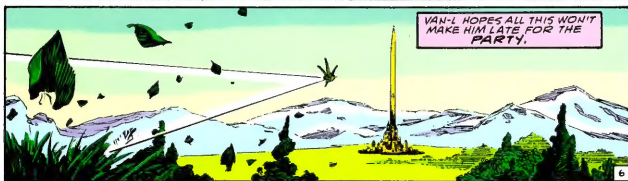
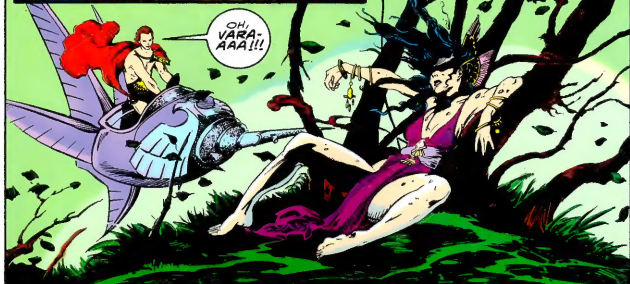
WILL YOU
JOIN ME ON
KANTOR
MOUNTAIN?

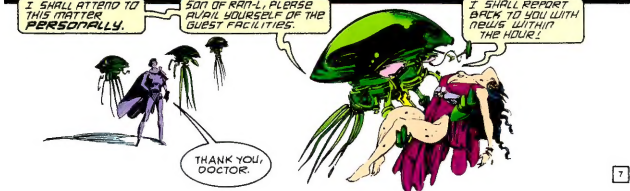
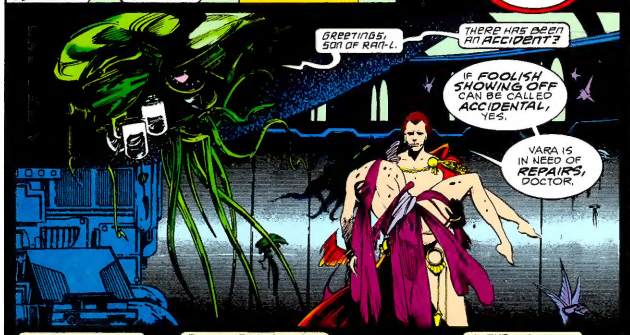
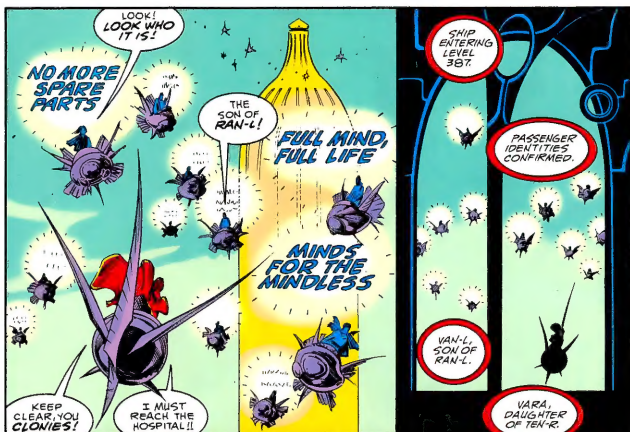
PERHAPS...

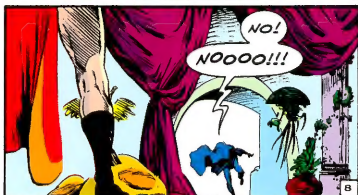
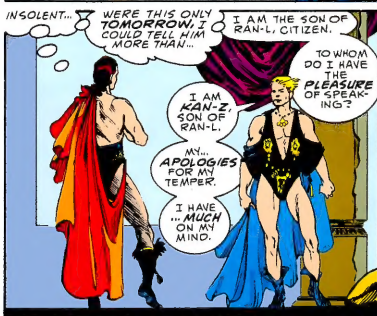
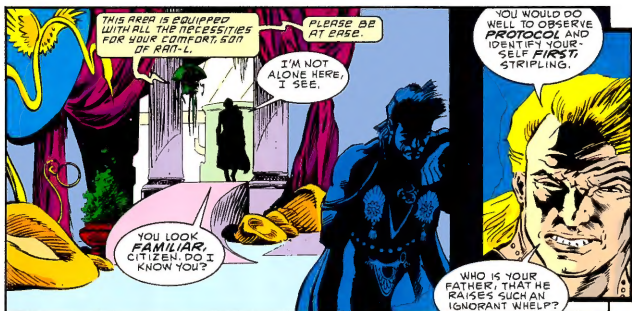
IF YOU CAN
BEAT ME
THERE!!

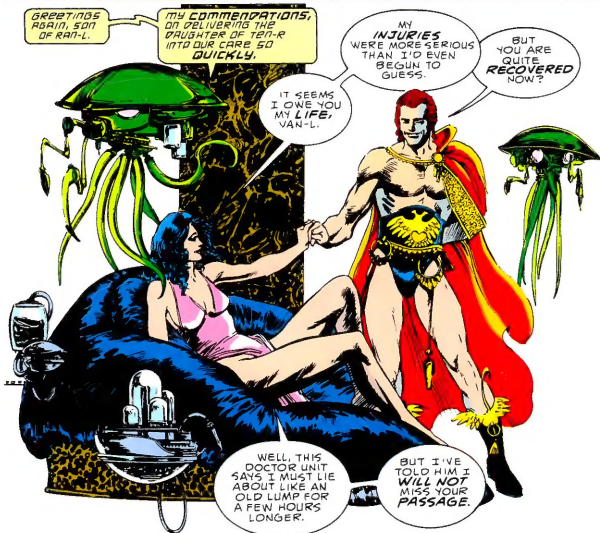
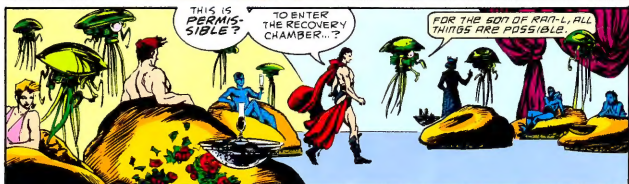
VARA!!













THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, I ASSURE YOU.

I MERELY WISH THAT YOU RESTRAIN YOURSELF UNTIL WE CAN BE SURE ALL THE TRANSPLANTS ARE SUCCESSFUL.

IN ALL MY THOUSAND YEARS, I HAVE NEVER HAD TO PERFORM SO MUCH RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY ON A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL IN ONE DAY.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY DAUGHTER'S HABIT TO BE DIFFERENT, DOCTOR.

TEN-R!



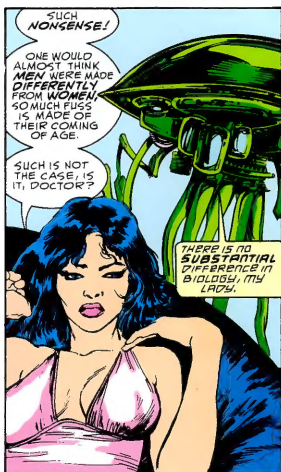
VAN-L.

OR AM I PREMATURE TO ADDRESS YOU BY YOUR NAME?

WHEN IS THE HOUR OF YOUR PASSAGE?

NOT FOR ANOTHER QUARTER, MY LORD.

BUT THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT.



SUCH NONSENSE!

ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK MEN WERE MADE DIFFERENTLY FROM WOMEN, SO MUCH FLUSS IS MADE OF THEIR COMING OF AGE.

SUCH IS NOT THE CASE, IS IT, DOCTOR?

THERE IS NO SUBSTANTIAL DIFFERENCE IN BIOLOGY, MY LADY.



YOU HAVE NO HEART FOR TRADITION, DAUGHTER.

AND HOW ARE YOUR PARENTS, SON OF RAN-L?

I SAW YOUR FATHER'S SPEECH IN KANDOR. MOST IMPRESSIVE!

THANK YOU, MY LORD.

MY MOTHER AND FATHER ARE QUITE WELL, AS USUAL.



MY MOTHER SPOKE SPECIFICALLY OF LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU AT THE PARTY THIS EVENING.

YOU WILL BE THERE, I TRUST?

"NOT ALL THE GODS COULD KEEP ME AWAY, VAN-L."

"GREET YOUR MOTHER FOR ME, ON YOUR RETURN HOME."

GOOD AFTERNOON, MOTHER.

WHAT WORD FROM FATHER? WILL HE MAKE IT FOR THE PASSAGE?

MOTHER...

VAN...

MY SON...

MOTHER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

...FATHER...?

I HAVE NOT HEARD FROM HIM IN TWO QUARTERS, VAN.

I...FEAR FOR HIS LIFE!

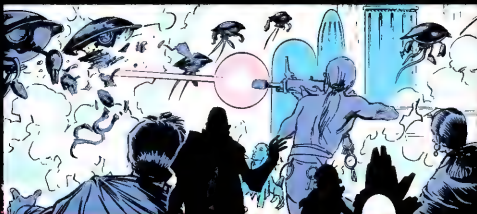
MOTHER...

I DO NOT SPEAK LIGHTLY, VAN.

ACTIVATE THE TELECOM.

SEE FOR YOURSELF THE NEWS FROM KANDOR...

...RAO...!!





BUT
IT IS!

FATHER!!

RAN!

I DESPAIRED
OF EVER SEEING YOU
AGAIN, HUSBAND!

AND
I OF YOU,
BELOVED!

THE FIGHTING
BROKE OUT JUST
AS I WAS PRE-
PARING TO
LEAVE KANDOR.

IT WAS ONLY
AT THE INSISTENCE
OF CHAN-U THAT
I LEFT WHEN I DID.



AT LEAST
THIS MEANS
YOU WILL BE HERE
FOR THE PARTY
TONIGHT, FATHER



VAN!!

I CANNOT
BELIEVE YOU
SAID THAT!

LOOK
AT THE
TELECOM
SCREEN!

KRYPTONIANS
ARE FIGHTING!
DYING!

AND YOU
THINK ONLY OF
YOURSELF??

I... AM
SORRY, MOTHER,
BUT THE ROBO-
POLICE HAVE THE
CLONES WELL
IN HAND...

DO NOT
APOLOGIZE,
MY SON

THE DEBATE
OVER CLONE
RIGHTS HAS BEEN
GROWING SINCE
BEFORE YOU WERE
BORN.

IT IS NOT
SURPRISING
YOU CANNOT
GIVE IT MUCH
WORRY...

ESPECIALLY
TODAY, OF
ALL DAYS...



LATER.

THE SOOTHING REFRAINS OF JANTHASSA MELODIES DRIFT ACROSS THE HIGH TOWERS OF THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE L FAMILY.

AND IN THE GREAT HALL...

YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY WONDERFUL, VARA.

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT WAS ONLY THIS AFTER-NOON...

DONOT SPEAK OF THIS, VAN-L.

TONIGHT IS YOUR NIGHT.

AND AFTER THE RITES, I HAVE FOR YOU A SPECIAL GIFT...

I CANNOT AGREE WITH YOU, GAN-M.

THERE IS MUCH MORE AT ISSUE HERE THAN THE RIGHTS OF MINDLESS CLONES.

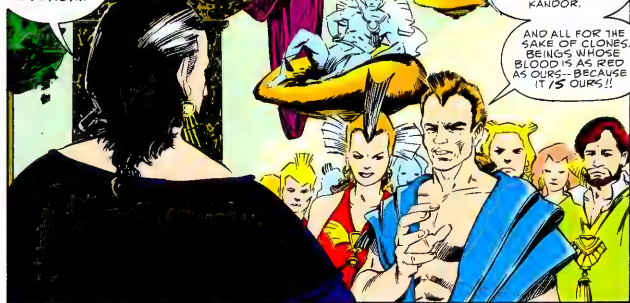
PERHAPS AS MUCH AS THE WHOLE CIVILIZATION OF KRYPTON HANGS BY WHAT WE DO NEXT.

YOU SPEAK IN GRAND PHRASES, RAN-L.

BUT AS EVER YOU SPEAK LIKE A POLITICIAN.

YOU PREACH CAUTION WHEN ALREADY THERE IS KRYPTONIAN BLOOD RUNNING RED IN THE STREETS OF KANDOR.

AND ALL FOR THE SAKE OF CLONES. BEINGS WHOSE BLOOD IS AS RED AS OURS-- BECAUSE IT IS OURS!!



GAN-M IS RIGHT!

WE HAVE PRACTICED AN ABOMINATION! WE MUST GRANT FULL RIGHTS TO THE CLONES. IMMEDIATELY!

YOU OVERSIMPLIFY, AS USUAL, HAN-T.

LISTEN NOW!

RAN-L IS SPEAKING AGAIN!

FOR TEN THOUSAND GENERATIONS, WE HAVE USED THE CLONE TECHNOLOGY TO PROLONG OUR LIVES, GAN-M.

YOU, YOURSELF, HAVE BEEN REPLENISHED MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT.

IT WAS THAT VERY PROLONGING OF LIFE, WITH ALL THE STRENGTH AND VIGOR OF YOUTH MAINTAINED THAT MADE OUR PRESENT CULTURE POSSIBLE!

IF WE ABANDON THE CLONE TECHNOLOGY NOW, WE MUST FACE ONCE AGAIN THE INEVITABILITY OF AGE AND DEATH!

AND, WORSE, WE MUST FOREVER BRAND OURSELVES A RACE OF MURDERERS!

PERHAPS EVEN CANNIBALS!



YOU CHARGE YOUR WORDS WITH TOO MUCH EMOTION, RAN-L.

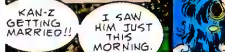
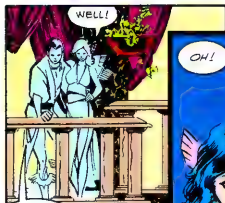
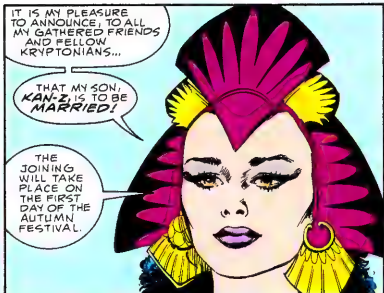
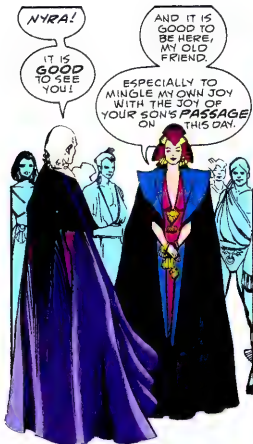
YOU TRY TO FRIGHTEN US FROM THE RIGHT PATH WITH VAGUE THREATS, TAUNTINGS AT OUR CONSCIENCES.

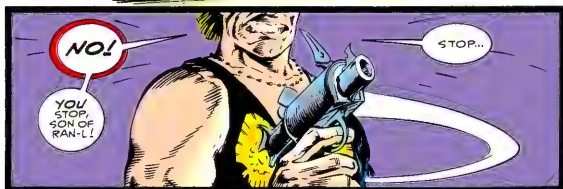
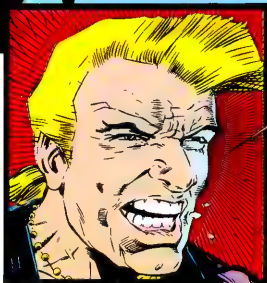
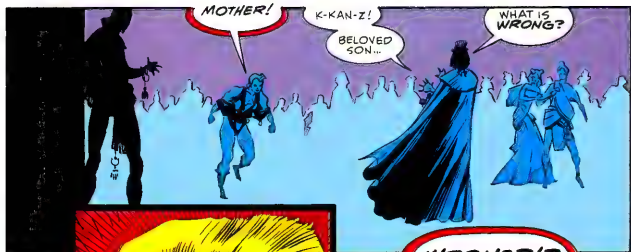
BUT I WILL NOT BE--

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?

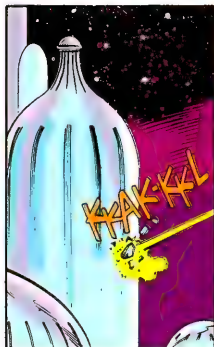








TZAAAPP



LATER...



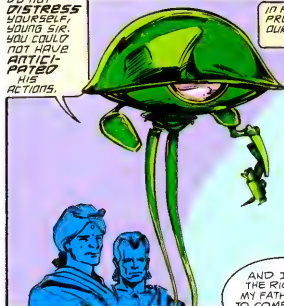
THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF LADY NYRA'S HEAD AND BRAIN, OF COURSE, PRECLUDES ANY HOPE OF REPARATIVE RECONSTRUCTION.

THIS IS MOST DISTURBING!!

I QUITE AGREE!

THERE HAS NOT BEEN SUCH AN ACT OF PERSONAL VIOLENCE IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF, YOUNG SIR. YOU COULD NOT HAVE ANTICIPATED HIS ACTIONS.



IN POINT OF FACT, YOU HAVE PROVIDED US WITH PERHAPS OUR ONLY OBVIOUS CLUE TO HIS ACTIONS...

I SHALL CONTINUE MY INVESTIGATION AT THE HOSPITAL STATION.

AND I SHALL COME WITH YOU. THIS MATTER CONCERNS ME GREATLY.

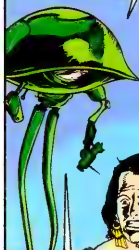
I... SENSE SOMEHOW THERE IS MORE TO THIS THAN MURDER!

AND I CLAIM THE RIGHT, AS MY FATHER'S SON, TO COME AS WELL!

I MUST LEARN WHAT ALL THIS MEANS!

FORGIVE ME FOR DIS-AGREEING, MY LORD...

BUT THIS IS THE **SECOND** SUCH ACT PERPETRATED BY MAN-Z IN AS MANY HOURS.



WE HAVE JUST COME FROM THE SITE OF THE MURDER OF HIS FIANCEE, KYLA OF THE HOUSE OF ENN-R!

BOTH... SINCE THIS MORNING?

I COULD TELL HE WAS... UN-BALANCED WHEN I SAW HIM AT THE HOSPITAL STATION...

BUT I HAD NO IDEA HE WOULD...

WOULD...



DAWN PINKS
THE HORIZON.

PAY CLOSE
ATTENTION NOW,
MY SON.

IT IS RARE
INDEED THAT ANY
LIVING SOUL IS
PERMITTED
INTO THESE
REGIONS.

IT'S SO...
COLD!

SO DARK!

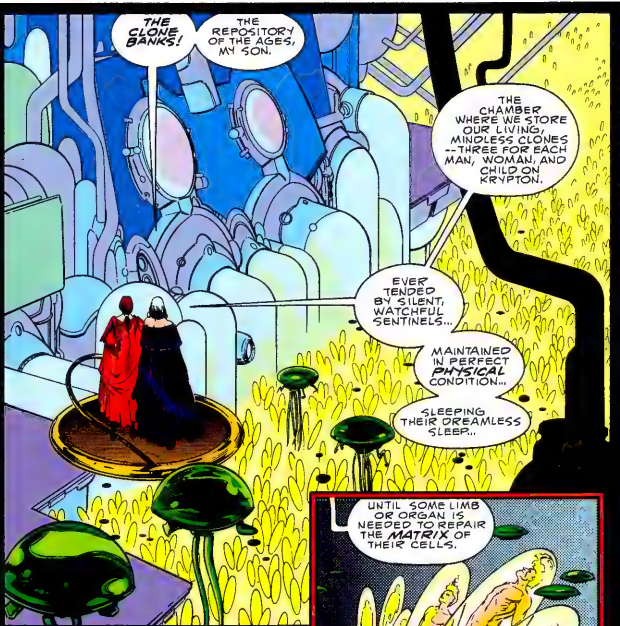
A PRE-
SERVING
COLD AND
DARKNESS,
MY SON.

THROUGH
THESE DOORS
LIE ALL OUR
HOPES AND
DREAMS,
VAN-L.

THROUGH
THESE DOORS
LIES THE
FUTURE!

THE EYE OF RAO CROUCHES,
AS IF DISDAINFUL OF THE
CHANGED WORLD IT MUST
NOW LOOK UPON.

GREAT
RAO!!!



THE
CLONE
BANKS!

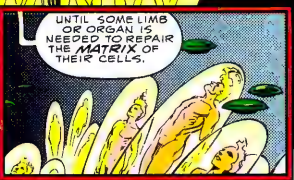
THE
REPOSITORY
OF THE AGES,
MY SON.

THE
CHAMBER
WHERE WE STORE
OUR LIVING,
MINDLESS CLONES
--THREE FOR EACH
MAN, WOMAN, AND
CHILD ON
KRYPTON.

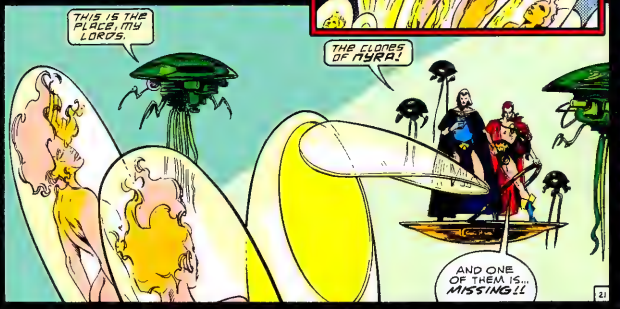
EVER
TENDED
BY SILENT,
WATCHFUL
SENTINELS...

MAINTAINED
IN PERFECT
PHYSICAL
CONDITION...

SLEEPING
THEIR DREAMLESS
SLEEP...



UNTIL SOME LIMB
OR ORGAN IS
NEEDED TO REPAIR
THE MATRIX OF
THEIR CELLS.



THIS IS THE
PLACE, MY
LORDS.

THE CLONES
OF AYRA!

AND ONE
OF THEM IS...
MISSING!!

NOT
MISSING,
YOUNG
LORD.

THE THIRD-STAGE
CLONE WAS RE-
MOVED AT THE
ORDER OF
MISTRESS NYRA
HERSELF.

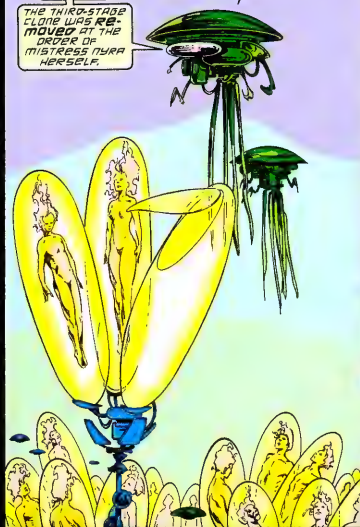
SHE EXPRESSED
SOME... NEED
OF IT.

NEED?

WHAT
NEED?

THE LAWS OF
KRYPTON FORBID
THE REMOVAL OF A
FULLY UNDA-
MAGED CLONE FOR ANY
REASON!

FOR NYRA TO
HAVE DONE
THIS IS A
CRIME
NEARLY AS
GREAT AS
THAT OF
HER SON.



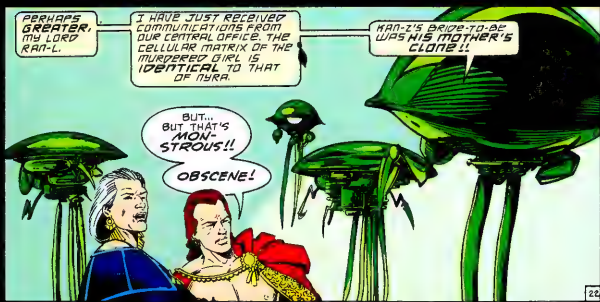
PERHAPS
GREATER,
MY LORD
RA-L.

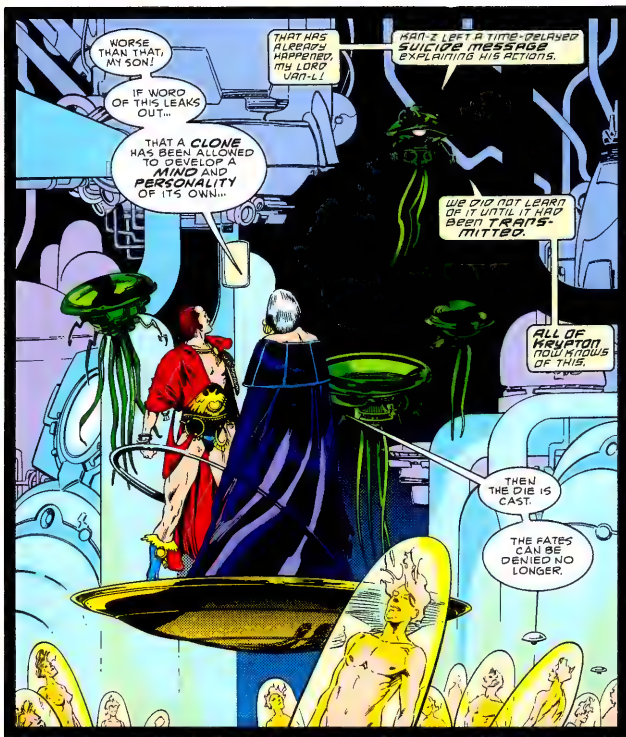
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED
COMMUNICATIONS FROM
OUR CENTRAL OFFICE. THE
CELLULAR MATRIX OF THE
MURDERED GIRL IS
IDENTICAL TO THAT
OF NYRA.

KAN-Z'S BRIDE-TO-BE
WAS HIS MOTHER'S
CLONE!!

BUT...
BUT THAT'S
MON-
STROUS!!

OBSCENE!





NO BLOSSOMS NOW,
ON SPREADING
HANTHA TREES.

BREEZES, COILING
ABOUT THEIR
RAGGED LIMBS,
ARE LIKE A FETID
BREATH OF HELL.

SCUTTling GANZAGA
LIZARDS SPIT AND
HISS, WHERE ONCE
GREEN GRASSES
WAVED BENEATH A
SUMMER'S SUN.

THE BEHEMOTH, WHICH
LUMBERS THROUGH THIS
BLASTED LANDSCAPE,
SEEMS QUITE AT
HOME HERE.

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THE WORLD OF KRYPTON

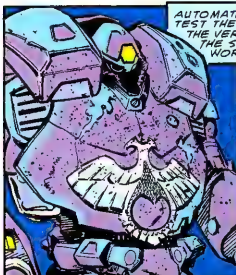
AFTER THE FALL

JOHN BYRNE • STORY
MIKE MIGNOLA • BREAKDOWNS
RICK BRYANT • FINISHES
PETRASCOSE • COLORS
JOHN WORKMAN • LETTERING
MICHAEL CARLIN • EDITOR

FOR TWENTY-EIGHT
DAYS THE MONSTER
WALKED, LOOKING
NEITHER RIGHT
NOR LEFT...

HEEDLESS OF THE
BURNING WINDS THAT
SCORCH ITS NEAR
HIDE.

OBVIOUS TO THE TINY,
SCRABBLING THINGS THAT
DIE WITH RED, WET SOUNDS
BENEATH ITS PLODDING
FEET.



AUTOMATED SCANNERS
TEST THE AIR, THE SOIL,
THE VERY FABRIC OF
THE SHATTERED
WORLD...



WHILE, SHELTERED IN THE
MASSIVE CHEST, A FRAGILE
HUMAN FORM FLOATS,
STILL--AND SEEMS TO BE
SLEEPING...

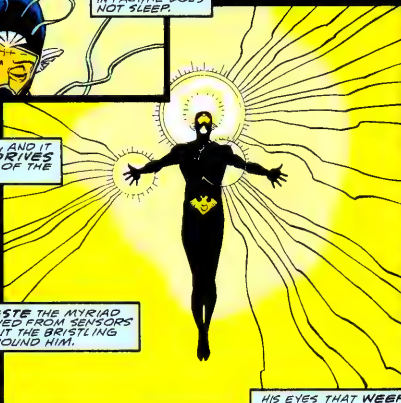


SLEEPING AND
DREAMING THE
WORLD TO BE A
NIGHTMARE
BORNE OF THAT
UNSTEADY
SLUMBER.



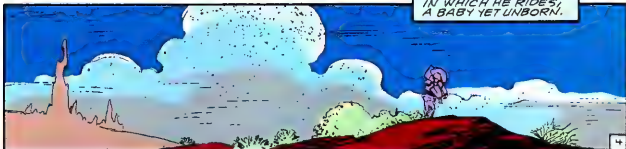
IN FACT, HE DOES
NOT SLEEP.

HIS NAME IS VAN-L, AND IT
IS HIS MIND THAT **DRIVES**
THE PUMPING LEGS OF THE
STRIDING WARSUIT.



HIS SENSES THAT **TASTE** THE MYRIAD
MESSAGES CONVEYED FROM SENSORS
MOUNTED ALL ABOUT THE BRISTLING
ARMORED HULK AROUND HIM.

HIS EYES THAT **WEEP**
SALT TEARS INTO THE
SHIELDING NUTRIENTS
IN WHICH HE RIDES,
A BABY YET UNBORN.



TWENTY-EIGHT
DAYS' MARCH,
AND HIS GOAL
IS AT LAST
IN SIGHT.

HIS HEART BEATS FASTER, DESPITE
THE AUTO-SYSTEMS THAT REGULATE
AND SOOTHE HIS METABOLIC
FUNCTIONS, GUARDING HIM FROM
STRESS AND SHOCK...

ACROSS THE SEETHING
WASTES, A TOWER
RISES...

A STUMP, A CHARRED
REMNANT, IN THE ALL-
SEEING EYE OF HIS
LONG-RANGE SCANNER.

A PITIFUL
REMINDER...

...OF WHAT
USED TO BE...

THE CLONES
OF NYRA!

AND ONE
OF THEM IS...
MISSING!!

UNBIDDEN,
MEMORIES
FLOW...

NOT MISSING,
YOUNG LORD.

THE THIRD-STAGE
CLONE WAS RE-
MOVED AT THE
ORDER OF MISTRESS
NYRA HERSELF.

SHE EXPRESSED
SOME... NEED
OF IT.

NEED?

WHAT
NEED?

THE LAWS OF
KRYPTON FORBID
THE REMOVAL OF A
FULL, UNDAMAGED
CLONE FOR ANY
REASON!

FOR NYRA
TO HAVE
DONE THIS
IS A CRIME
NEARLY AS
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THAT OF
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PERHAPS
GREATER,
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HIS MOTHER'S CLONE!!

BUT... BUT THAT'S
MONSTROUS!

OBSCENE!

WORSE
THAN THAT,
MY SON.

THAT A CLONE
HAS BEEN ALLOWED
TO DEVELOP A MIND
AND PERSONALITY
OF ITS OWN...

THAT HAS ALREADY
HAPPENED, MY LORD
RAN-L.

KAN-Z LEFT A TIME-
DELAYED SUICIDE
MESSAGE EXPLAIN-
ING HIS ACTIONS.

WE DID NOT LEARN
OF IT UNTIL IT HAD
BEEN TRANS-
MITTED.

ALL OF KRYPTON
NOW KNOWS OF THIS.

THEN
THE DIE IS
CAST.

THE
FATES CAN
BE DENIED NO
LONGER!

THIS
MEANS
WAR!!



NO,
FATHER!

I KNOW THERE
HAVE BEEN
PROTESTS
LATELY AGAINST
THE PRACTICE OF
REPLACING DAM-
AGED LIMBS AND
ORGANS WITH
PARTS TAKEN
FROM MINDLESS
CLONES...

... BUT THE
PEOPLE OF KRYPTON
ARE TOO **INTELLIGENT**
... TOO **CIVILIZED**
TO EVER GO TO WAR!

"IT GOES BACK TO THE VERY **BEGINNING**
OF OUR CLONE TECHNOLOGY.

"NEARLY
ONE

HUNDRED THOUSAND
YEARS, TO THE PASSIVE
PROTESTS OF SEN-M
AND HIS LEAGUE
OF LIFE.

"FROM THE FIRST
THEY **ABHORRED**
THE PROPOSED
USE OF CLONE
MATERIAL TO PRO-
LONG OUR LIVES.

ARE THEY,
MY SON?

YOU SAW THE
VIDI-CAST FROM
KANDOR... THE
RIOTS, THE
KILLING IN THE
STREETS OF
OUR CAPITAL.

AND I WAS
THERE. I SAW
THE HORROR
WITH MY OWN
EYES.

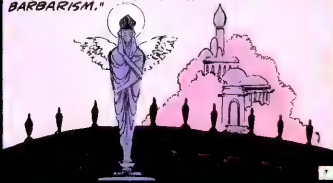
THIS IS AN
ANCIENT
GRIEVANCE,
MY SON.

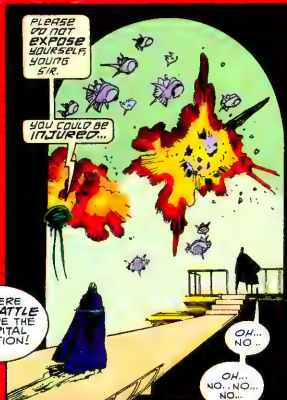
"THE TAKING OF
THREE LIVING
CELLS FROM EACH
KRYPTONIAN...

"EACH TO BE
SELECTIVELY
CULTURED
INTO A MIND-
LESS DUPLI-
CATE, EACH OF A DIFFER-
ENT AGE...

"EACH TO
BE USED FOR
**REPLACE-
MENT PARTS.**

"SEN-M AND HIS PEOPLE CHOSE DEATH BY NATURAL
CAUSES OVER PARTICIPATION IN WHAT THEY SAW AS
BARBARISM."

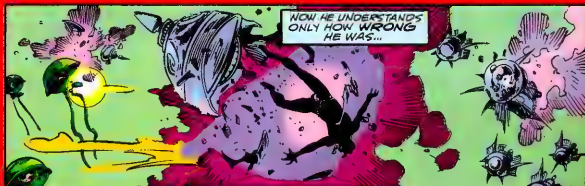






HE THOUGHT HE UNDERSTOOD.

HE'D LOOKED AT THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES RELAYED FROM KANDOR THAT AFTERNOON, AND THOUGHT IN HIS YOUTH AND INNOCENCE THAT HE'D BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND THE FACE OF WAR.



NOW HE UNDERSTANDS ONLY HOW WRONG HE WAS...



PLEASE STEP BACK, MY SON.

YOU MIGHT BE STRUCK BY A STRAY BLAST.

FATHER...

FATHER... THE SCREAMS... THE BLOOD...

THERE ARE PEOPLE ...DYING OUT THERE!

THE LEGACY OF SEN-M, VAN-L.

EXCEPTING THE GROSS-EST ACCIDENTS, RARE IN OUR **PERFECT** TECHNOCRACY, THERE HAS BEEN NO DEATH OF HUMANS ON KRYPTON FOR THREE THOUSAND GENERATIONS.

NOW THE PEACEFUL PROTESTS OF THAT KINDLY OLD MAN ARE TWISTED INTO ALL THIS PAIN AND DEVASTATION.



MINDS FOR THE MINDLESS!

FULL MIND, FULL LIFE

LOOK! LOOK! EVEN AS THEY TRY TO **BLAST** THE HOSPITAL STATION AND ARE THEMSELVES **BLASTED...**

PROTESTORS STILL **FLASH** THE **SLOGANS** SEN-M HIMSELF CREATED.

THE GOING IS EASIER
HERE, NEARLY IN THE
SHADOW OF THE
SMATTERED HOSPITAL.

FLOATING IN HIS
NUTRIENT BATH,
VAN-L TAKES COM-
FORT FROM THIS.

THIS SMOOTH PLACE IN THE
BROKEN LANDS WAS CRAFTED
BY THE HAND OF MAN, HE
THINKS.

HIS FELLOW KRYPTONIANS,
SCAVENGING THE LANDSCAPE
FOR SCRAPS THAT MIGHT
BE USED TO PROLONG AND
MAINTAIN THE STATION'S
FUNCTION.

DESPITE HIMSELF, VAN-L
FEELS THE FIRST SURGE
OF HOPE RISE IN HIS
BREAST.

IT IS WELCOME,
AFTER SO
VERY LONG...

WHAT NEWS,
HUSBAND?

ONLY THE
WORST,
BELOVED.

THE
STATION WAS
ATTACKED,
MOTHER!

ATTACKED!

TELL
THEM,
EYRA.

TELL THEM...

TELL
US?

TELL US
WHAT?

VARA...?

EYRA?

HUSBAND.

KANDOR
IS GONE!

AN ORGANIZATION
CALLING ITSELF **BLACK
ZERO** DETONATED AN
ATOMIC IN THE HEART
OF THE CITY!

FORTY MILLION
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN
BLASTED INTO
ATOMS!!

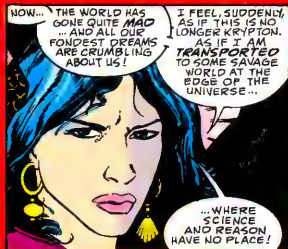


LET US LEAVE
THEM ALONE FOR
NOW, VARA.

MY PARENTS HAVE MUCH TO TALK
ABOUT... HIGH COUNCILOR THAT MY
FATHER IS, AND MY MOTHER IS HIS
MOST TRUSTED CONFIDANTE.

OH...
VAN!

SUCH
ROLES I
HAVE DREAMED
OF FOR
US!



NOW... THE WORLD HAS
GONE QUITE **MAD**
... AND ALL OUR
FONDEST DREAMS
ARE CRUMBLING
ABOUT US!

I FEEL, SUDDENLY,
AS IF THIS IS NO
LONGER KRYPTON.
AS IF I AM
TRANSPORTED
TO SOME SAVAGE
WORLD AT THE
EDGE OF THE
UNIVERSE...

...WHERE
SCIENCE
AND REASON
HAVE NO PLACE!



THERE IS MADNESS
HERE INDEED,
VARA.

BUT IT IS NOT
BORN OF ANY
ALIEN MIND.

IT IS BORN
FROM AN OLD
FOOLISHNESS,
THE REFUSAL
TO ACCEPT A
GOOD AND
PRACTICAL
SYSTEM OF
LIFE-PRO-
LONGATION.



"GOOD AND
PRACTICAL..."
IS IT?

I BEGIN TO
WONDER...

WHA-AT??

HOW CAN YOU
POSSIBLY SAY
THAT, VARA? ONLY
YESTERDAY YOU
WOULD HAVE **DIED**,
BUT FOR RECON-
STRUCTIVE SURGERY...
PARTS TAKEN FROM
YOUR OWN CLONES...



DON'T YOU
THINK I
KNOW
THAT?

AND DON'T YOU
THINK IT MAKES
ME **ILL** TO
CONTEMPLATE
SUCH
THINGS !!

GREAT
RAO,
VAN-L !!

IF I ONLY
HAD THE
POWER, I'D
TEAR THOSE
CLONED
PARTS
OUT OF
MY BODY!

DON'T BE
ABSURD!!

YOU'RE TALKING
LIKE SOME STUPID
CLONIE! AND YOU
THE OFFSPRING
OF A HIGH
COUNCILOR
YOURSELF!

MY FATHER HAS
EXPRESSED SOME
DOUBTS ABOUT
THE CLONE
BANKS, TOO!

ASK YOUR
FATHER, IF YOU
THINK YOU
KNOW SO
MUCH, BOY!

VARA! THAT
WAS HARDLY
NECESSARY...

VAN-L...
VARA...

WHAT IS
ALL THIS
SHOUT-
ING?

NOTHING...

ONLY
THAT I AM
LEAVING...

"BOY"

EVEN AFTER A THOUSAND
YEARS, THAT WORD STILL
BURNS IN VAN-L'S MIND.

THE WAR OF CLONE RIGHTS
BEGAN ON THE DAY OF HIS
COMING OF AGE. THE
MURDER OF NYRA BY KAN-Z
--THE TERRIBLE EVENT
WHICH SEEMED THEN
TO TRIGGER ALL THE MADNESS
--HAPPENED IN THE VERY
MIDST OF VAN-L'S CELE-
BRATION.

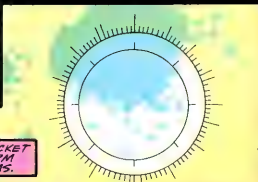
IN ALL THE YEARS SINCE,
HE HAS NOT HAD THE
TIME TO COMPLETE THE
RITUAL OF MANHOOD.

NOW, AS HE GAZES INTO THE JAGGED
MAW SURROUNDING THE REMNANT
HOSPITAL, VARA'S CRUEL TAUNT
SNAPS AT HIM, SHARP AND PAINFUL
AS A WHIP.



HE TRIES TO DRIVE THE BITTER MEMORY AWAY BY SETTING HIS MIND FIRMLY ON THE JOB AT HAND.

HIS BIO-PROBES FLICKER OUT, INVISIBLE FINGERS SIFTING...



AND FIND A POCKET OF SOFT, WARM HUMAN FORMS.

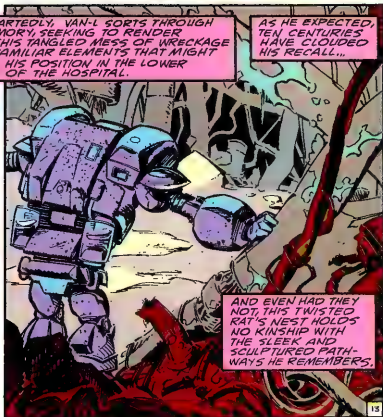
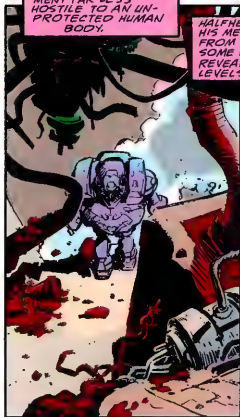
HEART LIFTED BY HIS JOYOUS FIND, VAN-L SETS THE WARSUIT LUMBERING INTO THE MAN-MADE CRATER.

BELOW THE JAGGED RIM, HIS SENSORS TELL HIM, THE AIR IS MEASURABLY COOLER.

EACH PLODDING STEP INTO THE SHADOWED PIT CARRIES HIM INTO AN ENVIRONMENT FAR LESS HOSTILE TO AN UNPROTECTED HUMAN BODY.

HALFHEARTEDLY, VAN-L SORTS THROUGH HIS MEMORY, SEEKING TO RENDER FROM THIS TANGLED MESS OF WRECKAGE SOME FAMILIAR ELEMENTS THAT MIGHT REVEAL HIS POSITION IN THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE HOSPITAL.

AS HE EXPECTED, TEN CENTURIES HAVE CLOUDED HIS RECALL...



AND EVEN HAD THEY NOT, THIS TWISTED RAT'S NEST HOLDS NO KINSHIP WITH THE SLEEK AND SCULPTURED PATHWAYS HE REMEMBERS.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR
A MODIFICATION OF
HIS APPROACH.

THE WARSUIT SIGHS.
HEATED JOINTS
COOL AND CLANG
IN THE DIM LIGHT.

THE BEHEMOTH
GROWS STILL
AND SILENT.

VAN-L REFINES
HIS SCAN,
TIGHTENING
THE RESOLU-
TION.

THIRTY HUMANS,
HE DECIDES...

AND BETWEEN
HIM AND THEM,
A TANGLED MAZE
WHICH WILL MIGHT
HIDE A THOUSAND
TRAPS FOR AN UN-
PROTECTED MAN.

THE TEMPERATURE IS NO
COLDER THAN AN AUTUMN
EVENING, A WEEK OR TWO
BEFORE THE FIRST SNOW

THE AIR IS DUSTY, AND A
THOUSAND ODORS FLOAT ON
US SLOW BREEZES, BUT IT IS
SAFE TO BREATHE.

VAN-L FEELS THE COOL AIR AS
DAGGERS ON HIS NAKED
FLESH.

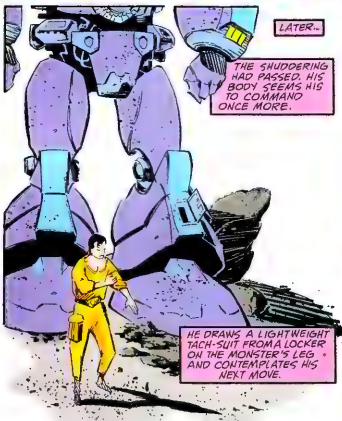
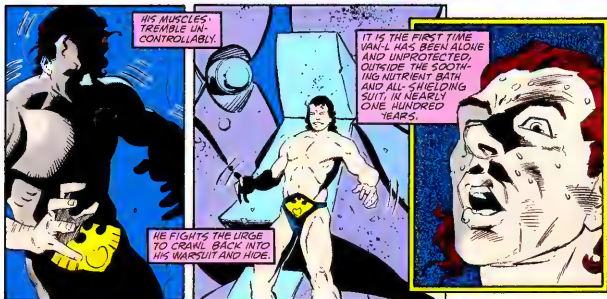
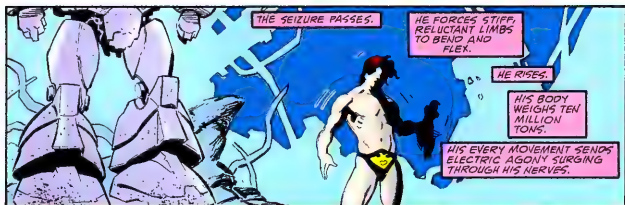
THE DUST BURNS
HIS LUNGS.

THE STENCH
REVOLTS
HIM

HIS BODY SHUDTERS
AS HIS STOMACH
TRIES TO FORCE
ITSELF UP HIS
THROAT.

HE MADE HIMSELF A
SOLEMN PROMISE
THAT, HIS GOAL
ACHIEVED, HE'D
SHED THE ARMORED
WOMB OF HIS WAR-
SUIT.

THE WARSUIT DIS-
GORGES VAN-L.
NUTRIENT FLUIDS
SPLASHING ON
THE FRIGID, DARK
METALS ALL
ABOUT.





WELL, WELL!
A 'SIDER!
'E EVER I
SEE'D
ONE.

'S YER
NAME,
'SIDER?

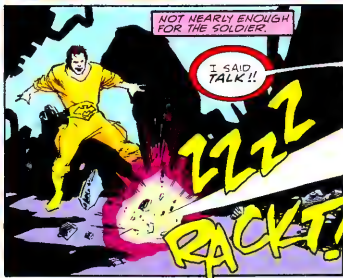
HIS ACCENT IS
STRANGE. VAN-L
FOLLOWS HIS
QUICK, SHARP
WORDS ONLY
WITH DIFFICULTY.

BUT HIS DIFFICULTY
DOES NOT END
THERE.

HE TRIES TO RESPOND,
AS THE SOLDIER SWINGS
HIS WEAPON IN POINTED
EMPHASIS...

AND FINDS A
CENTURY OF DIS-
USE HAS CLOSED
HIS THROAT.

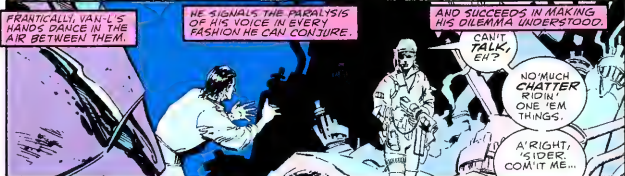
THE ONLY SOUND HE MAKES
IS A VAGUE AND INSUB-
STANTIAL GURGLE.



NOT NEARLY ENOUGH
FOR THE SOLDIER.

I SAID
TALK!!

ZZZZ
RACKET!



FRANTICALLY, VAN-L'S
HANDS DANCE IN THE
AIR BETWEEN THEM.

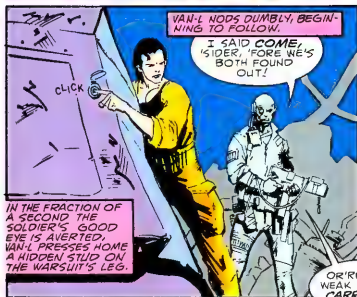
HE SIGNALS THE PARALYSIS
OF HIS VOICE IN EVERY
FASHION HE CAN CONJURE.

AND SUCCEEDS IN MAKING
HIS DILEMMA UNDERSTOOD.

CAN'T
TALK,
EH?

NO MUCH
CHATTER
RIGHT!
ONE 'EM
THINGS.

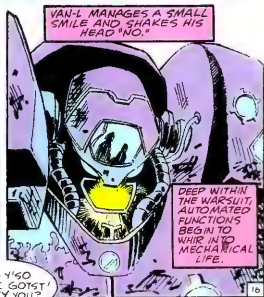
A'RIGHT,
'SIDER.
COM'IT ME...



VAN-L NODS DUMBLY, BEGIN-
NING TO FOLLOW.

I SAID COME,
'SIDER, 'FORE WE'S
BOTH FOUND
OUT!

IN THE FRACTION OF
A SECOND THE
SOLDIER'S GOOD
EYE IS AVERTED,
VAN-L PRESSES HOME
A HIDDEN STUD ON
THE WARMSUIT'S LEG.



VAN-L MANAGES A SMALL
SMILE AND SHAKES HIS
HEAD 'NO.'

DEEP WITHIN
THE WARMSUIT,
AUTOMATED
FUNCTIONS
BEGIN TO
WHIR IN TO
MECHANICAL
LIFE.

OR'RE Y'ISO
WEAK I GOTST!
CARRY YOU?

THE PATH THEY FOLLOW IS DARK AND TWISTING.

SEVERAL TIMES, JAN-L THINKS THEY HAVE DOUBLED BACK AND ARE RETRACING THEIR STEPS.

HE CANNOT BE SURE.

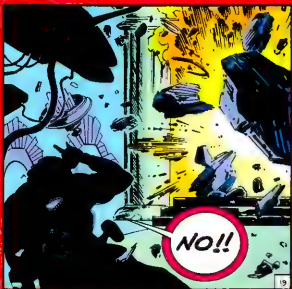
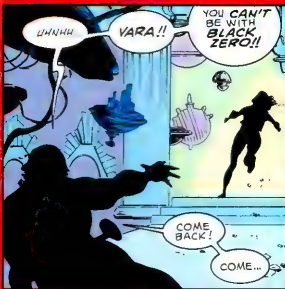
HE IS ONLY SURE OF THE SHADOWED SHAPES THAT PRESS CLOSE ALL AROUND.

WATCHING.

WAITING...







DARKNESS GIVES
WAY TO LIGHT.

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE
HOURS WALKING THROUGH
INKY BLACKNESS, THIS
DIM ILLUMINATION IS AS
BRIGHT AS THAT WHITE,
BURNING FLASH THAT
TOOK HIS VARA FROM
HIM.

VAN-L BLINKS BACK
TEARS OF PAIN...

AND MEMORY.

AND LOOKS
DOWN INTO THE
FACE OF HELL.



WHO... WHO
ARE THESE
PEOPLE?

THEY'RE ALL
...BROKEN...
SHATTERED...

A MILLION
QUESTIONS, EH,
SIDER? YOU'LL
GET YOUR
ANSWERS...

AFTER
WE GET
OURS.

NOW
MOVE.



OVER THERE. NOW.

VAN-L TRIES TO SPEAK AGAIN. TO VOICE THE MILLION QUESTIONS...



BUT EVEN WERE HIS VOICE STILL HIS TO USE...



THESE HAUNTED, DYING FACES WOULD DRIVE ANY MAN TO SILENCE.



TAKE A SEAT, 'SIDER.



DOC'R'LL SEE YOU WHEN SHE'S READY.



HE WAITS.

TIME DISSOLVES.

HOURS BECOME MEANINGLESS AS CENTURIES.



MEMORIES PRESS DOWN UPON HIM.

DEAD VOICES RING IN HIS EARS.

— S MOTHER.

— S FATHER...

SO YOU'RE THE 'SIDER.



SOLDIER TELLS ME YOU CAN'T SPEAK.

THAT'S NOT GOOD.

EVERYONE 'ROUND HERE HAS FOUND A WAY TO MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL.

'SIDERS ARE ONLY USEFUL IF THEY CAN TALK.

IF THEY HAVE INFORMATION.



MY...

THE SINGLE SYLLABLE DRIVES HOT DAGGERS THROUGH HIS THROAT.



A START.

SAY ON, 'SIDER.



MY... NAME IS... VAN-L.

I... AM PRESIDENT... OF THE WORLD... COUNCIL.



YOU ARE KNOWN TO ME, VAN-L.

AS IS YOUR WOULD-BE GOVERNMENT.

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, SO FAR FROM HOME AND SAFETY?

BLACK ZERO... IS REBORN.

THEY... THREATEN... TO DESTROY... KRYPTON.



THAT SEEMS REDUNDANT, VAN-L.

OR DID YOU FAIL TO NOTICE, ON YOUR STROLL HERE, THAT KRYPTON HAS ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED?



I NOTICED... THE **BLASTING**... OF THE LANDSCAPE.

SUCH THINGS... CAN BE **REPAIRED**, WITH TIME.

THEY DO NOT MEAN... TO GIVE US SUCH TIME,

THEY HAVE A **WEAPON**... THEY MEAN TO **SHATTER** THE WHOLE PLANET.

UNLESS... THEY CAN BE **STOPPED**... KRYPTON WILL **EXPLODE!!**

NEXT:
HISTORY LESSON...

BLEEDING KANSAS Part 1

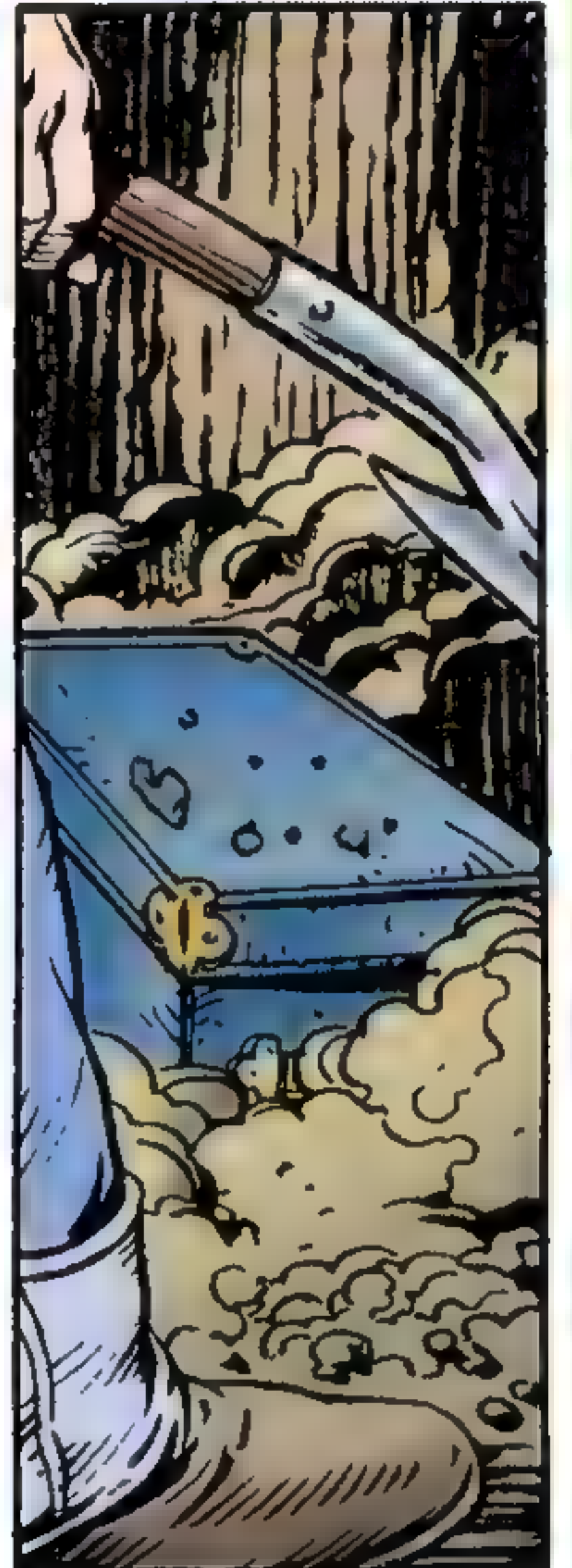
THE KENT FAMILY FARM OUT-
SIDE SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

Dear Son...

I was doing some excavating out in
the old farmhouse the other day.
You remember -- the original site
out back of the house.

JOHN OSTRANDER - writer
TIMOTHY TRUMAN - penciller
MICHAEL BAIR - inks
BILL OAKLEY - letters
CARLA FEENY - colors
DIGITAL CHAMELEON - color seps
PETER J. TOMASI - editor

Anyway, I found something.



PA? WHAT
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING? YOUR
HEART...!

HELP ME
UP WITH THIS,
MARTHA!



WHAT
IS IT?

MAYBE SOME
KIND OF BURIED
TREASURE...!



Sure enough, it was treasure, though not the way I had first thought.

In that old box was journals, letters, sealed in oilskin pouches, artifacts of the first Kents to come to Kansas, of how they came to be in Kansas!

Only way to enjoy such a treasure is to share it so I am sending you copies of the letters and such.

You've always understood the importance of stories, Clark, and knowing where you came from is very important to you. I've always admired that.

You have amazing abilities, but that is only part of what has made you the man you are. This makes up the other part -- the heritage that has helped shape you.

I touch the things they owned, I read their words -- and it's as if I can hear their voices inside my head.

Silas Kent, his wife Abigail, their sons Nathaniel and Jedediah and all their other children... I can feel them all... hear them all...

From the journal of Silas Kent
-- "April 3, 1854 -- We must do
more. The curse of slavery is going to
poison this nation yet.

"Abigail says we do our part, helping
escaped slaves get to Canada via the
Underground Railroad, but after the
other night I am not so sure.

"We were supposed to meet Harriet Tubman at
my brother Ethan's farm over in New York.
When she didn't show I knew some trouble
must have befallen them."

MAH LEG'S BROKE,
MIZ TUBMAN! I CAIN'T
GO ON! BEST GO
WITHOUT ME!



HESH UP,
JESSE! WE AL-
MOST WHERE
WE NEEDS TO
GO! YOU GOIN'
WITH US!

BUT, MIZ
TUBMAN!
THEM
SLAVE-
CATCHERS...!



IS RIGHT
HEAH, DARKIE!



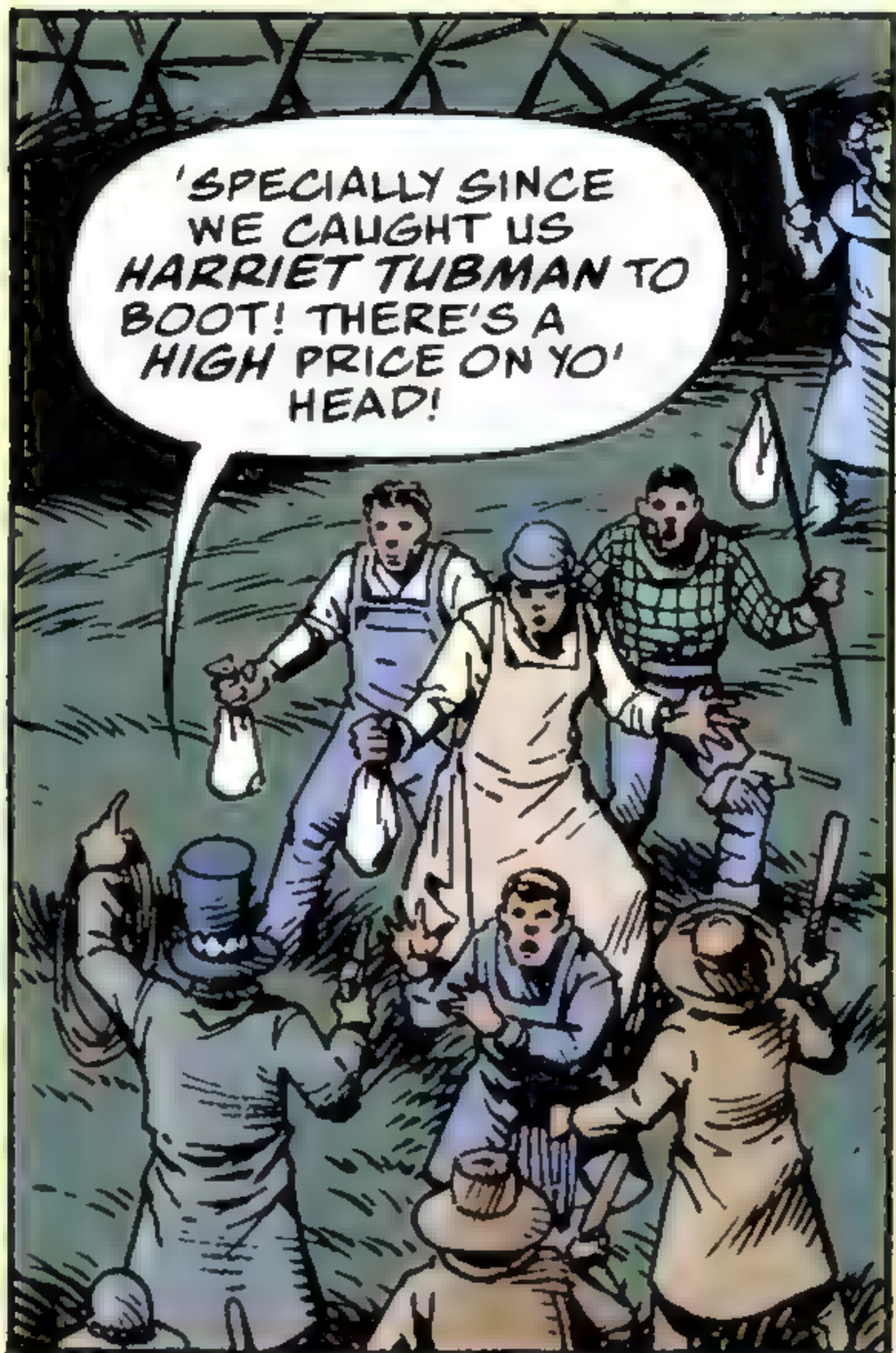
YOU BOYS MOVE ALONG! THIS
HEAH'S A FREE STATE! YOU
GOT NO CAUSE TO BE STOPPIN'
THESE FOLKS!

GOT US A LEGAL RIGHT TO FIND
AND RETURN **STOLEN PROPERTY**
ANYWHERE WE FINDS IT!



AND MAKE
US A FAIR
REWARD IN
TH' BARGAIN!

'SPECIALLY SINCE
WE CAUGHT US
HARRIET TUBMAN
TO BOOT! THERE'S A
HIGH PRICE ON YO'
HEAD!



MR. WALPOLE, THIS ONE'S HURT.
IT'S A LONG WAY BACK AND THE
REWARD BOUND T'BE SMALL...
HE AIN'T FIT FOR MUCH
WITH THAT LAIG...



I BELIEVE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
JEETER. BETTER
T' CUT OUR
LOSSES.



BLAM!





BACK OFF!
THAT'S ABOUT
AS FRIENDLY
AS MY
WARNINGS
GET!

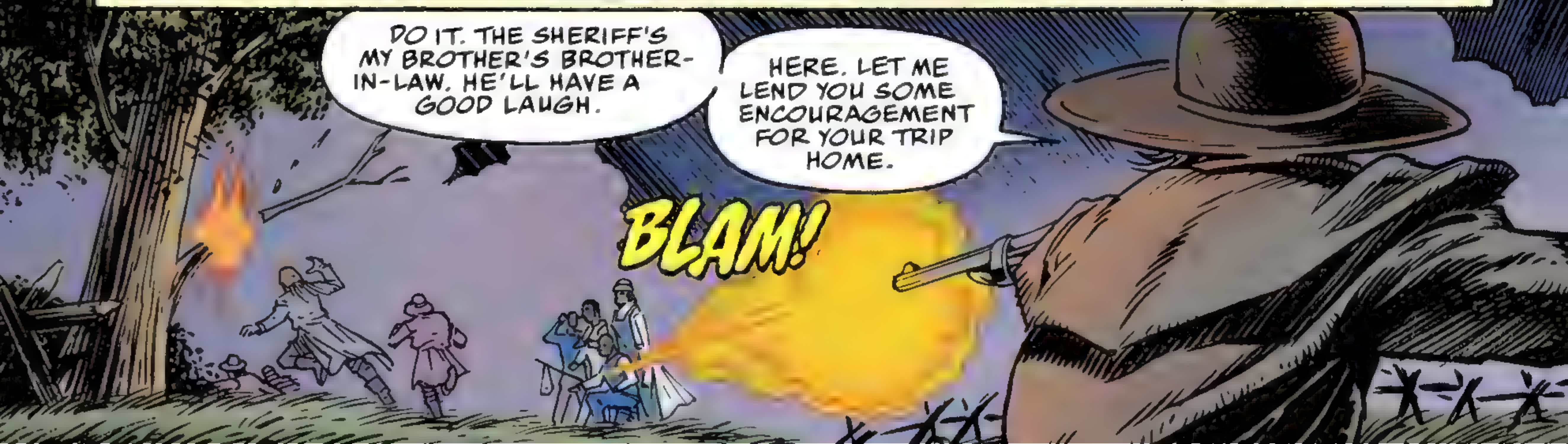
WHO THE
DEVIL--?!

NAME'S
SILAS KENT.
THESE HERE ARE
MY BOYS, *NATHANIEL*
AND *JEBEDIAH*.
WE'RE ALL A LONG
WAYS FROM HOME,
BUT YOU BOYS ARE
A LOT
LONGER.

I SUGGEST
YOU START
LEGGING IT OUT
NOW.



WE GOT OUR
RIGHTS, KENT!
WE'LL HAVE THE
LAW ON YOU!



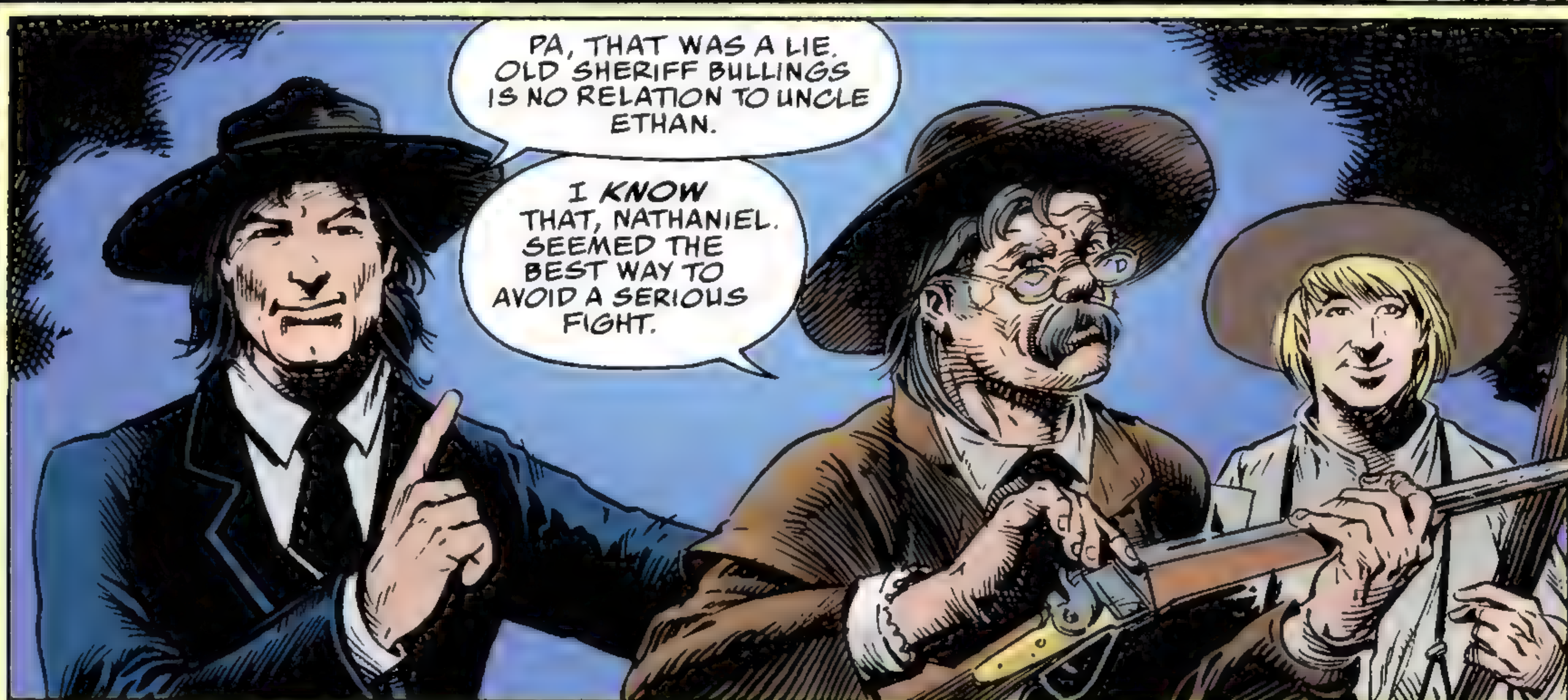
DO IT. THE SHERIFF'S
MY BROTHER'S BROTHER-
IN-LAW. HE'LL HAVE A
GOOD LAUGH.

HERE. LET ME
LEND YOU SOME
ENCOURAGEMENT
FOR YOUR TRIP
HOME.

BLAM!

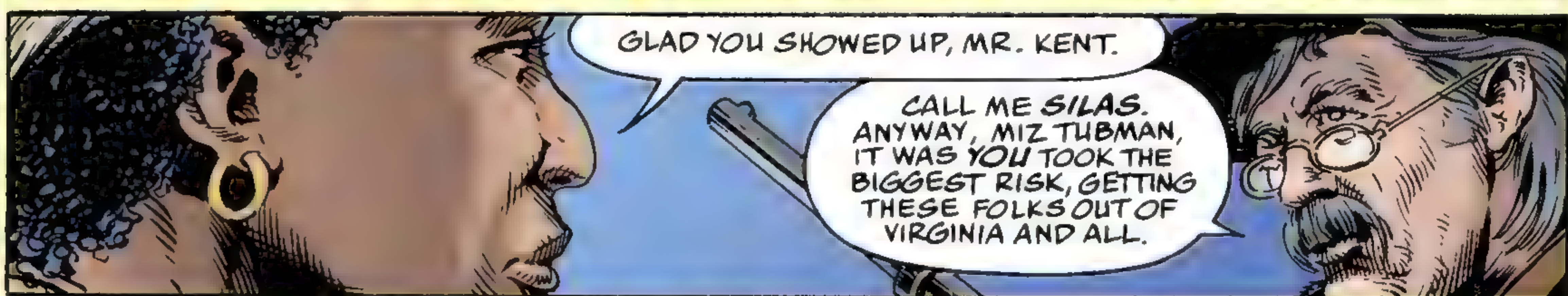


RUN,
YOU
DOGS!



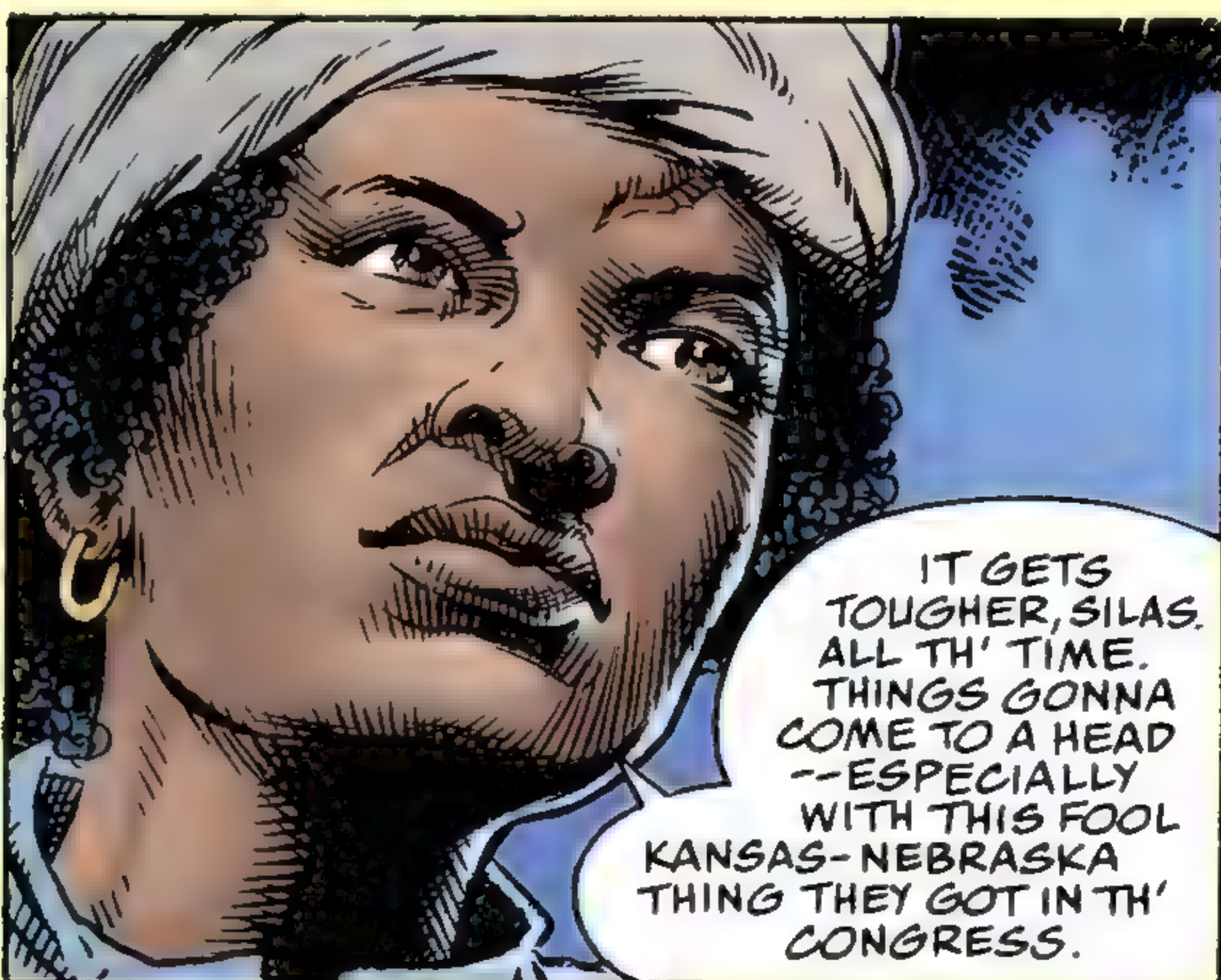
PA, THAT WAS A LIE.
OLD SHERIFF BULLINGS
IS NO RELATION TO UNCLE
ETHAN.

I KNOW
THAT, NATHANIEL.
SEEMED THE
BEST WAY TO
AVOID A SERIOUS
FIGHT.

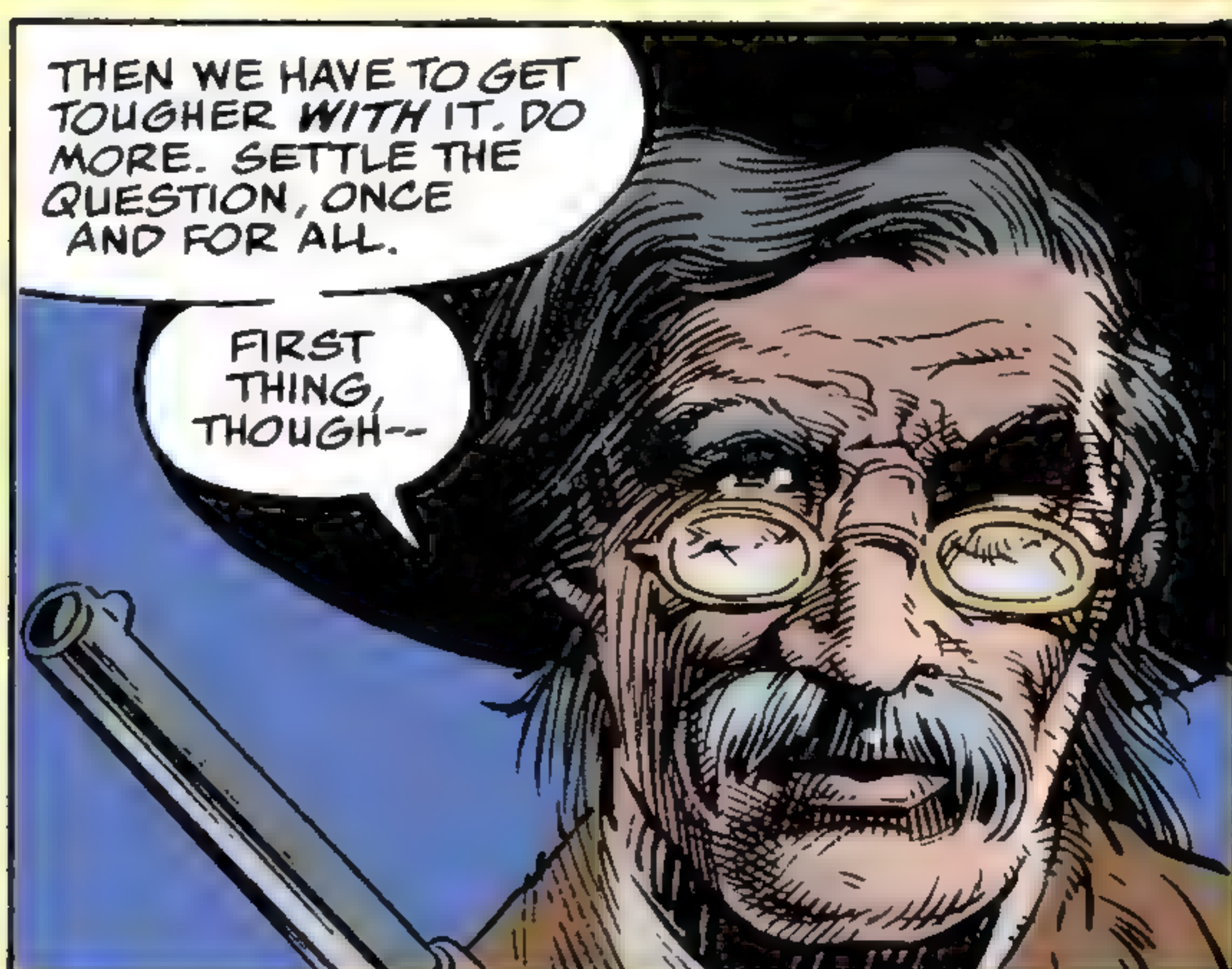


GLAD YOU SHOWED UP, MR. KENT.

CALL ME SILAS.
ANYWAY, MIZ TUBMAN,
IT WAS YOU TOOK THE
BIGGEST RISK, GETTING
THESE FOLKS OUT OF
VIRGINIA AND ALL.



IT GETS
TOUGHER, SILAS.
ALL TH' TIME.
THINGS GONNA
COME TO A HEAD
--ESPECIALLY
WITH THIS FOOL
KANSAS-NEBRASKA
THING THEY GOT IN TH'
CONGRESS.



THEN WE HAVE TO GET
TOUGHER WITH IT. DO
MORE. SETTLE THE
QUESTION, ONCE
AND FOR ALL.

FIRST
THING,
THOUGH--



--WE GET
YOUR PEOPLE
TO SAFETY AND
THEN ON TO
CANADA.

ETHAN'S FARM
IS OVER THIS WAY.
LET'S GO.

AS GOD
WILLS, SILAS.
AS GOD
WILLS.



From the journal of Silas Kent -- "April 24, 1854.-- Have returned to our home in Boston and found great doings afoot.

"The Massachussets Legislature has incorporated an Emigrant Aid Society under the leadership of Amos Lawrence and Eli Thayer. Their aim is to encourage abolitionists to go and settle in Kansas when the territory is opened."

DAN ANTHONY ASKED ME TO BE PART OF THE FIRST GROUP OUT AND I SAID YES. I'M SELLING THE PRINT SHOP TO MY CHIEF CLERK-- DAVID BOWES, YOU KNOW HIM. GOOD MAN, FAIR PRICE.

I'LL BE TAKING THE PORTABLE PRESS WITH ME, SET UP SHOP, START A NEWS-PAPER. THE MONEY WILL TIDE YOU AND THE CHILDREN OVER UNTIL IT'S SAFE TO BRING EVERYONE OUT. ETHAN AND MY OTHER BROTHERS SAID THEY'D WATCH OUT FOR YOU AS WELL.

Kansas - Nebraska Bill likely to Pass!

OH, SILAS!

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO GO?! YOU AREN'T A YOUNG MAN ANYMORE AND YOU HAVE A FAMILY! YOU'VE ALREADY DONE SO MUCH! WHY YOU?!

BECAUSE I WOULD NOT BE MADE A LIAR TO MY CHILDREN, ABIGAIL.

WE HAVE TAUGHT THEM TO STAND BY THEIR PRINCIPLES TO FIGHT, IF NECESSARY, FOR WHAT THEY HOLD DEAR.

THIS GOES TO THE HEART OF WHAT I BELIEVE-- THAT ALL MEN, ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL OR NONE ARE! SLAVERY WILL DESTROY THIS COUNTRY! CAN I ASK OTHERS TO TAKE A STAND IF I AM NOT WILLING?

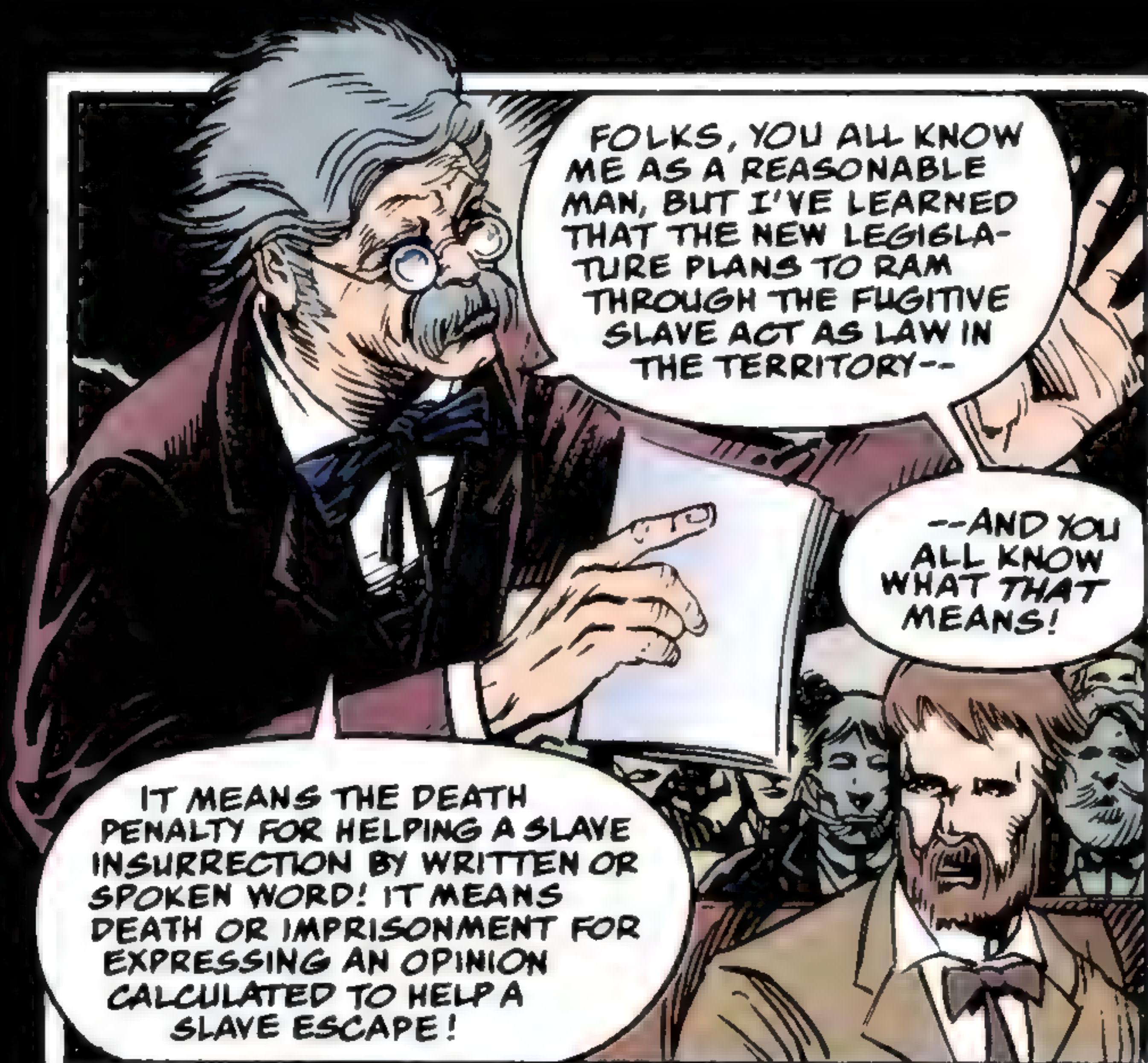
THIS IS WHAT YOU BELIEVE, TOO! WE HAVE BEEN AS ONE ON THIS! WHY WOULD YOU HAVE ME HESITATE NOW? WHAT IS IT YOU FEAR?!

Senators Atchison and Douglas vow controversial compromise will pass the Senate.

Douglas says bill "will save the Union!"

THAT IF YOU GO, WE'LL NEVER SEE EACH OTHER ALIVE AGAIN! THAT ONE OF US WILL DIE!

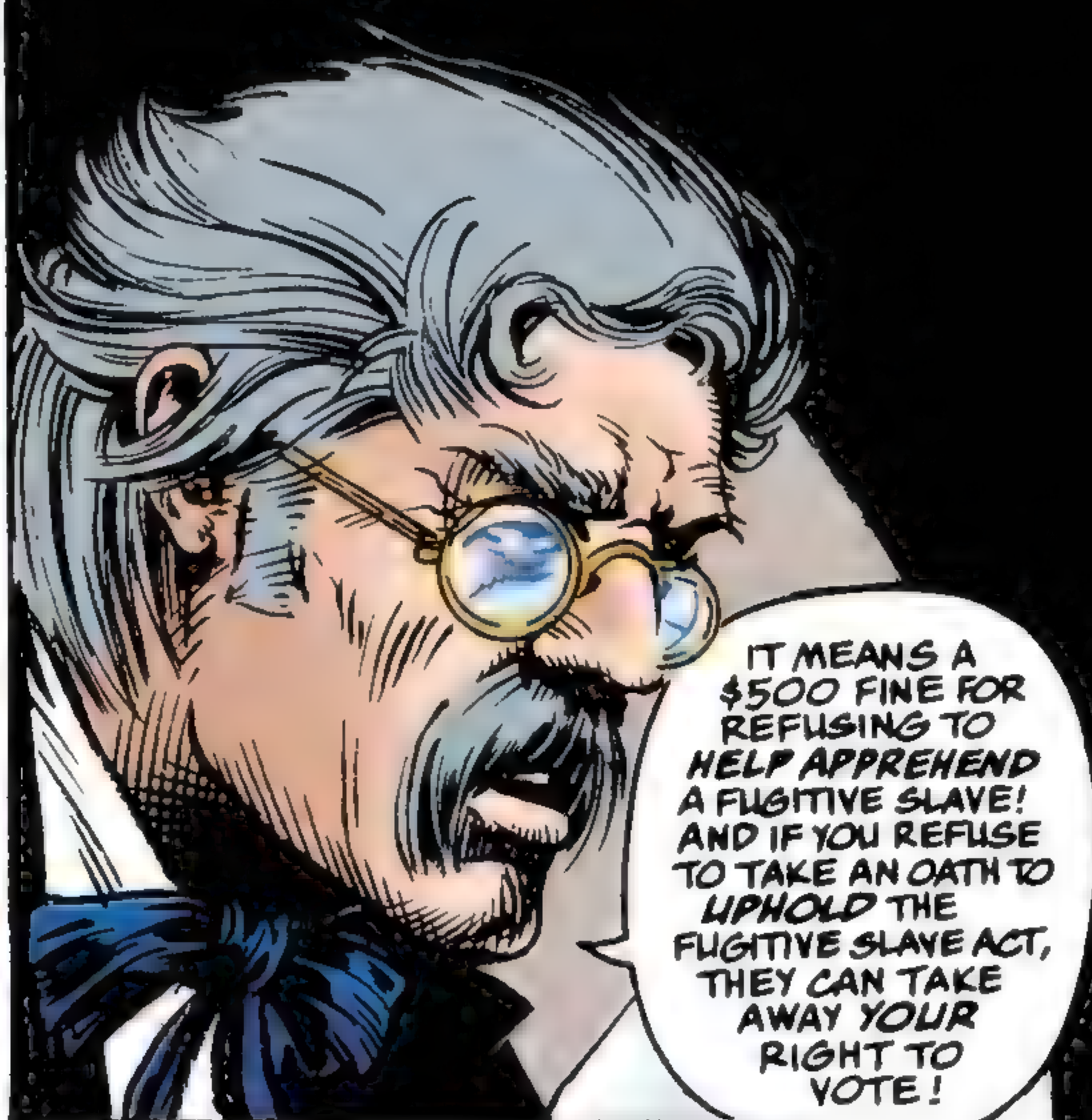
IF SO, THEN, GOD WILLING, WE'LL BE TOGETHER HEREAFTER.



FOLKS, YOU ALL KNOW ME AS A REASONABLE MAN, BUT I'VE LEARNED THAT THE NEW LEGISLATURE PLANS TO RAM THROUGH THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT AS LAW IN THE TERRITORY--

--AND YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

IT MEANS THE DEATH PENALTY FOR HELPING A SLAVE INSURRECTION BY WRITTEN OR SPOKEN WORD! IT MEANS DEATH OR IMPRISONMENT FOR EXPRESSING AN OPINION CALCULATED TO HELP A SLAVE ESCAPE!



IT MEANS A \$500 FINE FOR REFUSING TO HELP APPREHEND A FUGITIVE SLAVE! AND IF YOU REFUSE TO TAKE AN OATH TO UPHOLD THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT, THEY CAN TAKE AWAY YOUR RIGHT TO VOTE!



TODAY I HAVE REPRINTED THE ENTIRE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE PLAINS SPEAKER! IT IS TIME TO SHAKE OFF THE CHAINS OF TYRANNY!



I SAY WE ELECT OUR OWN LEGISLATURE, PASS OUR OWN LAWS, AND LIVE AS FREE MEN IN A FREE STATE!

HURRAH!



"Well, they've had elections in the Free State communities all this summer and fall. Some folks asked me to run but I declined, more my style to take potshots from the sideline."

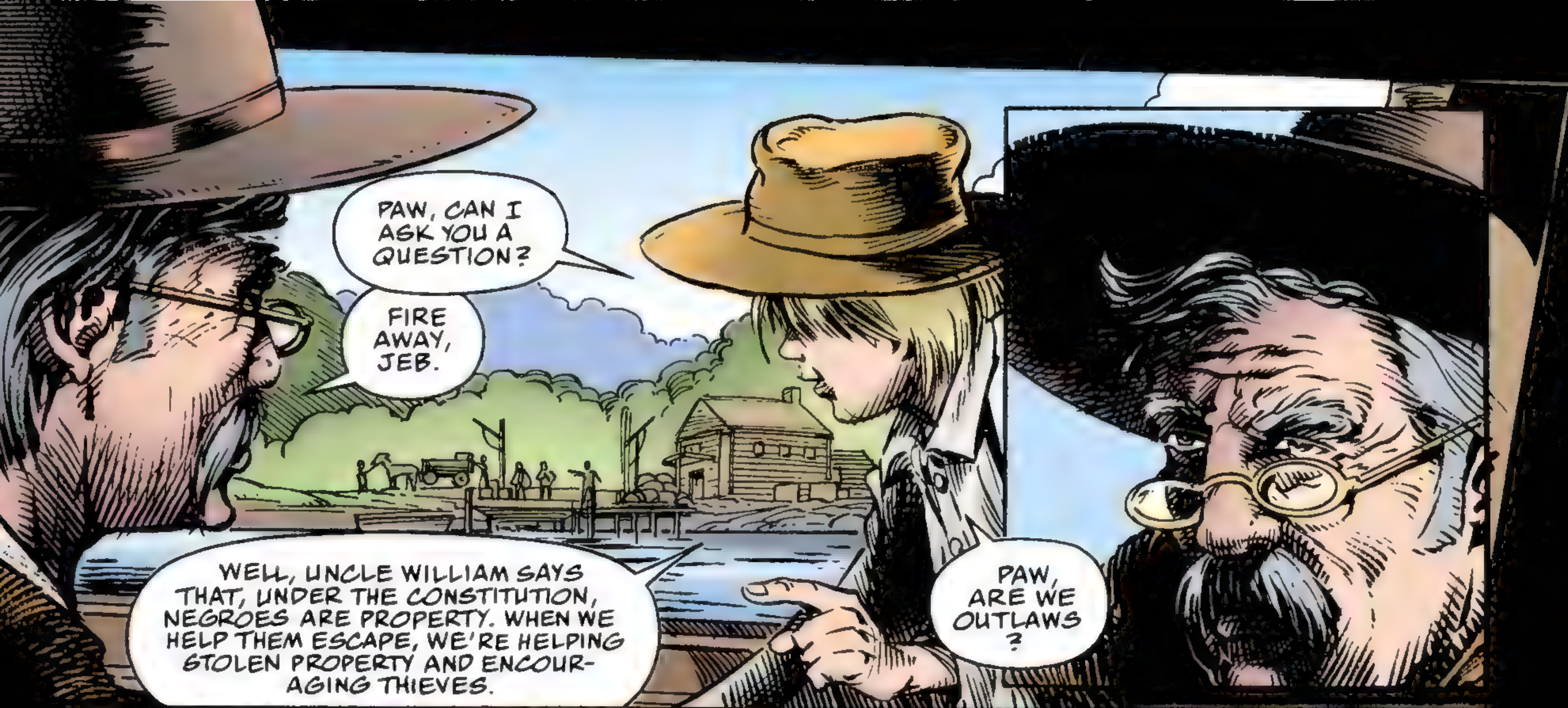
"Dr. Robinson and Jim Lane ran from Lawrence and, surprisingly, Lane won."



"I sense the start of a major political rivalry between the two."



"The Free State Legislature met for the first time on November 11. Governor Reeder has been replaced by Governor Shannon who described the meeting as 'treasonable'. Anyway, to answer your question--"



PAW, CAN I
ASK YOU A
QUESTION?

FIRE
AWAY,
JEB.

WELL, UNCLE WILLIAM SAYS
THAT, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION,
NEGROES ARE PROPERTY. WHEN WE
HELP THEM ESCAPE, WE'RE HELPING
STOLEN PROPERTY AND ENCOUR-
AGING THIEVES.

PAW,
ARE WE
OUTLAWS
?

YOUR UNCLE WILLIAM'S
GOT A COTTON FACTORY, JEB,
AND HAS A VESTED INTEREST IN
CHEAP SOUTHERN COTTON,
WHICH MEANS HE HAS A VESTED
INTEREST IN SLAVERY, EVEN
THOUGH HE OWNS NONE
HIMSELF.

THAT'S THE
PROBLEM WITH A LOT
OF FOLKS UP NORTH--
THEY MAKE MONEY,
INDIRECTLY, FROM SLAVES.
WHOLE COUNTRY GETS
TAINTED THAT WAY.

YEAH--BUT
IS HE RIGHT?
I MEAN, THE LAW'S
THE LAW, ISN'T IT?
SO, AREN'T WE
OUTLAWS?

THE LAW CAN BE
THE LAW AND STILL BE
WRONG. CONSTITUTION WASN'T
MADE BY GOD, JEB. 'T WAS MADE
BY MEN AND MEN ARE FLAWED
AND SO CAN THE LAW BE.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE SAID THAT
ALL FOLKS HAVE RIGHTS BECAUSE THEY WERE
GIVEN BY GOD. NOT BY THE STATE OR SOME
PRINCE OR ANOTHER GROUP OF
PEOPLE. THESE RIGHTS ARE
DIVINE RIGHTS.

SO, IF THE
LAW IS BAD, IT'S
ALL RIGHT TO BREAK
THE LAW, RIGHT?

IF YOU CAN TAKE
AWAY A PERSON'S
RIGHTS BECAUSE OF
THE COLOR OF THEIR
SKIN, THEN IT CAN BE
DENIED BECAUSE OF
THE COLOR OF THEIR
HAIR OR THEIR EYES
OR THE WAY THEY WOR-
SHIP GOD. IN DEFENDING
ANOTHER MAN'S RIGHTS,
I DEFEND MY OWN!

uhmm...

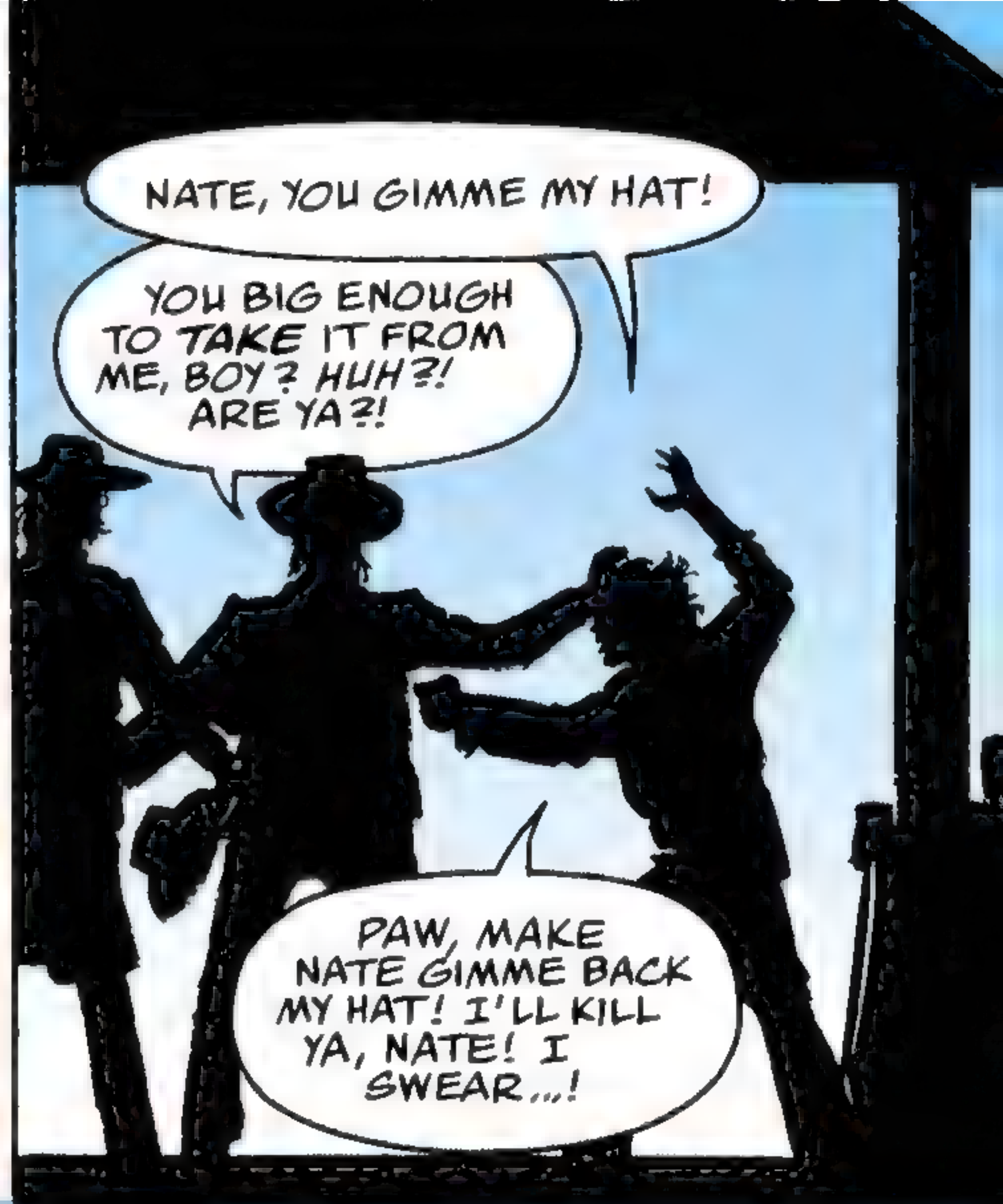


THAT'S NOT
WHAT HE'S SAYING,
YOU DOPE!

HEY!



IT'S NOT THAT
IT'S RIGHT. IT'S
THAT IT IS SOMETIMES
NECESSARY.



NATE, YOU GIMME MY HAT!

YOU BIG ENOUGH
TO TAKE IT FROM
ME, BOY? HUH?!
ARE YA?!

PAW, MAKE
NATE GIMME BACK
MY HAT! I'LL KILL
YA, NATE! I
SWEAR...!

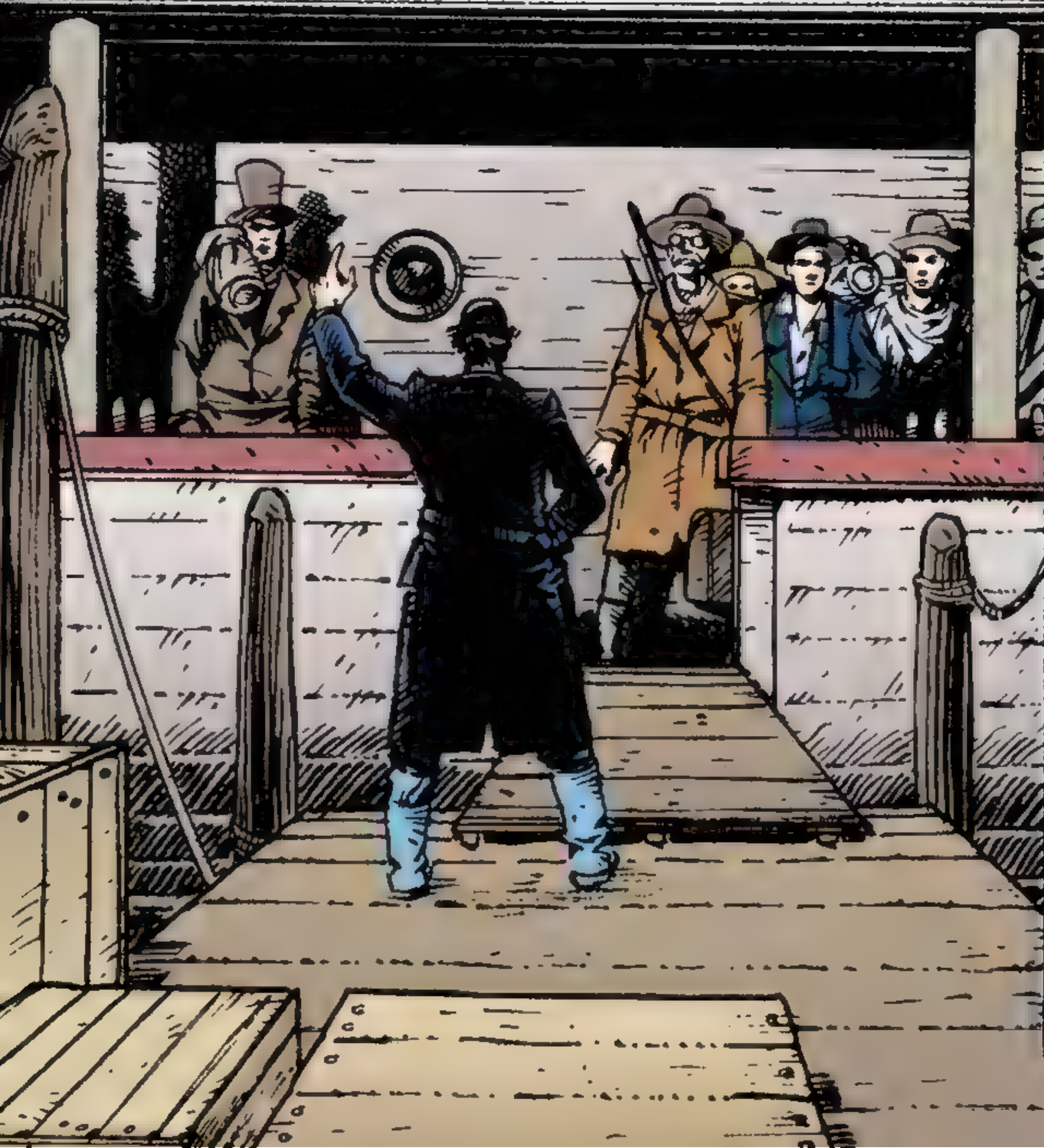


DON'T SWEAR.
NATHANIEL,
GIVE
JEBEDIAH
HIS HAT.

NATHANIEL GETS IT,
BUT JEB DON'T. IF MY OWN
SON CAN'T SEE THE DANGERS
SLAVERY POSES, HOW CAN I
MAKE OTHERS SEE IT?

MAKES ME
VERY AFRAID FOR
THIS COUNTRY...

From the journal of Silas Kent -- "July 28, 1854 -- Have arrived in Kansas City, Missouri, to begin the final leg of our trip overland. Greeted by Charles Robinson, who was to guide us and a surly group of Missouri 'border ruffians' who were somewhat less welcoming."



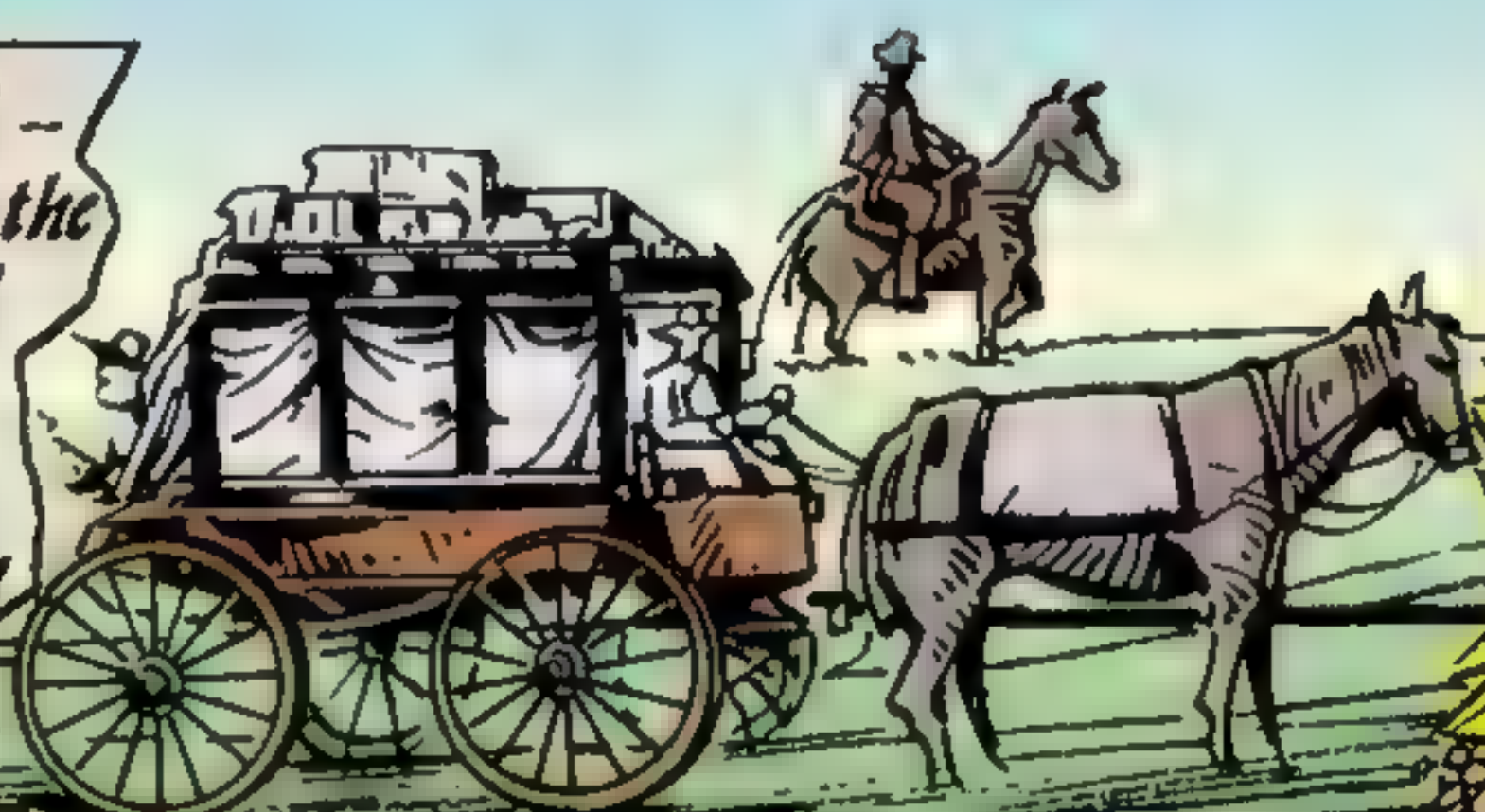
GO ON HOME,
YA DAMNED
ABOLITIONISTS!
DON'T WANT NO
NIGRA-LOVERS
HEAH!

KEEP YOUR
EYES STRAIGHT
AHEAD, BOYS.
DON'T LOOK AT
'EM.



YA'LL
COME A
LONG WAY
T' DIE,
YANKEE!

"August 1, 1854 -- Dearest Abigail -- We are now in Kansas, having taken the Santa Fe trail some fifty miles inland from Kansas City, Missouri. The pro-slavery folks have started a town close to the border called Leavenworth so we are heading further inland.



"I think you would be much taken with the land, my dear. We travel through sunflowers as tall as a man.



"Our guide is Dr. Charles Robinson, a thoroughly remarkable -- if dour -- man. He found the spot we are headed while crossing the plains to California in 1849.

"In California, he had taken active part in a squatter's revolt, been wounded and jailed. Shipwrecked on his way home, he held the survivors together until help came.

"The man's an old-time Calvinist. His motto appears to be: 'Suffer and grow strong.' He views Jeb's antics somewhat askance.



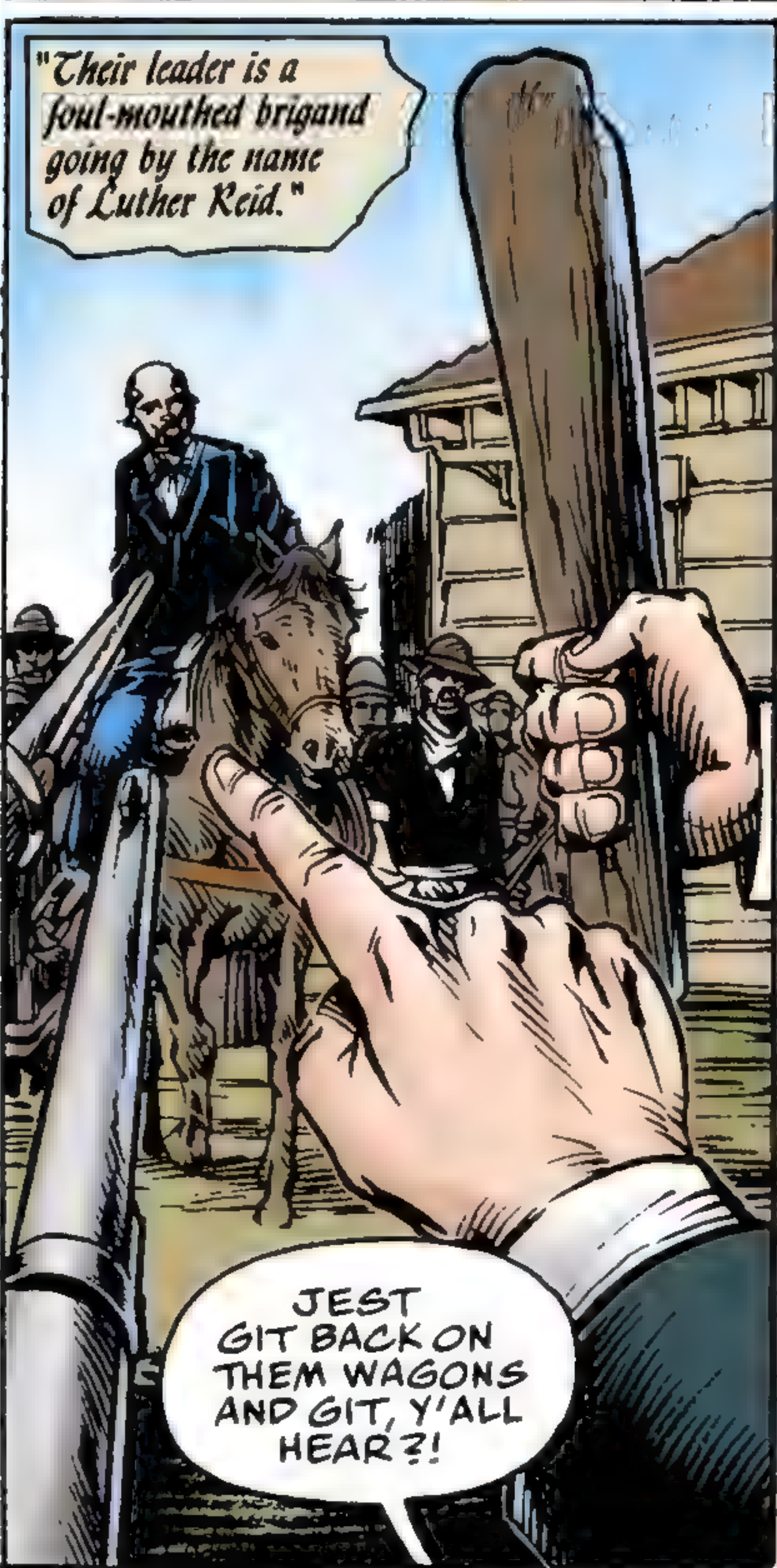
"The spot he laid out was past a mountain they call Mt. Oread and near the Kaw River. There's only one thing wrong with it.



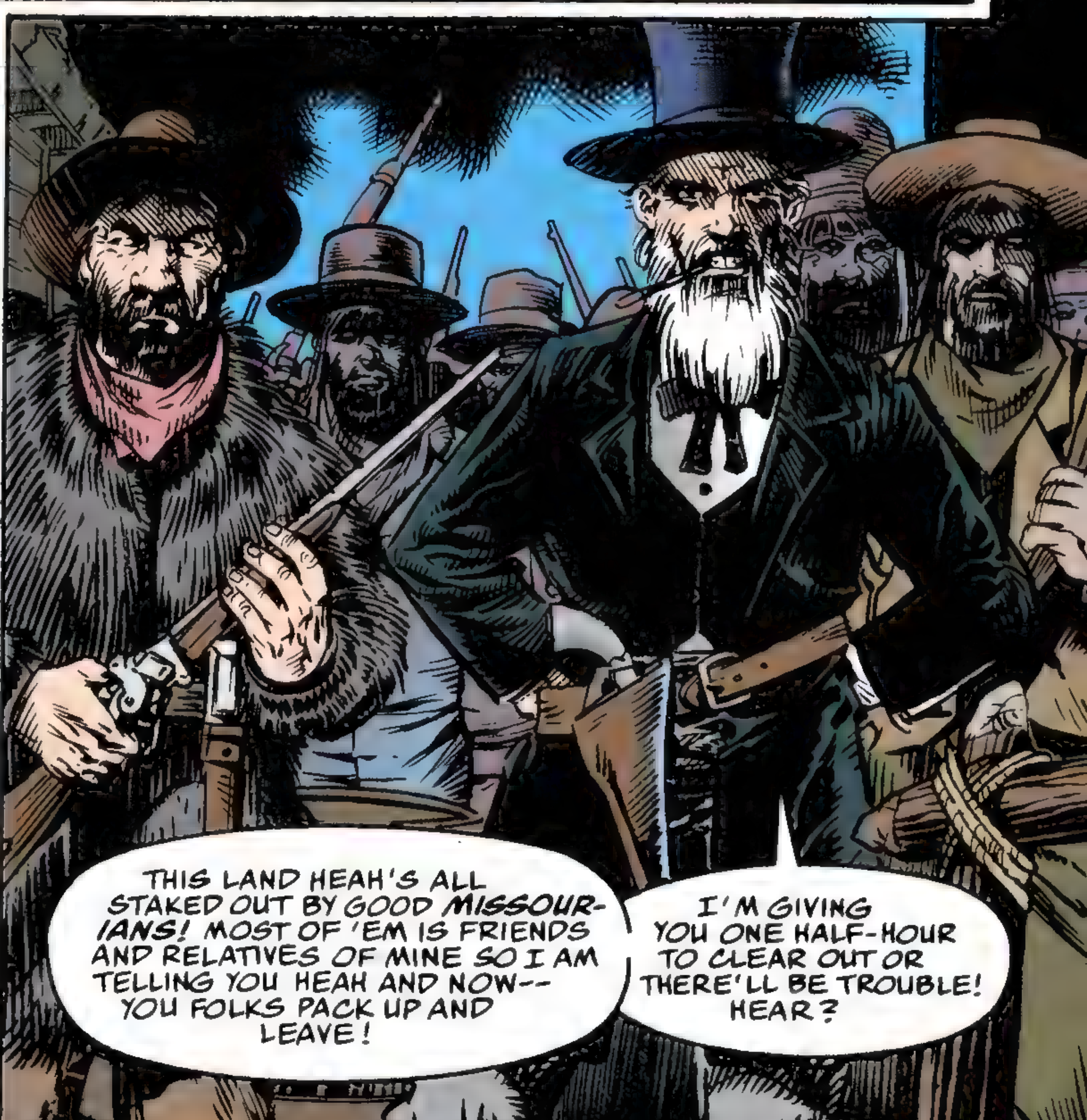
"Some pro-slavery folks have come in and squatted on it.



"Their leader is a foul-mouthed brigand going by the name of Luther Reid."

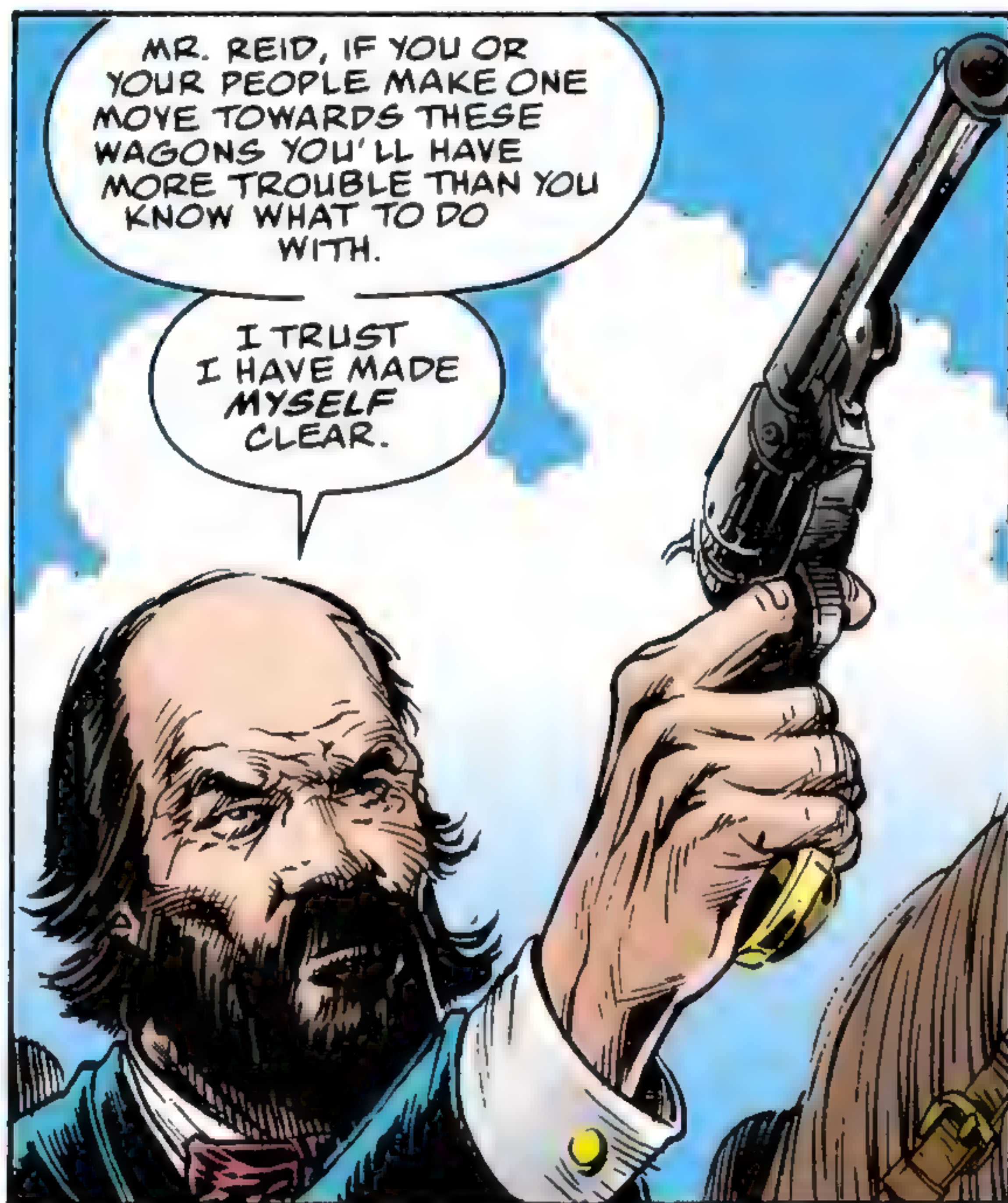


JEST GIT BACK ON THEM WAGONS AND GIT, Y'ALL HEAR?!



THIS LAND HEAH'S ALL STAKED OUT BY GOOD MISSOURIANS! MOST OF 'EM IS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF MINE SO I AM TELLING YOU HEAH AND NOW-- YOU FOLKS PACK UP AND LEAVE!

I'M GIVING YOU ONE HALF-HOUR TO CLEAR OUT OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE! HEAR?



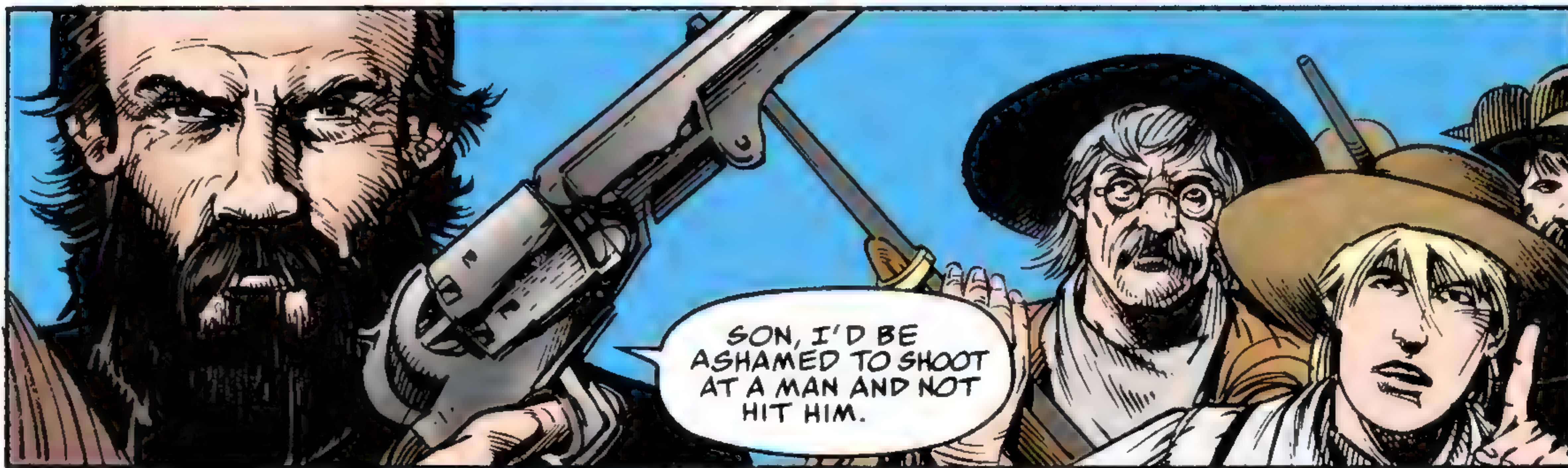
MR. REID, IF YOU OR YOUR PEOPLE MAKE ONE MOVE TOWARDS THESE WAGONS YOU'LL HAVE MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.

I TRUST I HAVE MADE MYSELF CLEAR.



PERFECTLY.

MR. ROBINSON? YOU GONNA SHOOT OVER THEIR HEADS OR WHAT IF THEY COME BACK?



SON, I'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOOT AT A MAN AND NOT HIT HIM.

LUTHER, WHAT WE GONNA DO? THERE'S MORE O' THEM THAN THERE IS US!

WE WAIT.

DANG IT, SENATOR ATCHISON SAID THESE YANKEES WOULDN'T FIGHT BACK! HE SAID THEY HAD NO SAND! LOOKS T'ME LIKE THEY GOT PLENTY O' SAND! WHAT WE GONNA DO, LUTHER?



MORE OF OUR PEOPLE'LL BE COMING BACK. WE WAIT.



AND THE NIGHTS GET AWFUL DARK HEAH ABOUTS.

--"August 10, 1854- We have pitched our tents and started to build our own homes here. The town will be named Lawrence, in honor of our benefactor, Mr. Amos A. Lawrence.

"Everything seemed peaceful when Jeb nailed me with another of his questions."

PAW, WOULD YOU HAVE KILLED THOSE MISSOURI BOYS?



I'M GLAD IT DIDN'T COME TO THAT, SON. I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW.

BUT WOULD IT BE RIGHT? TO KILL A **WHITE** MAN TO FREE A **BLACK** ONE?

BACK IN 1776, IN THE REVOLUTION, AMERICAN PATRIOTS KILLED AND WERE KILLED FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM. THE CAUSE IS STILL THE SAME AND WE SHOULD BE PREPARED TO DO NO LESS THAN THEY.

THAT CLEAR. THAT SIMPLE.



THOSE BOYS WERE FIGHTING FOR THEIR OWN FREEDOM AND FOR THEIR FAMILIES. SHOULD WE KILL FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S FREEDOM? FOR A **BLACK** MAN'S FREEDOM?

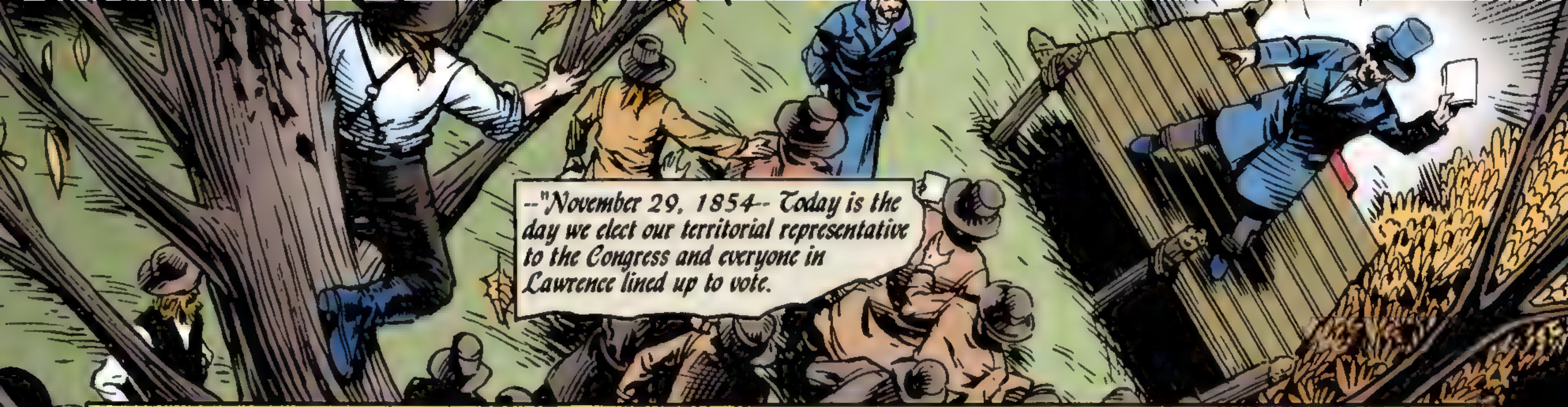
I WISH I WAS AS CERTAIN AS YOU ARE, NATHANIEL. OR THAT YOU WERE A LITTLE LESS GLIB WITH THOSE DOUBTS, JEB!

I THINK IT'S A QUESTION EVERY MAN HAS TO DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES.

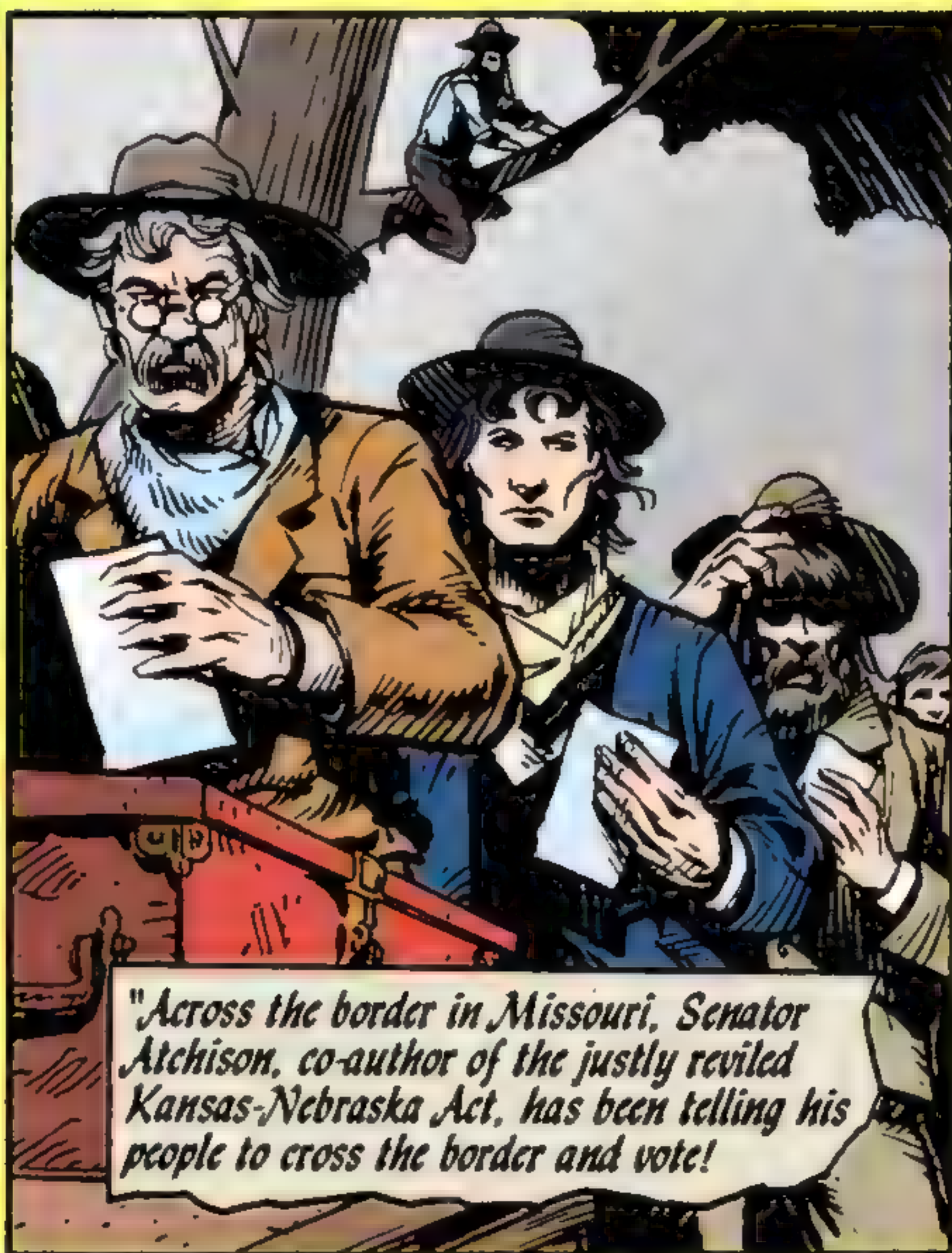
GOOD NIGHT, BOYS.

ANYWAY--THE BIBLE SAYS IT'S WRONG TO KILL. SO-- WOULD YOU HAVE KILLED THOSE MISSOURI BOYS TODAY, PAW? TO SET FREE A **BLACK** MAN?





--"November 29, 1854-- Today is the day we elect our territorial representative to the Congress and everyone in Lawrence lined up to vote.



"Across the border in Missouri, Senator Atchison, co-author of the justly reviled Kansas-Nebraska Act, has been telling his people to cross the border and vote!



"Danged if they didn't do just that, in their own fashion!"

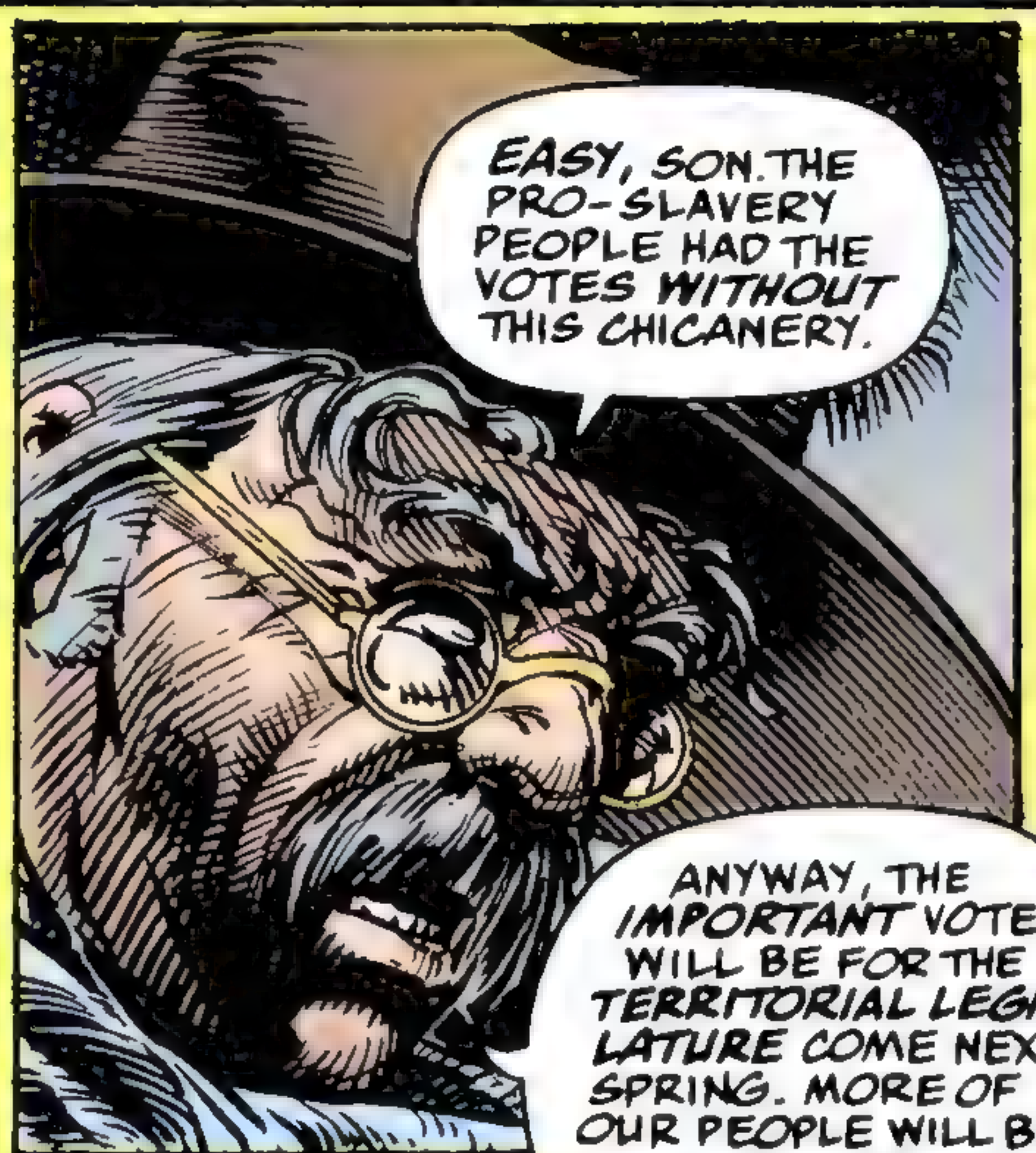
YEEE-HAAA!



"Where those boys didn't disrupt the election they stuffed the ballot box. Nate was incensed."



CONFOUND IT! THOSE MEN DON'T LIVE HERE! THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS KEEPING HONEST AMERICANS FROM TRYING TO VOTE!



EASY, SON. THE PRO-SLAVERY PEOPLE HAD THE VOTES WITHOUT THIS CHICANERY.

ANYWAY, THE IMPORTANT VOTE WILL BE FOR THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE COME NEXT SPRING. MORE OF OUR PEOPLE WILL BE HERE THEN. THAT'S THE VOTE WE NEED TO WIN!

--"March 1, 1855-- Spring seems to be taking hold at last and none too soon. Last winter was brutally cold. Bad as any of the old-timers can recollect.

"Still, more of our people have gotten through and, in addition to Lawrence, we've founded the towns of Topeka and Osawatimie. In addition to the farm, I now have a print shop in Lawrence."

I'LL KEEP JEB WORKING, PA! SEE YOU ABOUT DINNER-TIME!

"A stranger came riding into town today. Nothing remarkable about that in itself, save for his get-up. Looked more like a Missourian than one of our people."

AFTERNOON, FRIEND! IS THIS THE WAY TO TECUMSEY?

NOT QUITE. THIS HERE IS LAWRENCE. QUITE AN OUTFIT YOU GOT ON THERE, STRANGER.

THIS? AH, WELL! PUT IT ON TO FOOL WITH THEM MISSOURI BORDER RUFFIANS. THEY SEEMED TO BE OF A MIND TO KEEP US ABOLITIONISTS OUT OF KANSAS.

FOOLED ME, TOO. YOU GOT A NAME, MISTER?

I AM JOHN HENRY LANE, LATE OF INDIANA, SOMETIME LEGISLATOR, COME TO CAST MY LOT WITH THOSE WHO WOULD BE FREE HERE IN KANSAS.

SOUNDS LIKE A POLITICIAN, RIGHT ENOUGH.

WELCOME, JOHN HENRY LANE. MY NAME'S SILAS KENT. COME ON. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AROUND TOWN.

METROPOLIS, TODAY.

LOIS, ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THIS JOHN HENRY LANE? PA SENT ME HIS PICTURE IN HIS LATEST BATCH OF LETTERS.

HE WAS A DISTANT COUSIN OR SOMETHING. MY GREAT AUNT WANTED TO KEEP HIM DISTANT SO, OF COURSE, WHEN I RAN ACROSS HIS NAME IN THE HISTORY BOOKS, I HAD TO LEARN ALL ABOUT HIM.

THEY CALLED HIM THE "GRIM CHIEFTAIN" AND HE WAS THE POLITICAL FIGURE IN KANSAS BEFORE AND DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

HE WAS ALSO A CON-MAN, A ROGUE AND A NOTORIOUS WOMANIZER. HE REMINDS ME OF LEX LUTHOR IN HIS EARLY DAYS BEFORE SUPERMAN SHOWED UP-- SMOOTH AND SLY AND NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.

HE FRIENDS OR ENEMIES WITH THE KENTS?

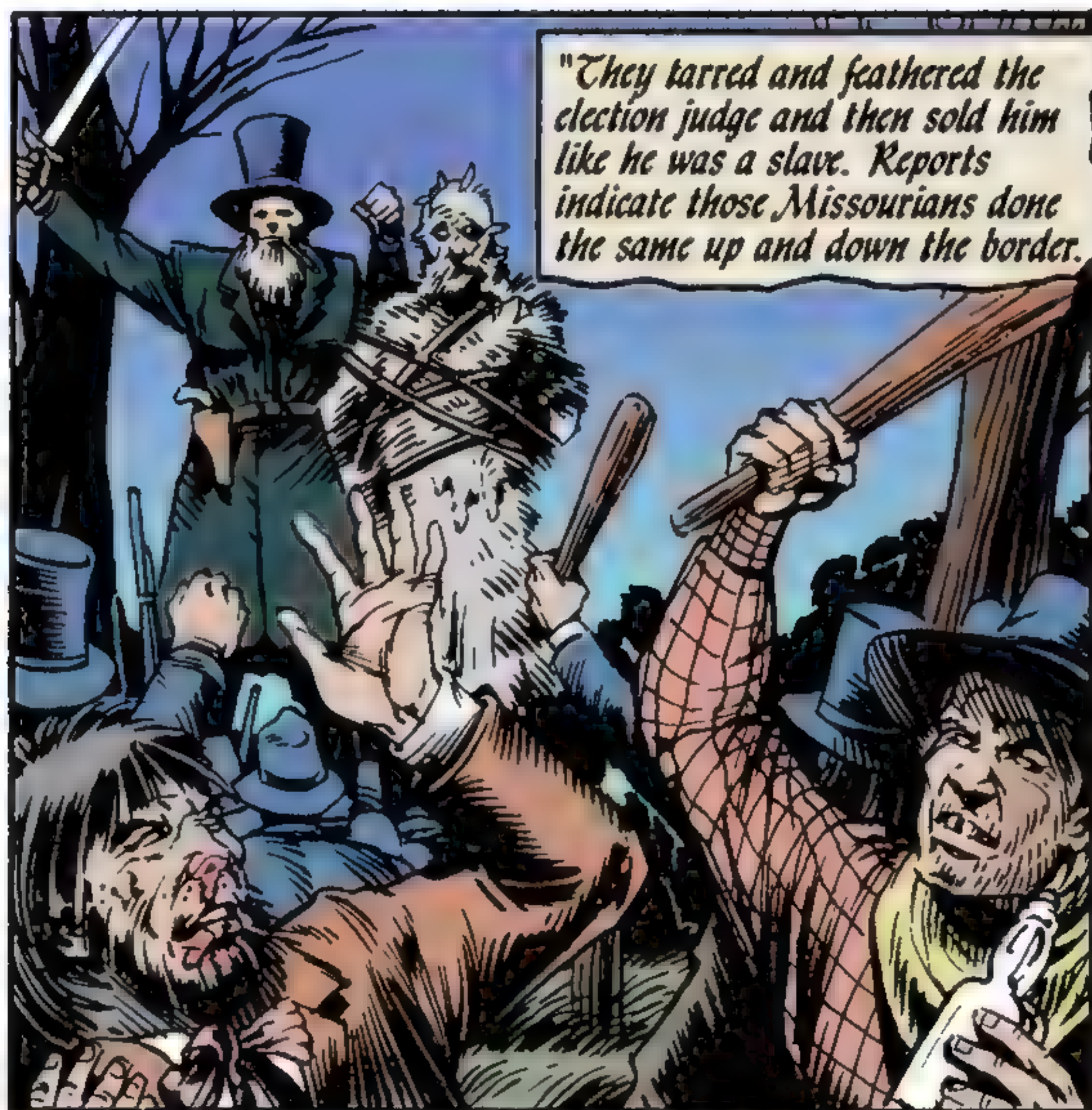
NOT SURE. THE NEXT BATCH OF PAPERS DEALS WITH THE ELECTIONS FOR THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE IN THE SPRING OF 1855.

"Dearest Abigail-- You have asked when you and the other children may come out. To answer, I must relate some stories about the election to the Territorial Legislature last spring.

"Luther Reid, the one we faced off when first we showed up here, showed up with a whole mess of those Missouri boys, just like last time. Backed up their play with a cannon."

SENATOR ATCHISON SAYS WE ALL GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO VOTE IN THESE HEAH ELECTIONS AS FOLKS WHAT BEEN HEAH FOUR YEARS!

SO YOU GO DOWN THERE AND Y'ALL VOTE! AND IF THERE BE TROUBLE, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!



"They tarred and feathered the election judge and then sold him like he was a slave. Reports indicate those Missourians done the same up and down the border."



"And then, whilst he had a mob behind him, old Luther decided he was going to get back at some folks who annoyed him -- which meant us!"



SILAS KENT!
GIT YORE
BUTT OUT
HEAH!

YOU
SPREADING LIES
ABOUT ME, KENT--
CALLIN' ME A THIEF
AND ALL -- AND
NOW YOU GONNA
ANSWER FOR
IT!

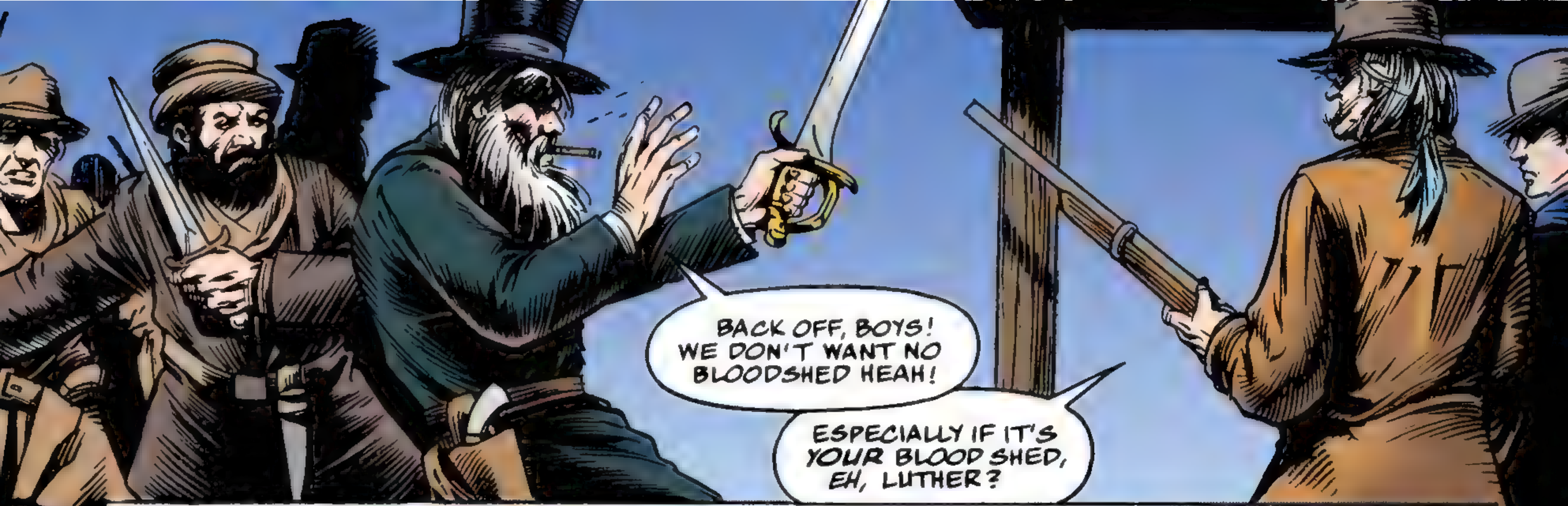
Plains Speaker
NO WHITE
SLAVERY!

I HEAR YOU, REID,
AND ME AND MY BOYS GOT YOUR
ANSWER RIGHT HERE!

I'VE PRINTED NOTHING
BUT THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU,
LUTHER REID, AND IF YOU DON'T
LIKE IT, YOU BEST AMEND
YOUR WAYS!

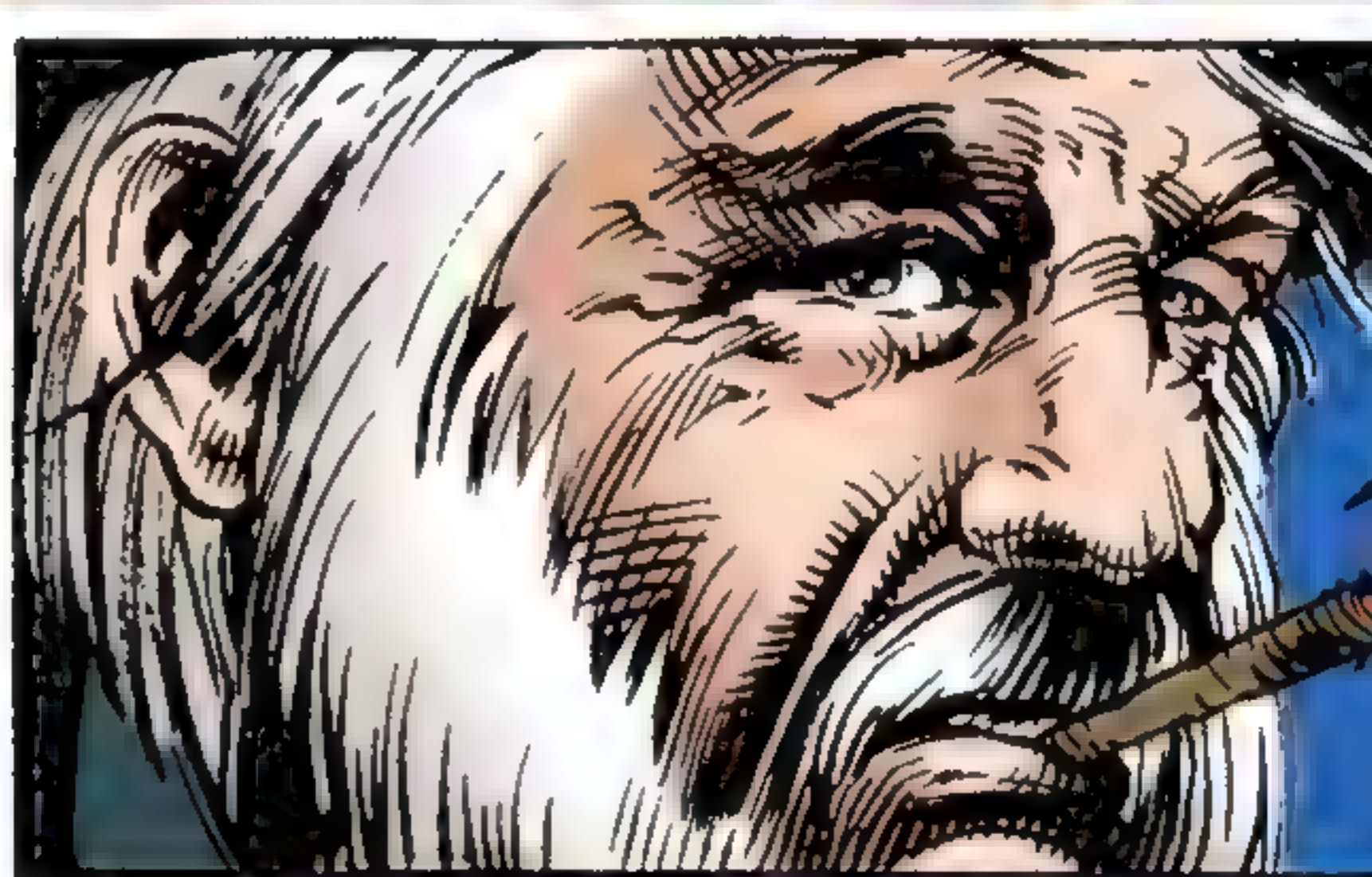
WE'RE ONLY
THREE AND THERE'S A
LOT OF YOU, BUT I
PROMISE YOU THIS,
LUTHER-- SECOND SHOT
FIRED WILL TAKE
YOU DOWN.

SO HOW
YOU WANT THIS
TO PLAY?



BACK OFF, BOYS!
WE DON'T WANT NO
BLOODSHED HEAH!

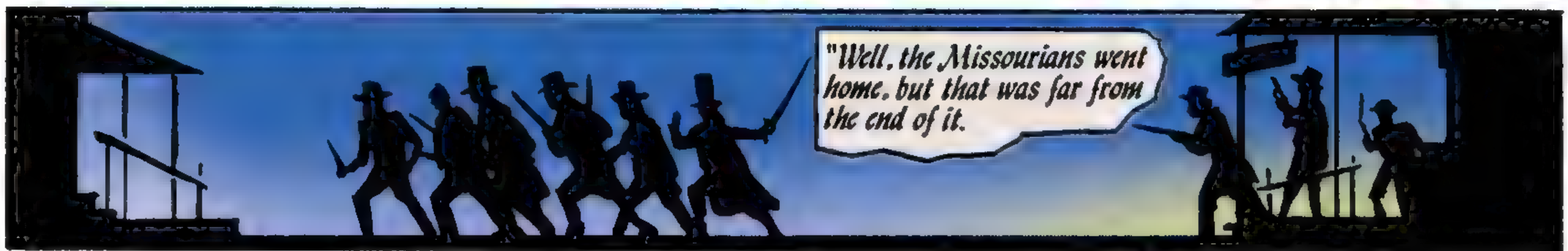
ESPECIALLY IF IT'S
YOUR BLOOD SHED,
EH, LUTHER?



LAUGH WHILST
YOU CAN, KENT!
SOONER OR LATER,
I'LL MAKE YOU
PAY!

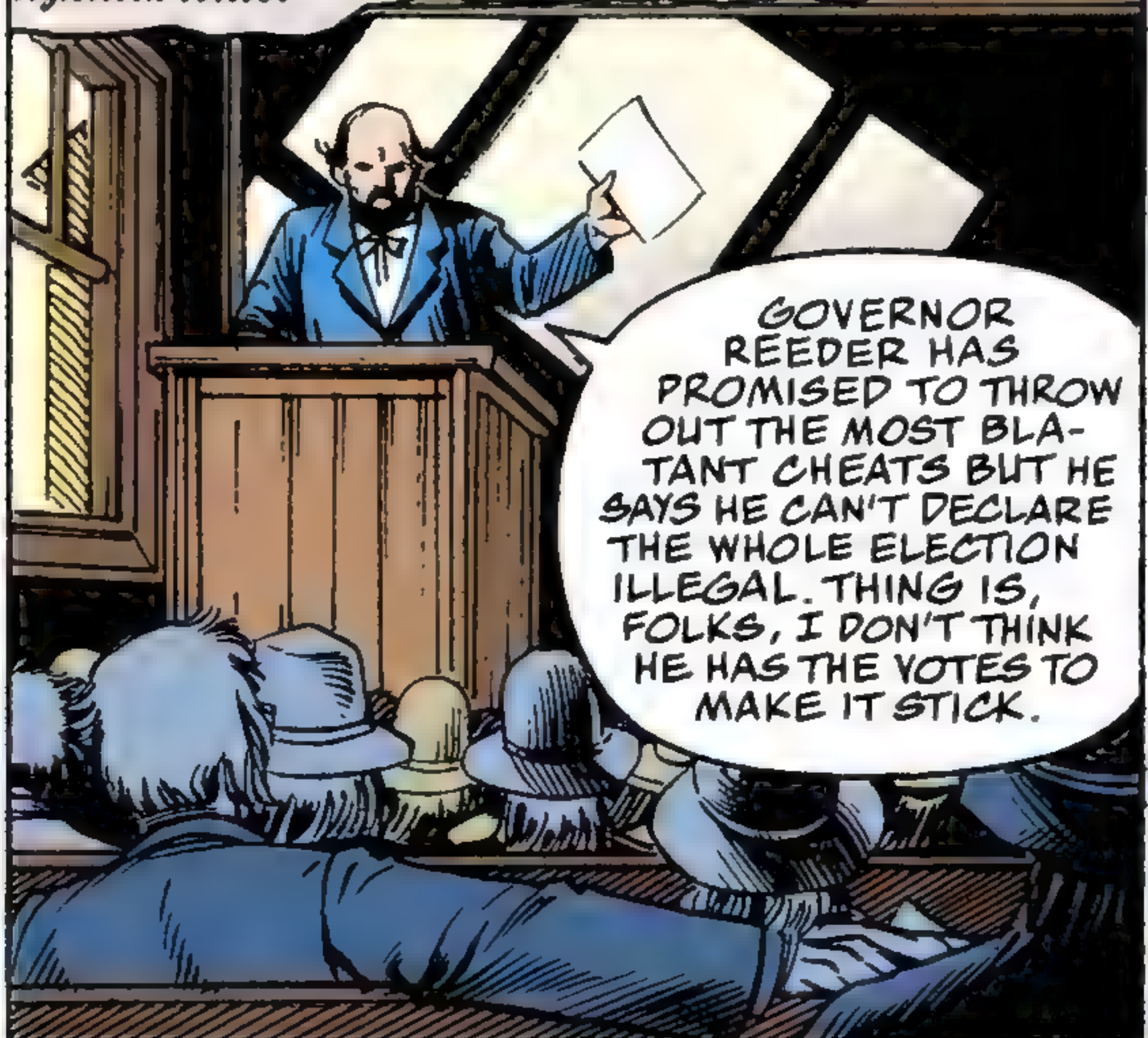


ANYTIME
YOU FIGURE YOU
GOT THE SAND,
LUTHER!



"Well, the Missourians went
home, but that was far from
the end of it."

"They plain stole the election, Belinda! Not one free stater
was elected to the Territorial legislature, not even in Lawrence!
Some places had four times as many votes cast as were
registered voters!"



GOVERNOR
REEDER HAS
PROMISED TO THROW
OUT THE MOST BLA-
TANT CHEATS BUT HE
SAYS HE CAN'T DECLARE
THE WHOLE ELECTION
ILLEGAL. THING IS,
FOLKS, I DON'T THINK
HE HAS THE VOTES TO
MAKE IT STICK.



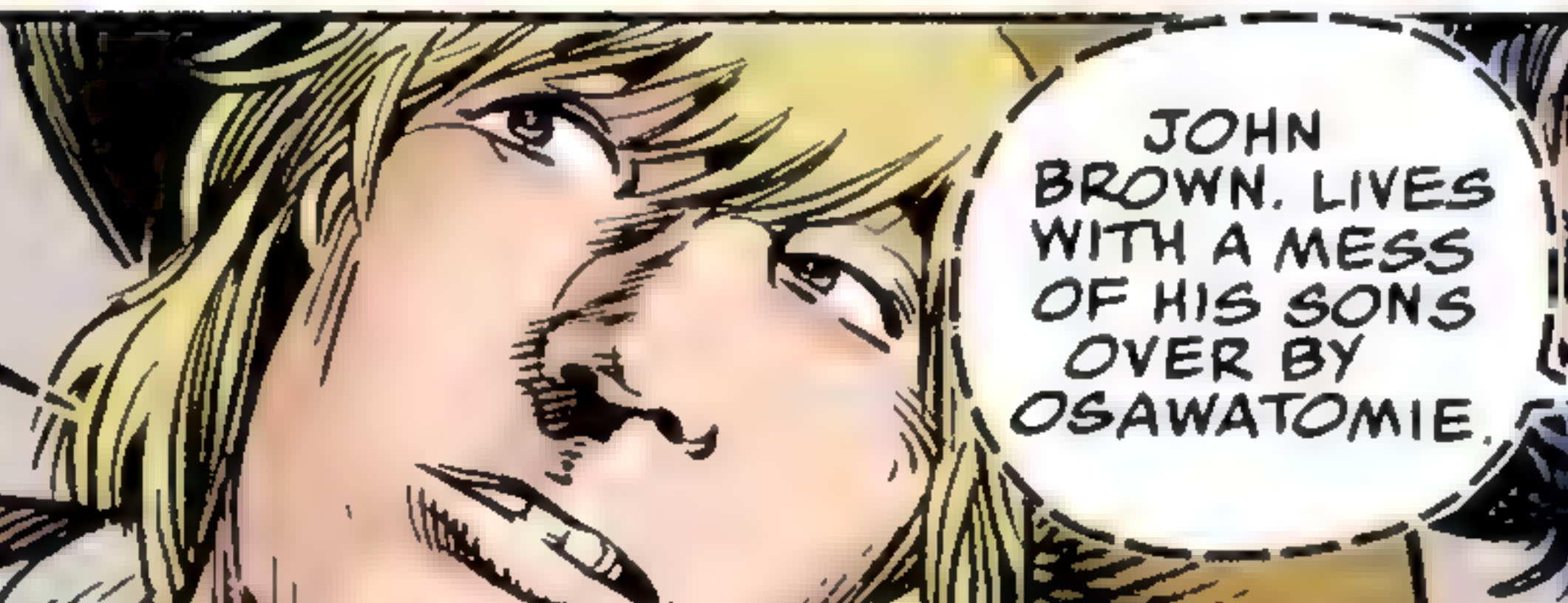
THERE WILL BE
NO PEACE UNTIL THE
SINS OF THIS LAND ARE
WASHED AWAY IN
BLOOD!



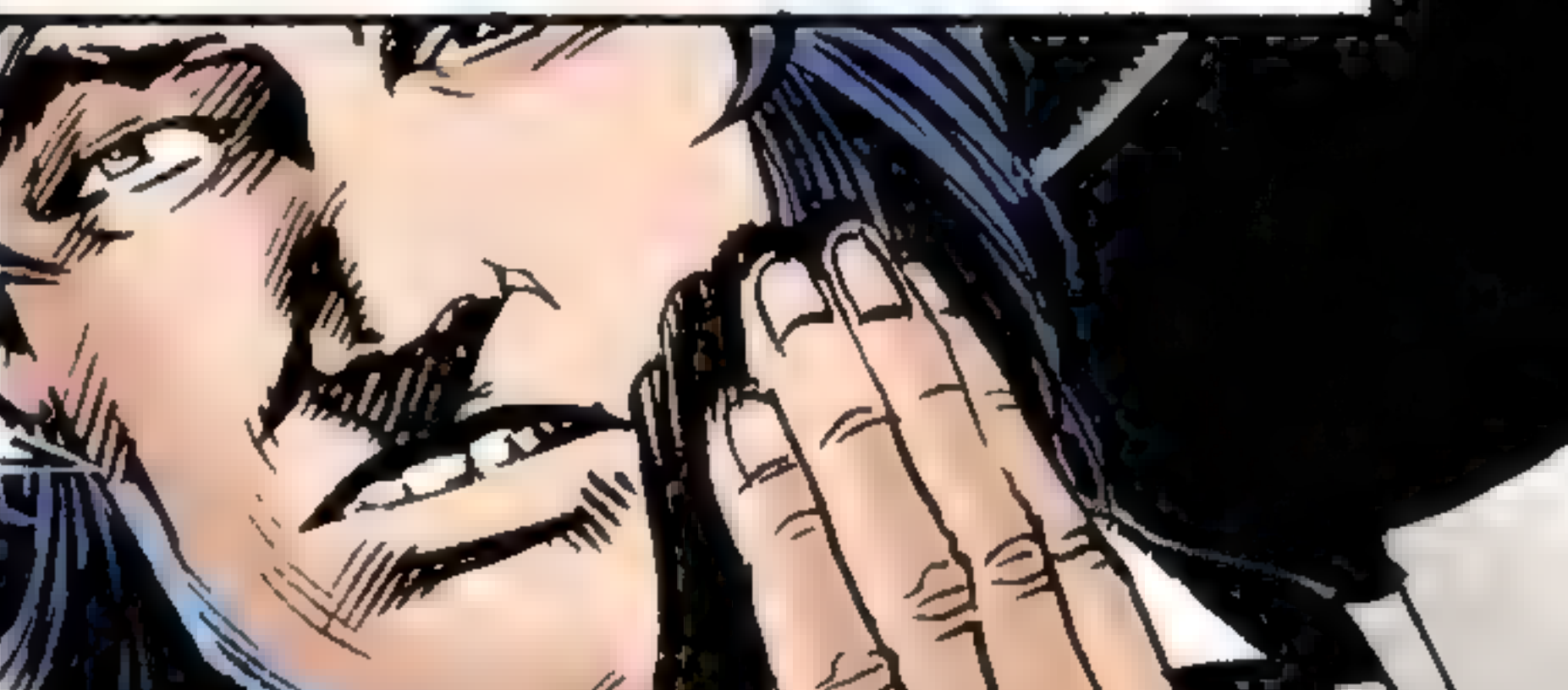
WE ARE
STEEPED IN THE SIN
OF SLAVERY! TOO LONG
HAS THIS NATION
COUNTEANANCED THIS
ABOMINATION!

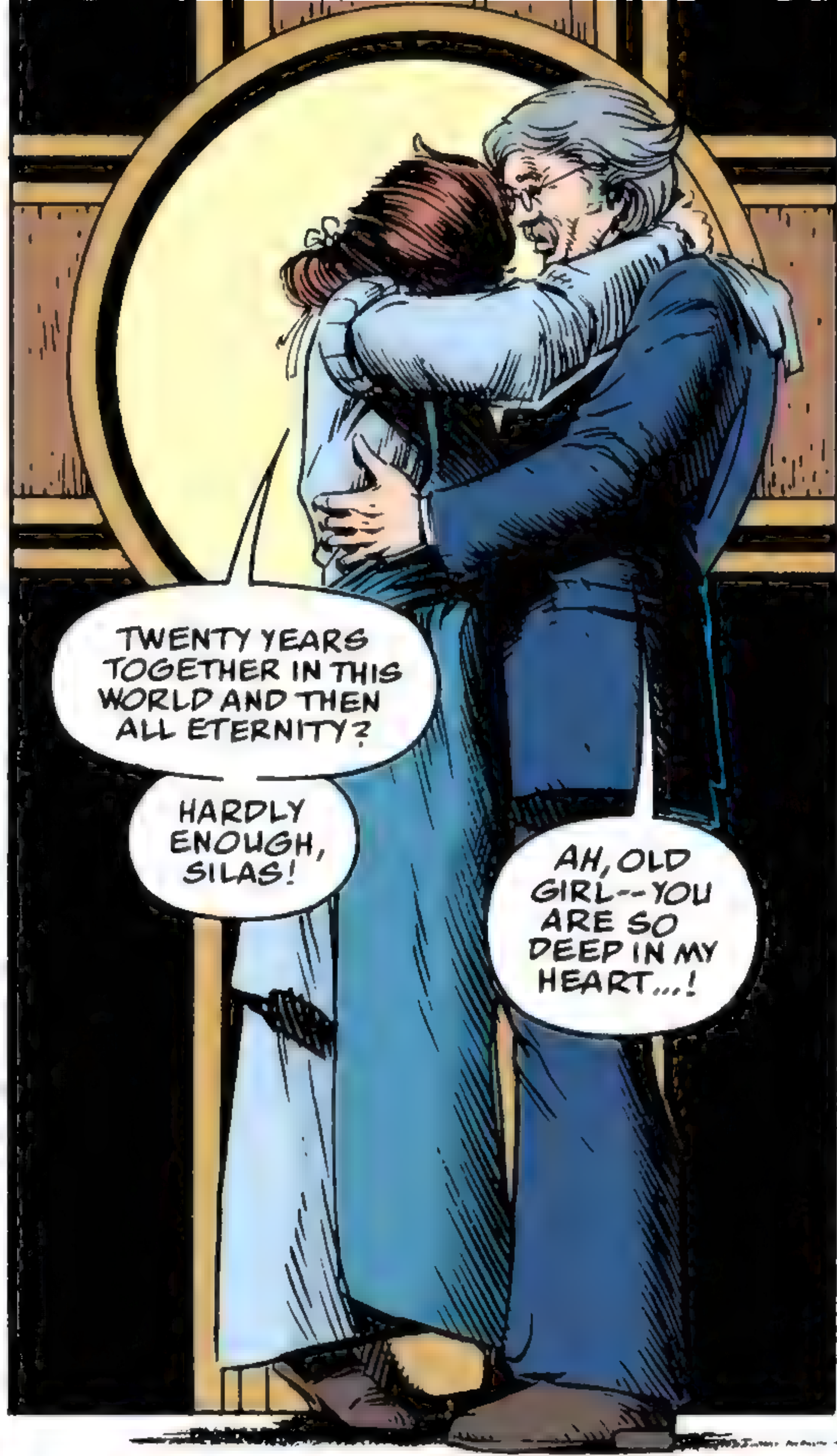
WE FOOL
OURSELVES IF WE
THINK THERE CAN BE
A PEACEFUL SOLU-
TION! ONLY WAR AND
BLOOD CAN ATONE
AND I SAY WE BEGIN
IT NOW!

WHOOOEEE!
HE AIN'T HALF
SCARY! WHO IS
THAT BIRD?



JOHN
BROWN. LIVES
WITH A MESS
OF HIS SONS
OVER BY
OSAWATOMIE.





TWENTY YEARS TOGETHER IN THIS WORLD AND THEN ALL ETERNITY?

HARDLY ENOUGH, SILAS!

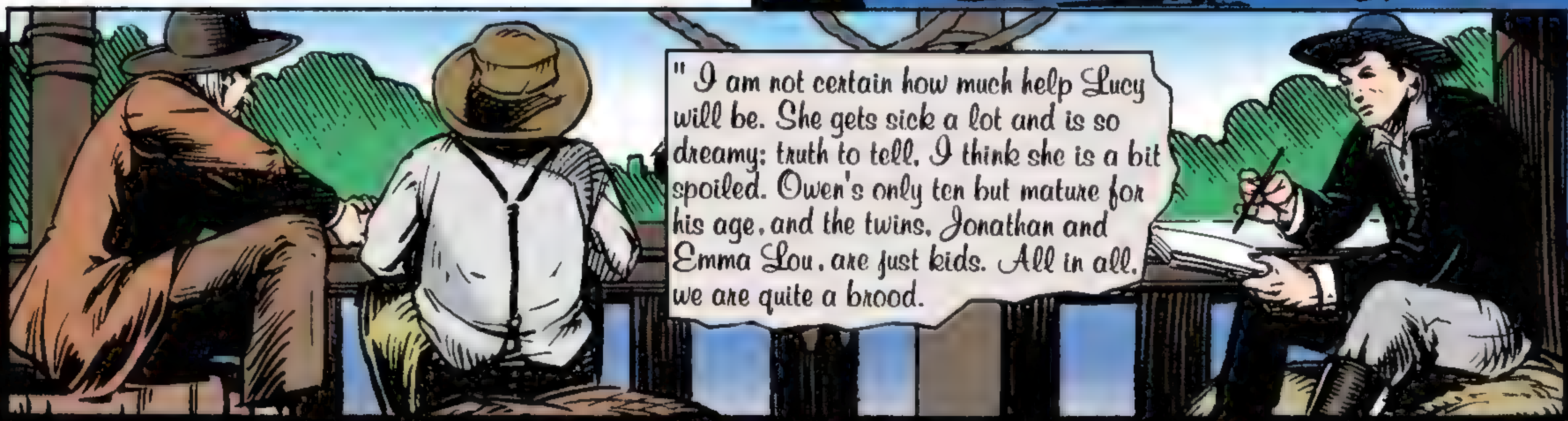
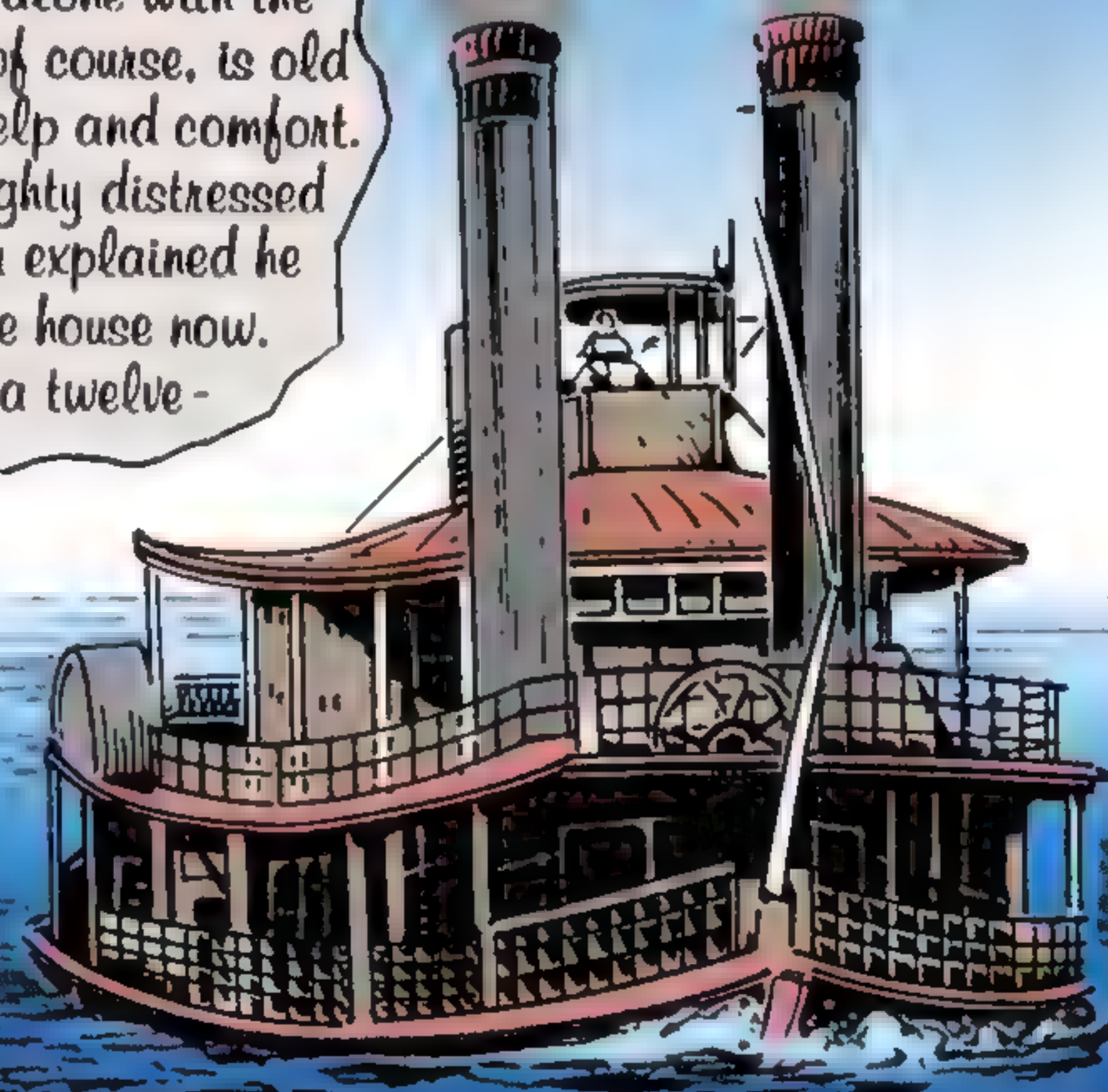
AH, OLD GIRL--YOU ARE SO DEEP IN MY HEART...!

From the Journal of Nathaniel Kent --" July 17, 1854 -- We have set out today for Kansas, my brother Jebediah, and I.



" Mother insisted I at least come along, being the eldest son. Pa hopes the experiences will settle Jeb some -- he's a bit wild and distractable, except when we go hunting. Never saw anyone as intent nor as good a shot as Jeb.

" I worry about Ma, alone with the young ones. Belinda, of course, is old enough to be of great help and comfort. Joel William was mighty distressed not to be going, but Pa explained he had to be the man of the house now. Big responsibility for a twelve-year-old.

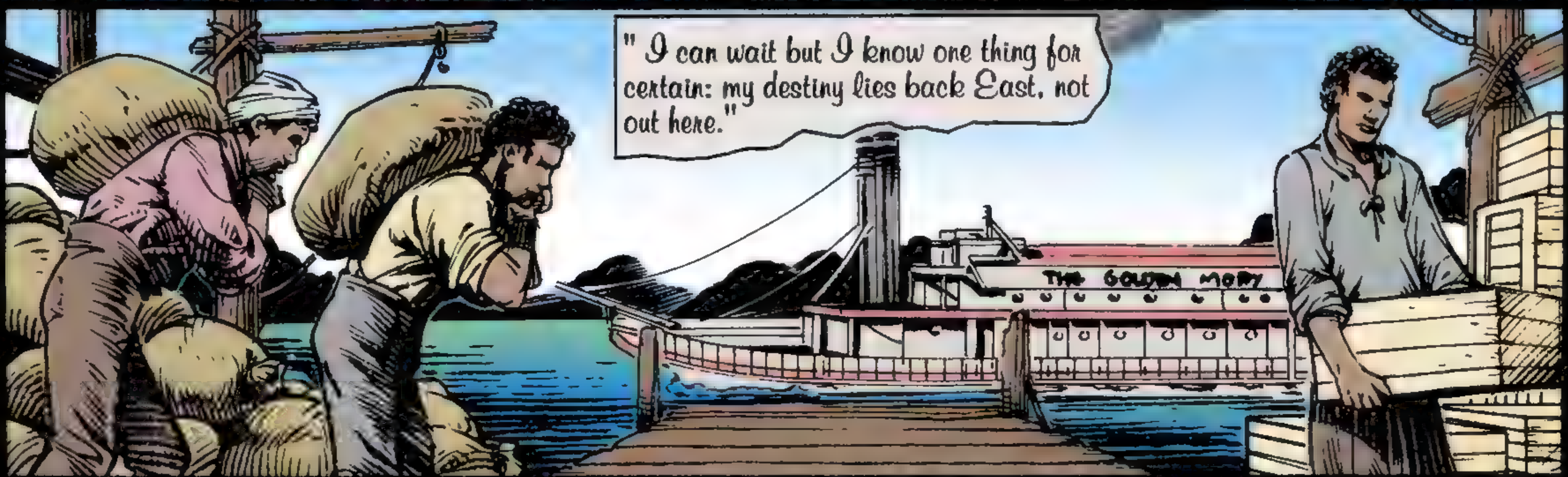


" I am not certain how much help Lucy will be. She gets sick a lot and is so dreamy; truth to tell, I think she is a bit spoiled. Owen's only ten but mature for his age, and the twins, Jonathan and Emma Lou, are just kids. All in all, we are quite a brood.

" Pa being a printer and Ma being a former school teacher, we all know our letters, even the girls! I had hopes of being a lawyer or writer, but Pa says that must wait for now.



" I can wait but I know one thing for certain: my destiny lies back East, not out here."



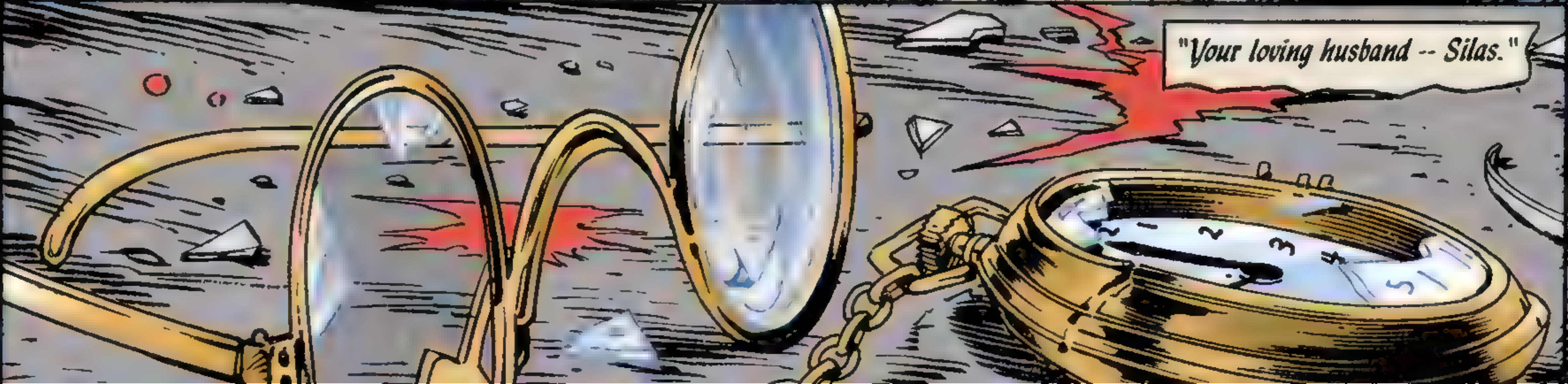
"I am not certain, old girl, when it will be safe for you to come out with the rest of the family. Things are so unsettled."

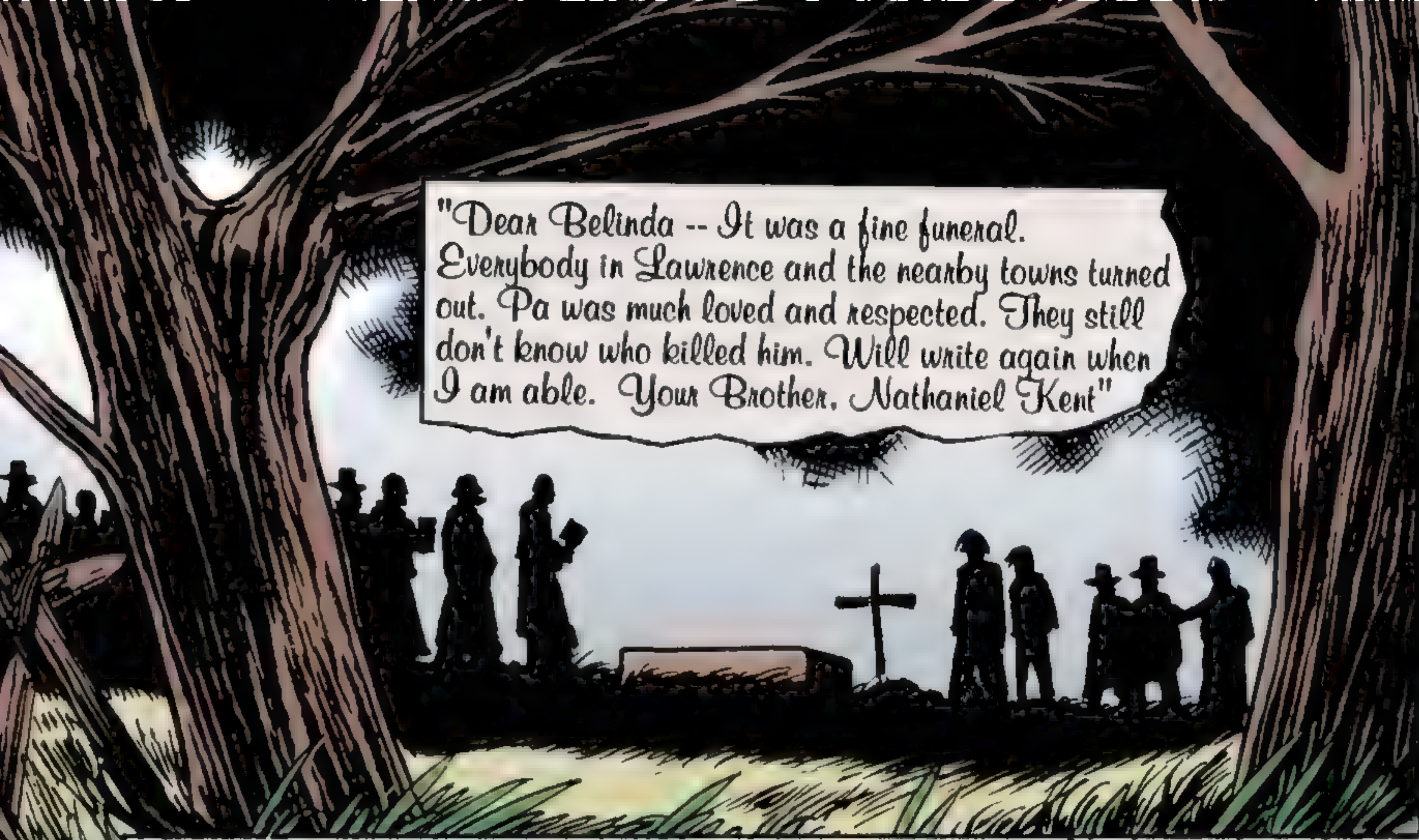
KENT

"The Lord knows how much I miss you. Maybe I'll come back soon for a visit. I think of you all the time and hope you will continue to pray for me as I do you."



"Your loving husband -- Silas."





"Dear Belinda -- It was a fine funeral. Everybody in Lawrence and the nearby towns turned out. Pa was much loved and respected. They still don't know who killed him. Will write again when I am able. Your Brother, Nathaniel Kent"

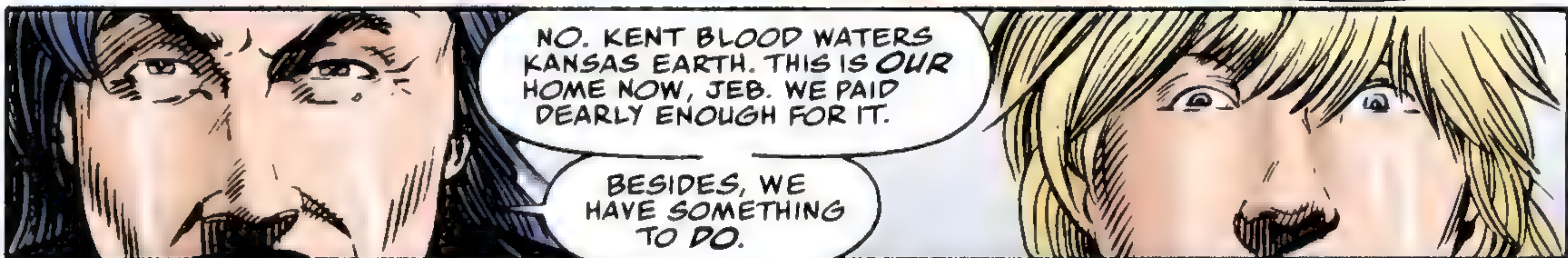


NATE?

LET'S GO HOME, NATE. BACK TO BOSTON.



THIS AIN'T OUR FIGHT. WE DON'T REALLY BELONG HERE. LET'S GO HOME, NATE.

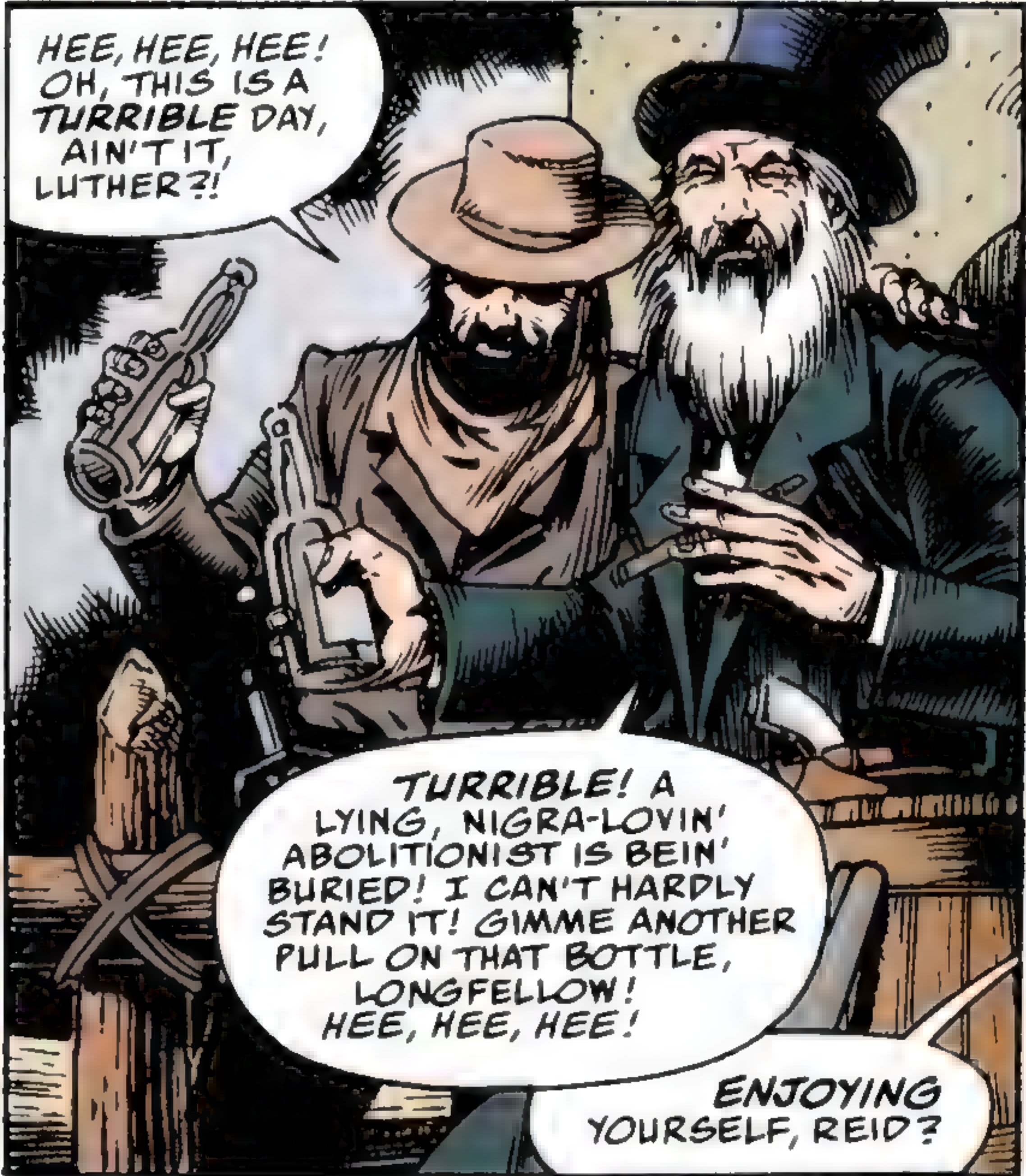


NO. KENT BLOOD WATERS KANSAS EARTH. THIS IS OUR HOME NOW, JEB. WE PAID DEARLY ENOUGH FOR IT.

BESIDES, WE HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.



"WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE MAN THAT KILLED PA."



HEE, HEE, HEE! OH, THIS IS A TURRIBLE DAY, AIN'T IT, LUTHER?!

TURRIBLE! A LYING, NIGRA-LOVIN' ABOLITIONIST IS BEIN' BURIED! I CAN'T HARDLY STAND IT! GIMME ANOTHER PULL ON THAT BOTTLE, LONGFELLOW! HEE, HEE, HEE!

ENJOYING YOURSELF, REID?



MY FATHER'S IN THE GROUND, REID. WORD HAS IT YOU HAD A HAND IN PUTTING HIM THERE.



CARE TO RESPOND?



DON'T
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT IT.

NO? HE WAS SHOT
IN THE BACK WITH A RIFLE
PRETTY MUCH LIKE THE
ONE YOU CARRY.

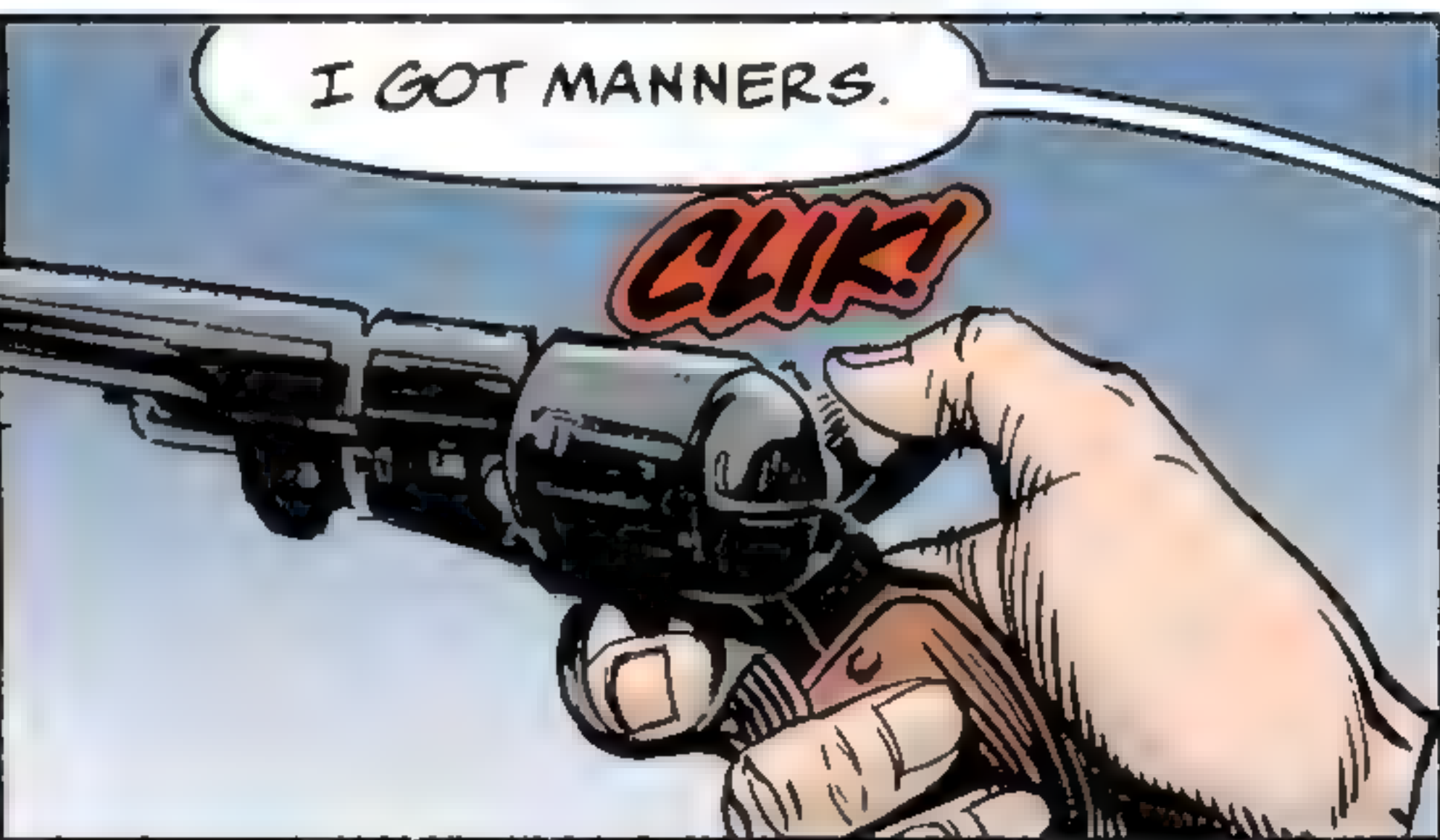


YOU PUPS
GOT NO PROOF.
GO OFF BEFORE I
GET A MIND TO
TEACH YOU SOME
MANNERS.



I GOT MANNERS.

CLICK!



YOU HEAR ME
GOOD. YOU SACK
OF DUNG. IF I EVEN
THINK YOU
KILLED PAW, I
WON'T BE WAITIN'
FOR NO PROOF!
I'LL SHOOT YOU
DOWN LIKE WAS
DONE TO PAW!

YOU
BELIEVE
THAT?



Y-YEAH...!

LET HIM
GO, JEB.

IF I WAS
YOU, REID, I'D FIND
SOME PLACE ELSE
TO LIVE. SOME PLACE
LONG OFF.



YA DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT,
LUTHER! I GOT A RELATIVE OVER
PAWNEE MISSION, SAM JONES!
GOOD SOUTHERN BOY AND HE'S A
SHERIFF, TOO!

LET'S
GO.

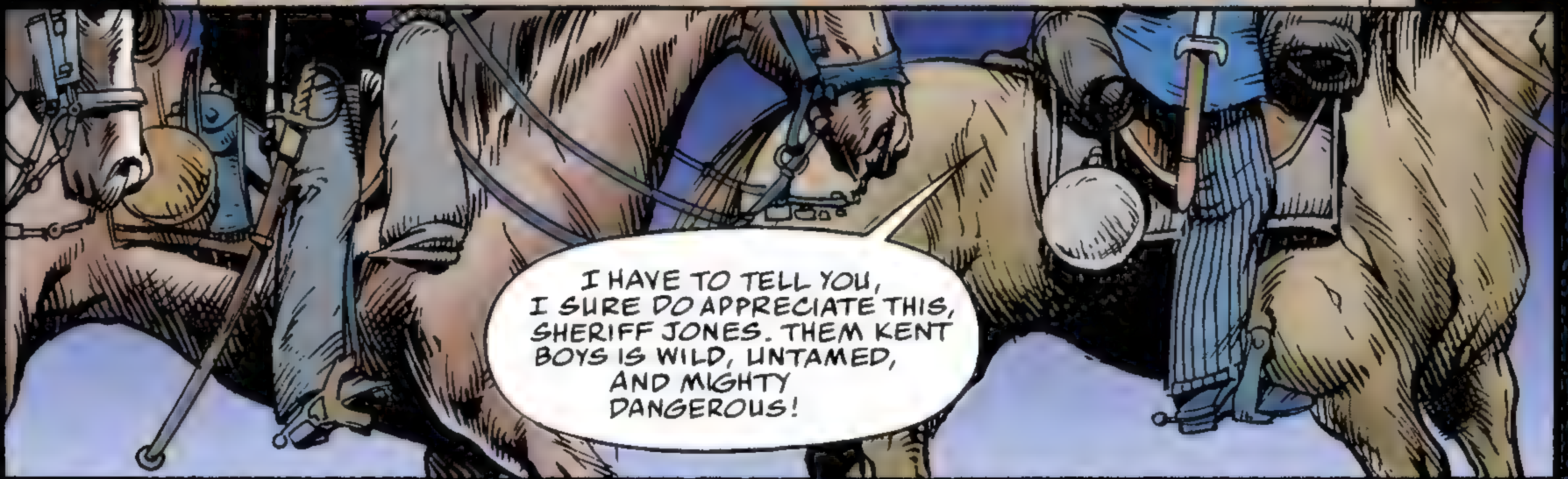
WE MADE HIM
JUMP PRETTY
GOOD, YOU
BET!

ISN'T OVER,
JEB. IT'S A
LONG WAY
FROM OVER.

Deer Sherrif Jones --

I got me a complaint to make against too yankees boys
what has threatened me and I ain't done hardly nuthin'
and I would be obliged if you would arrest them as my
life is in considerable dangers.

Yours -- Luther Reid



I HAVE TO TELL YOU,
I SURE DO APPRECIATE THIS,
SHERIFF JONES. THEM KENT
BOYS IS WILD, UNTAMED,
AND MIGHTY
DANGEROUS!

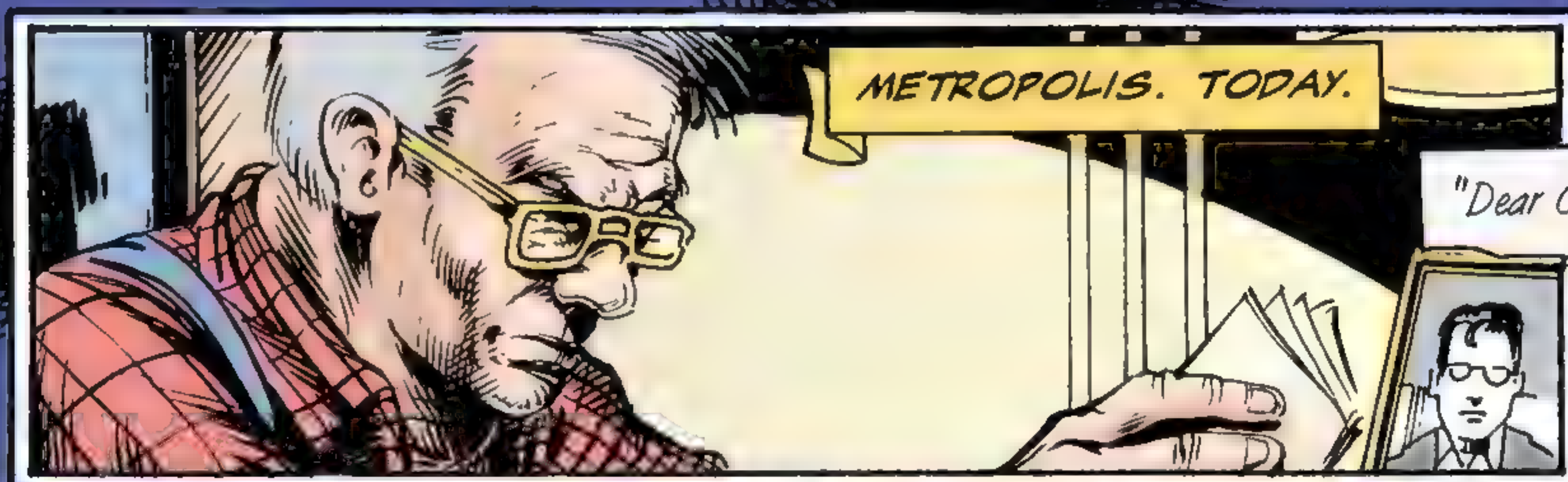
I AM PLEASED TO BE OF SERVICE, MR.
REID. TRUTH TO TELL, I HAVE HAD ABOUT A
BELLYFUL OF THESE FREE-STATERS AND
THEIR DISREGARD FOR THE LAW! TIME
THEY LEARNED A LESSON!

TELL THE OTHERS TO
MEET WITH US TONIGHT! WE
WILL ARREST THIS BOY, JEB
KENT, AND BRING HIM BACK TO
PAWNEE MISSION TO STAND
TRIAL. ANY MAN WHO STANDS
IN OUR WAY WILL GET THE
SAME!

IF IT IS
WAR THESE
FREE-STATERS
WANT, THEN--
BY THUNDER--
IT IS WAR THEY
WILL GET!

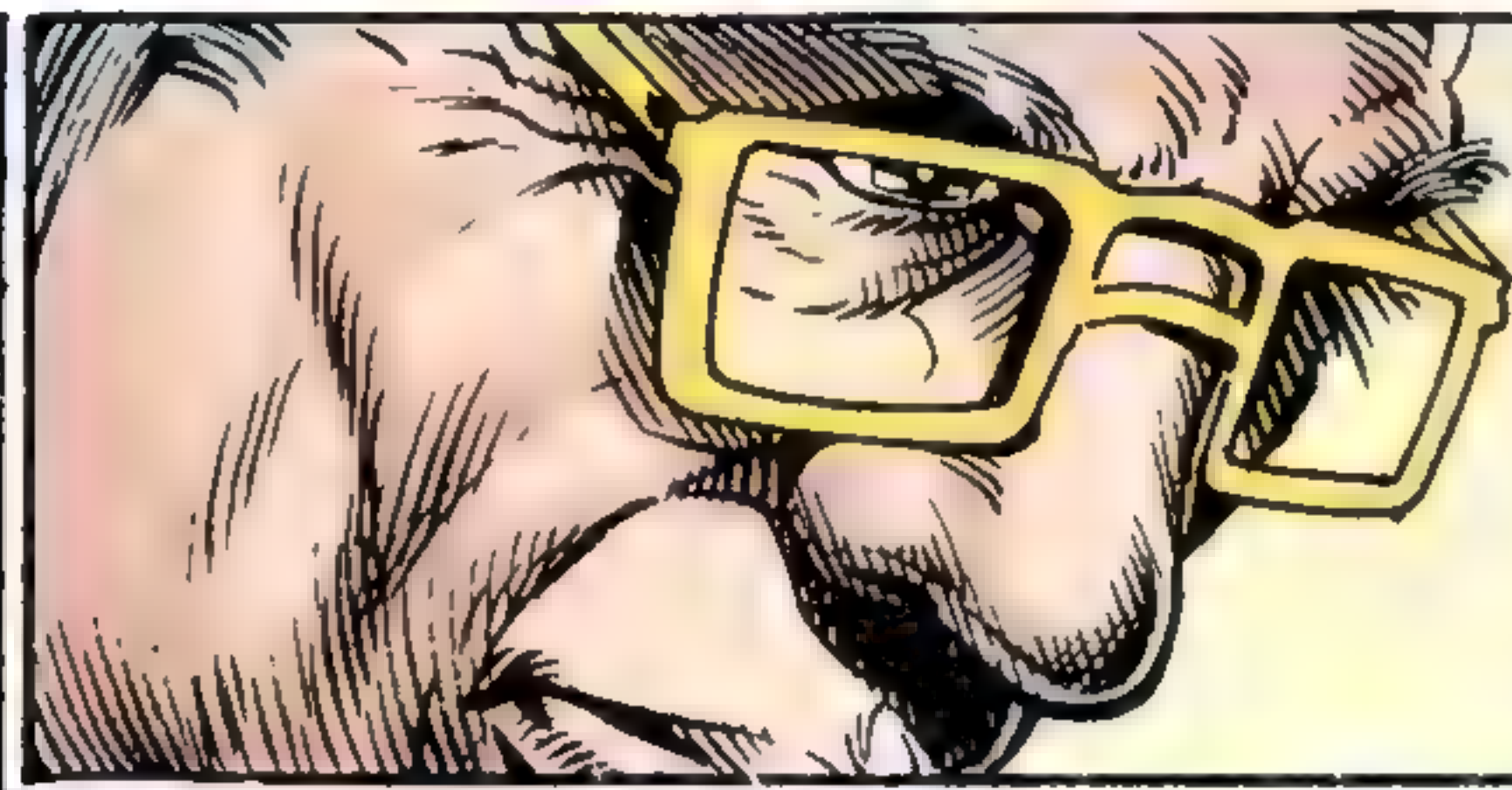


NEXT : ENTER J.B. 'WILD BILL' HICKOK !



METROPOLIS. TODAY.

"Dear Clark--



"Enclosed you'll find the latest set of copies of letters from the strong box I dug up. Sorry this took so long, but I have been trying to create a narrative as best I can.

"The first one I think you'll find interesting as it appears to be the earliest letter we have of JEB."

BLEEDING KANSAS

PART 2



"Dear Sister Lucy...

JOHN OSTRANDER
writer

TIM TRUMAN
penciller

MICHAEL BAIR
inks

OAKLEY/N.J.Q.
letters

CARLA FEENY
colors

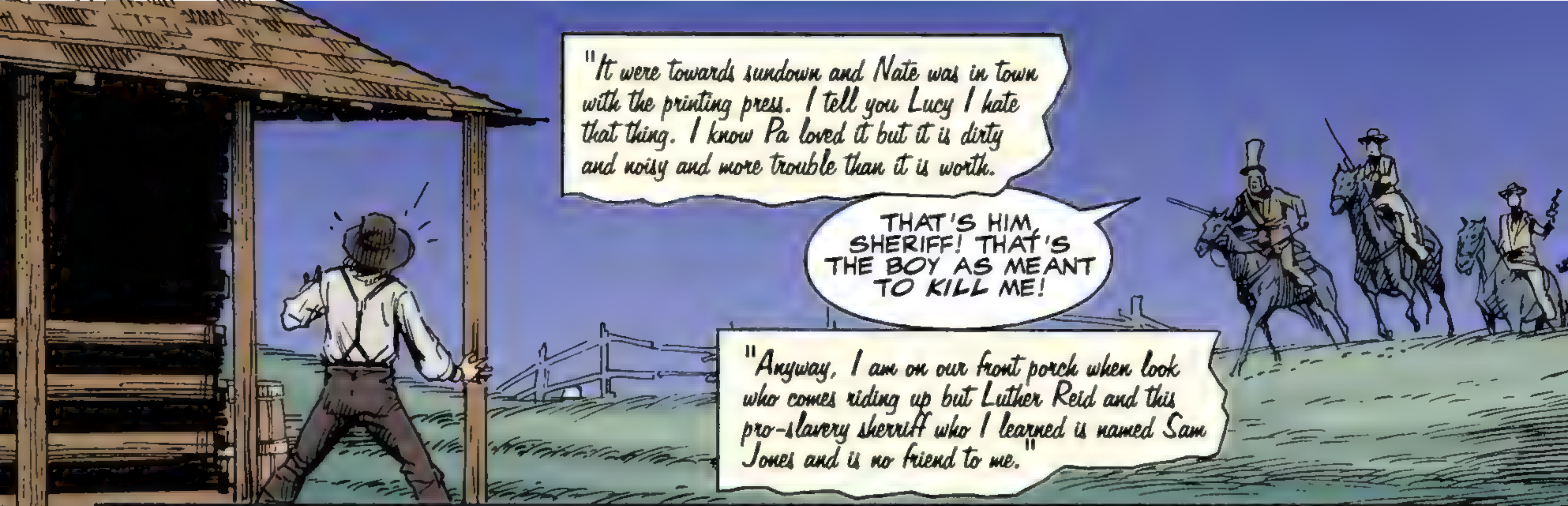
DIGITAL CHAMELEON - color separations

PETER TOMASI - editor and head wrangler



"I am writing you cuz Ma always complains about my grammar an spelling and Belinda is always fussing at me to behave. I have writ Owen two letters and he ain't sent one back so tell him I wont write him no more til he write me back.

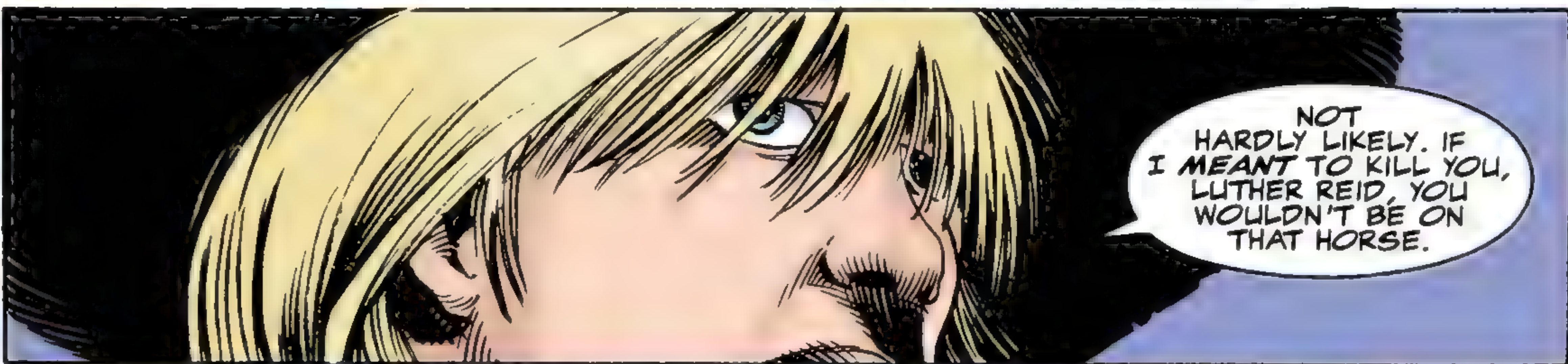
"I know Nate tole you all what we know as to Pas death and how we faced down Luther Reid who we figure probably done it from behind like a snake. But that did not end it all no sir not by a long shot."



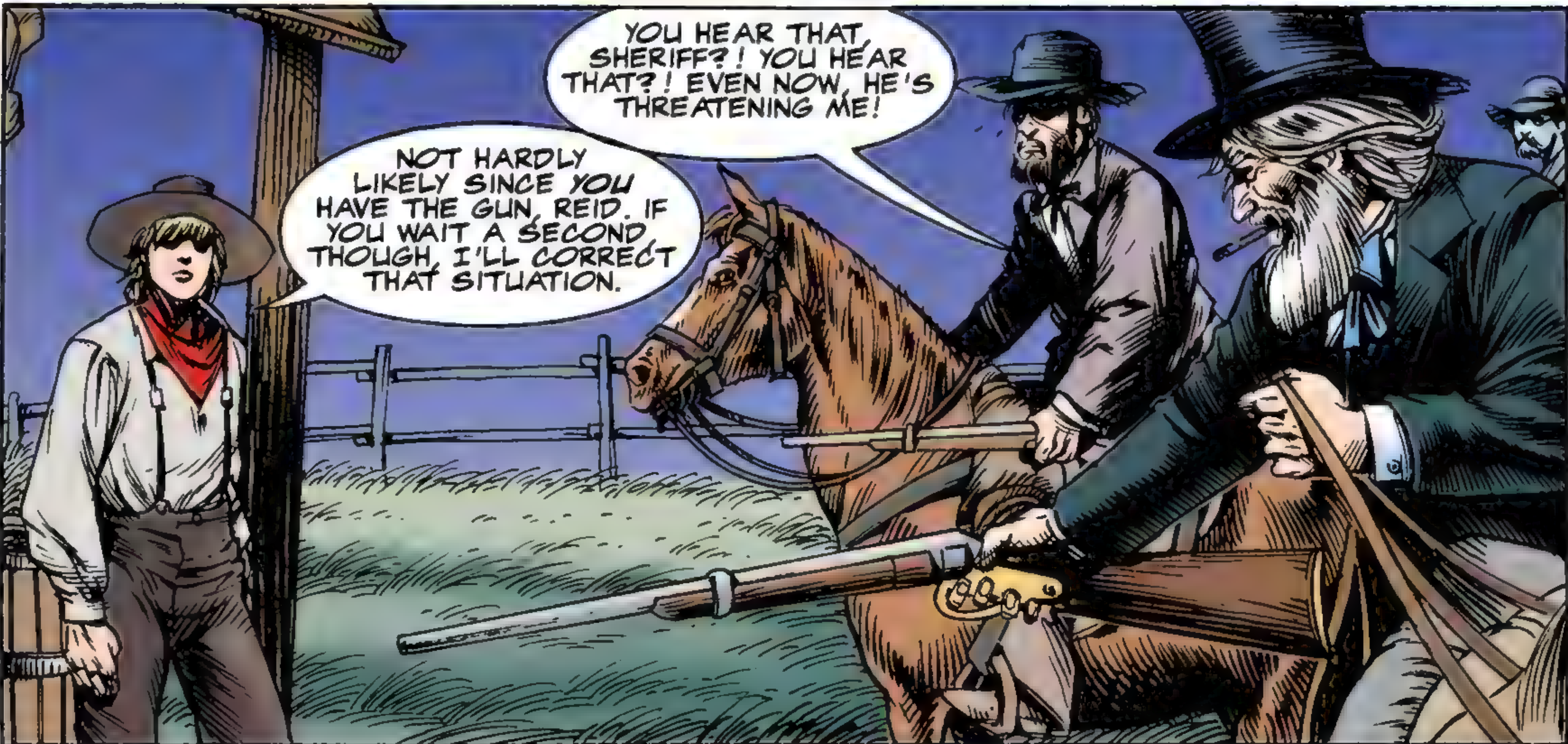
"It were towards sundown and Nate was in town with the printing press. I tell you Lucy I hate that thing. I know Pa loved it but it is dirty and noisy and more trouble than it is worth."

THAT'S HIM, SHERIFF! THAT'S THE BOY AS MEANT TO KILL ME!

"Anyway, I am on our front porch when look who comes riding up but Luther Reid and this pro-slavery sheriff who I learned is named Sam Jones and is no friend to me."



NOT HARDLY LIKELY. IF I MEANT TO KILL YOU, LUTHER REID, YOU WOULDN'T BE ON THAT HORSE.



NOT HARDLY LIKELY SINCE YOU HAVE THE GUN, REID. IF YOU WAIT A SECOND THOUGH, I'LL CORRECT THAT SITUATION.

YOU HEAR THAT, SHERIFF?! YOU HEAR THAT?! EVEN NOW, HE'S THREATENING ME!



HESH UP, BOY! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! TIME YOU DAMN ABOLITIONISTS LEARNED THAT THE LAW IS THE LAW!



I TAKE IT LUTHER'S SHOOTING OF MY PA WEREN'T AGAINST THE LAW, THEN.



NO MORE OF YOUR MOUTH, BOY. SADDLE UP. WE'RE TAKING YOU IN.

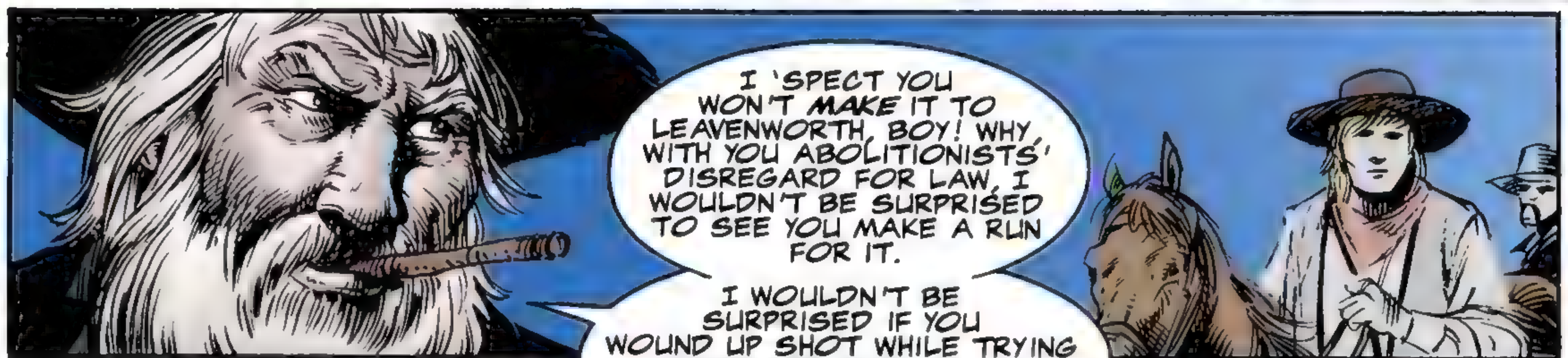


"I tell you, Lucy, I felt friendless and all alone in the world although as things turned out I weren't quite so alone as all that."



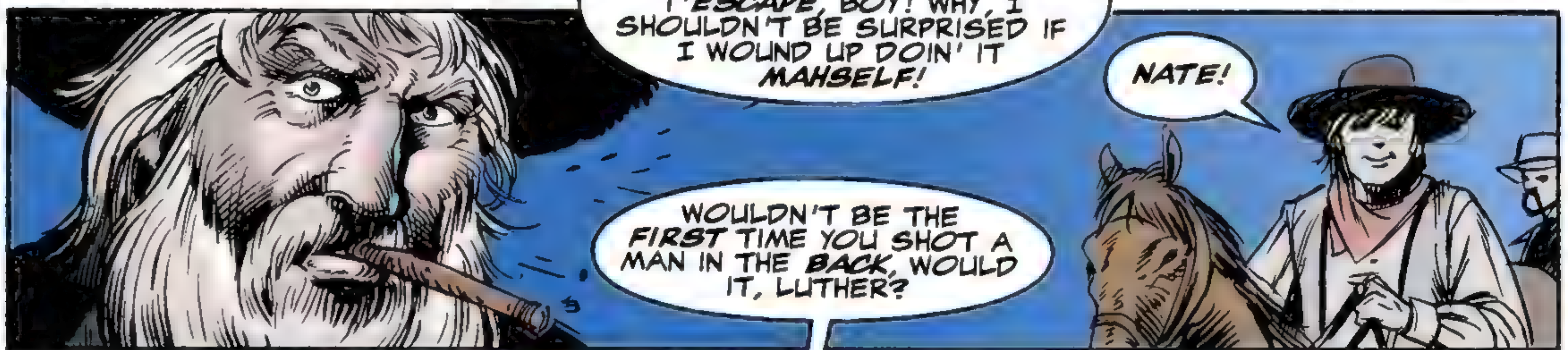
"Well little sister, they rode me off towards Blanton's Crossing which is a ferry ride across the Kaw. They meant to ride me through Lawrence but it is where I think they made their mistake."

"Ol Luther Reid was riding me about as hard as he rode his horse."



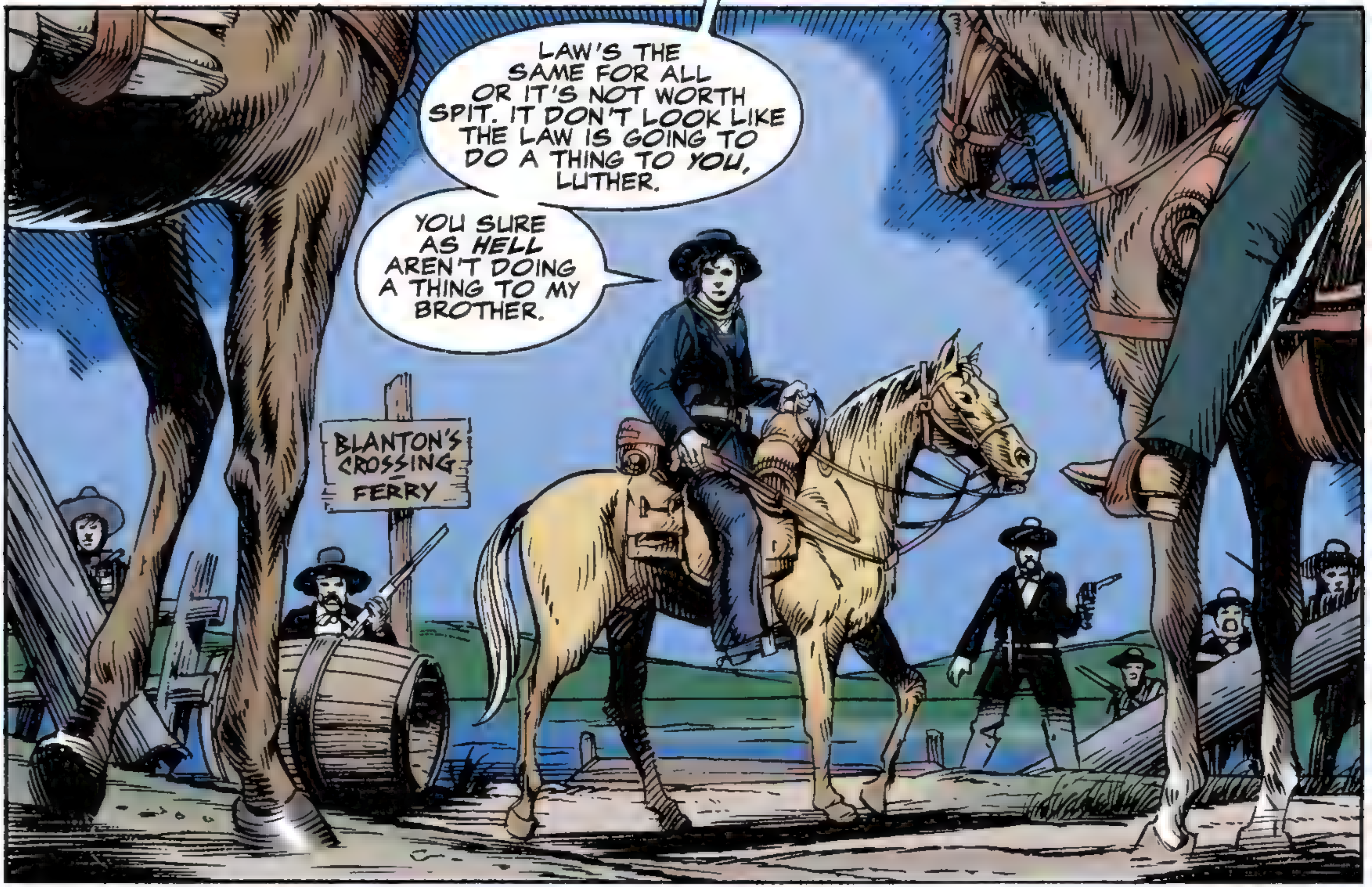
I 'SPECT YOU WON'T MAKE IT TO LEAVENWORTH, BOY! WHY, WITH YOU ABOLITIONISTS' DISREGARD FOR LAW, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE YOU MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU WOUND UP SHOT WHILE TRYING T'ESCAPE, BOY! WHY, I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF I WOUND UP DOIN' IT MAHSELF!



NATE!

WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU SHOT A MAN IN THE BACK, WOULD IT, LUTHER?

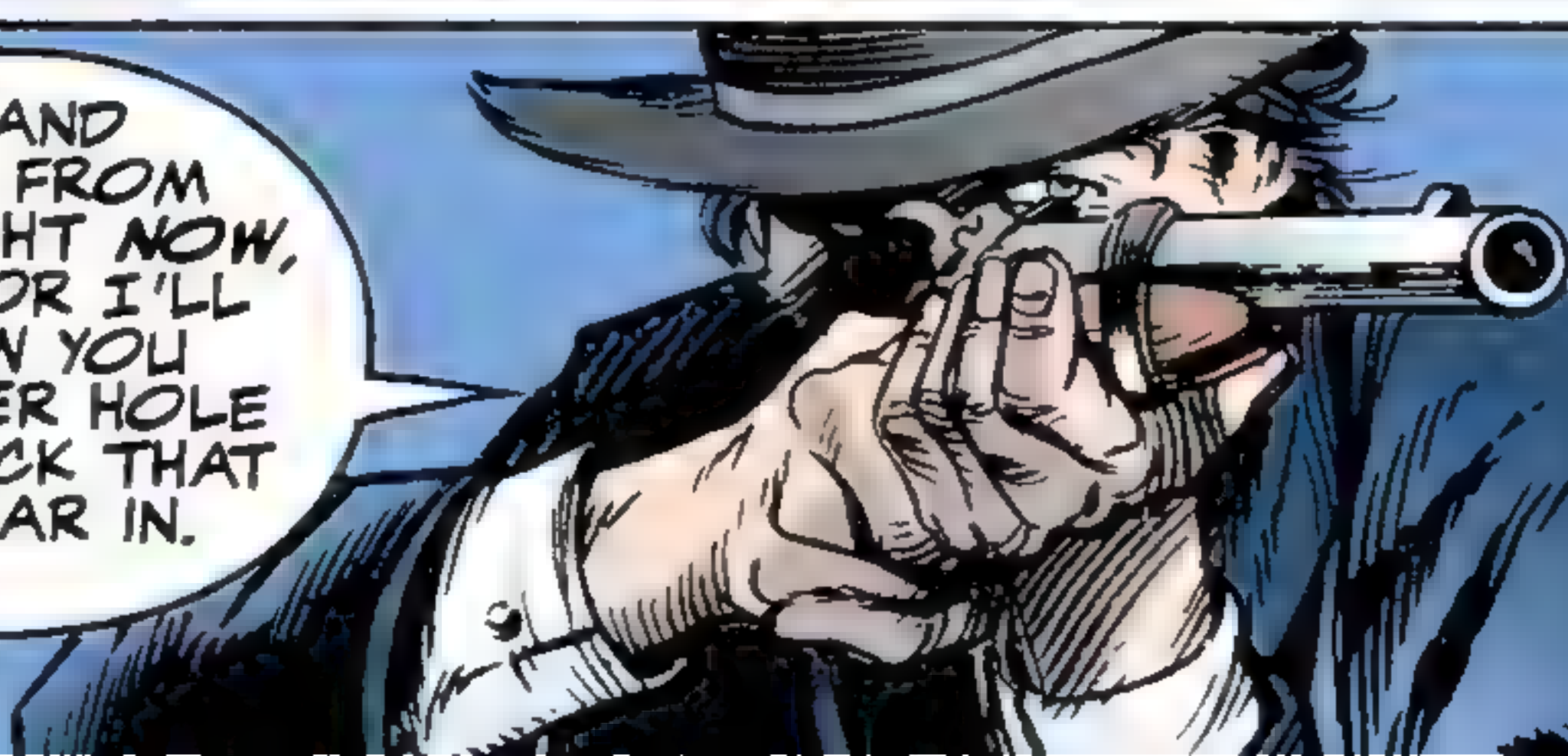


LAW'S THE SAME FOR ALL OR IT'S NOT WORTH SPIT. IT DON'T LOOK LIKE THE LAW IS GOING TO DO A THING TO YOU, LUTHER.

YOU SURE AS HELL AREN'T DOING A THING TO MY BROTHER.

BLANTON'S
CROSSING
FERRY

STAND AWAY FROM JEB RIGHT NOW, REID, OR I'LL BLOW YOU ANOTHER HOLE TO STICK THAT CEEGAR IN.



"Now I will admit Lucy that Nate and we have had our dust-ups but I was never so glad to see him in my life as I was right then nor never so proud neither."

"Course ol Sherriiff Sam Jones was not so happy with Nate as was I."



"Nate seems worried but that's what he does anyway so I don't mind none."

"Anyway, winter is setting in but we remain lively. I keep you breaking hearts, Lucy, my girl. Don't let your own be broke. Ha ha. Write me back. Your favorite brother -- Jeb."

From the journal of Nathaniel Kent -- December 12(?) 1855-- "As I feared, Sheriff Jones has returned with a few more men. A lot more men, actually."

"They are camped up by Mt. Oread. He has brought with him every Missouri puke he could lay his hands on and laid siege to Lawrence."

"The issue isn't me and Jeb anymore nor even the town. We are abolitionists. They will kill us if they can to keep other men in chains"

"Just as we will kill them if we must-- to defend ourselves or set other men free."

THEY GOT CANNON UP THERE. I CAN HEAR 'EM PRACTICING.

I HAVE RECEIVED COMMUNICATIONS FROM MR. THAYER AND MR. LAWRENCE. WE ARE NOT TO START ANYTHING. ABOVE ALL, WE ARE NOT TO FIRE UPON ANY FEDERAL TROOPS!

NICE OF 'EM TO GIVE US THEM SHARPS RIFLES AND THEN TAKE AWAY OUR TARGETS.

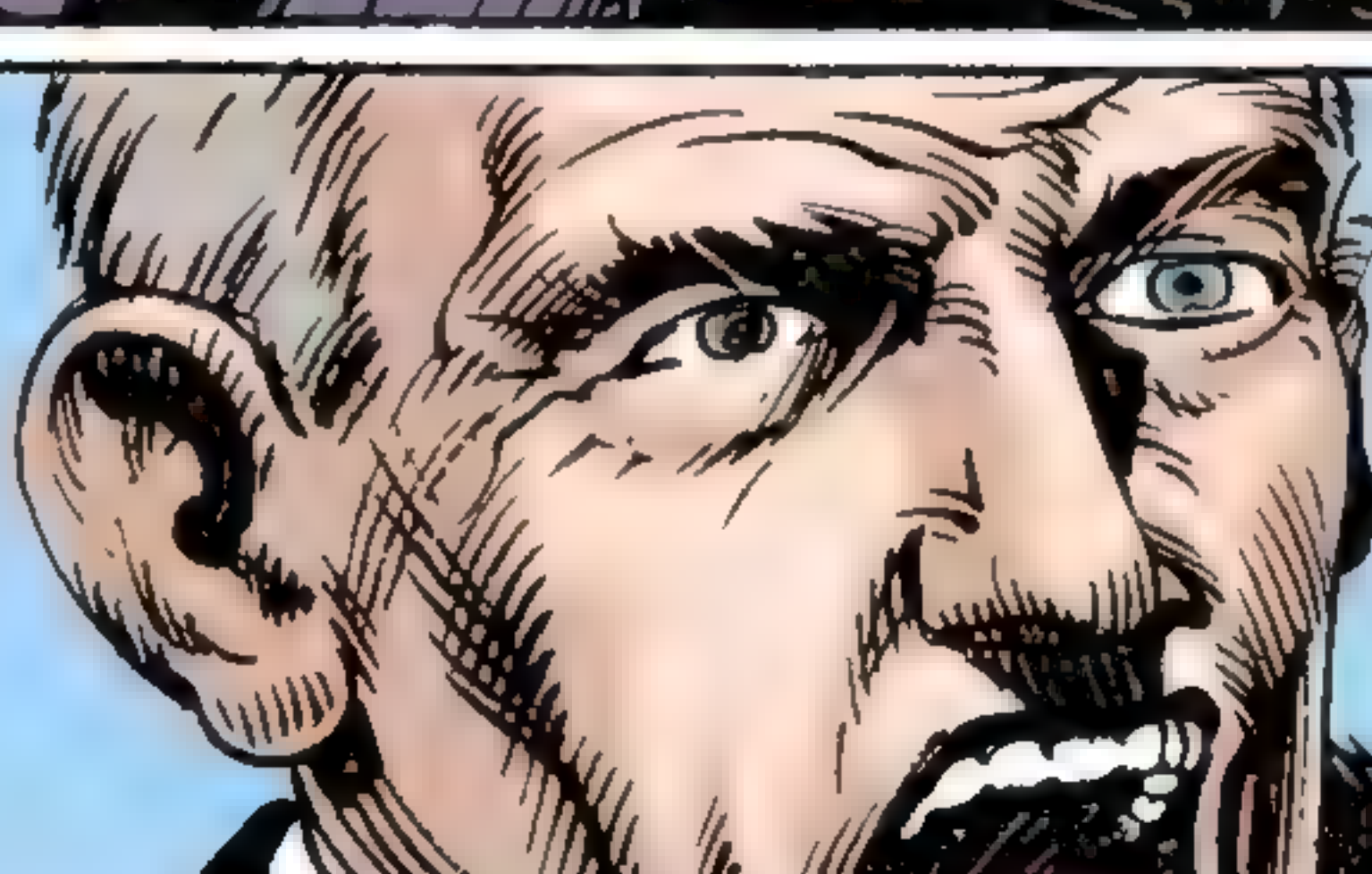


WE HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS ROLLING INTO TOWN.



LO, THE DAY OF WRATH-- THE JUDGMENT DAY-- IS NOW DESCENDED UPON US! NOW THIS NATION MUST PAY FOR THE WICKEDNESS OF ENSLAVING ITS FELLOW MAN!

DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT IT APPEARS JOHN BROWN AND HIS BOYS HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE LINES AND COME TO... "HELP!"



THE TRUMPETS OF THE LORD HAVE SOUNDED! IN THIS BATTLE, THERE CAN BE, MUST BE, NO QUARTER GIVEN!

WE ARE THE ANOINTED OF THE LORD AND WE WILL CLEANSE THE SIN OF SLAVERY FROM THIS LAND WITH **BLOOD** - OUR BLOOD IF NEED BE, BUT SURELY WITH THE BLOOD OF OUR ENEMIES!



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME MORE RECRUITS.



I AM BLACK BEAVER OF THE DELAWARE, MY PEOPLE AND THE SHAWNEE HAVE HEARD IN OUR LODGES OF THE FORCES COME AGAINST YOU.

WE HAVE COME TO SAY THAT OUR PEOPLE WILL JOIN WITH YOURS TO FIGHT THESE INVADERS OF OUR COMMON LANDS.



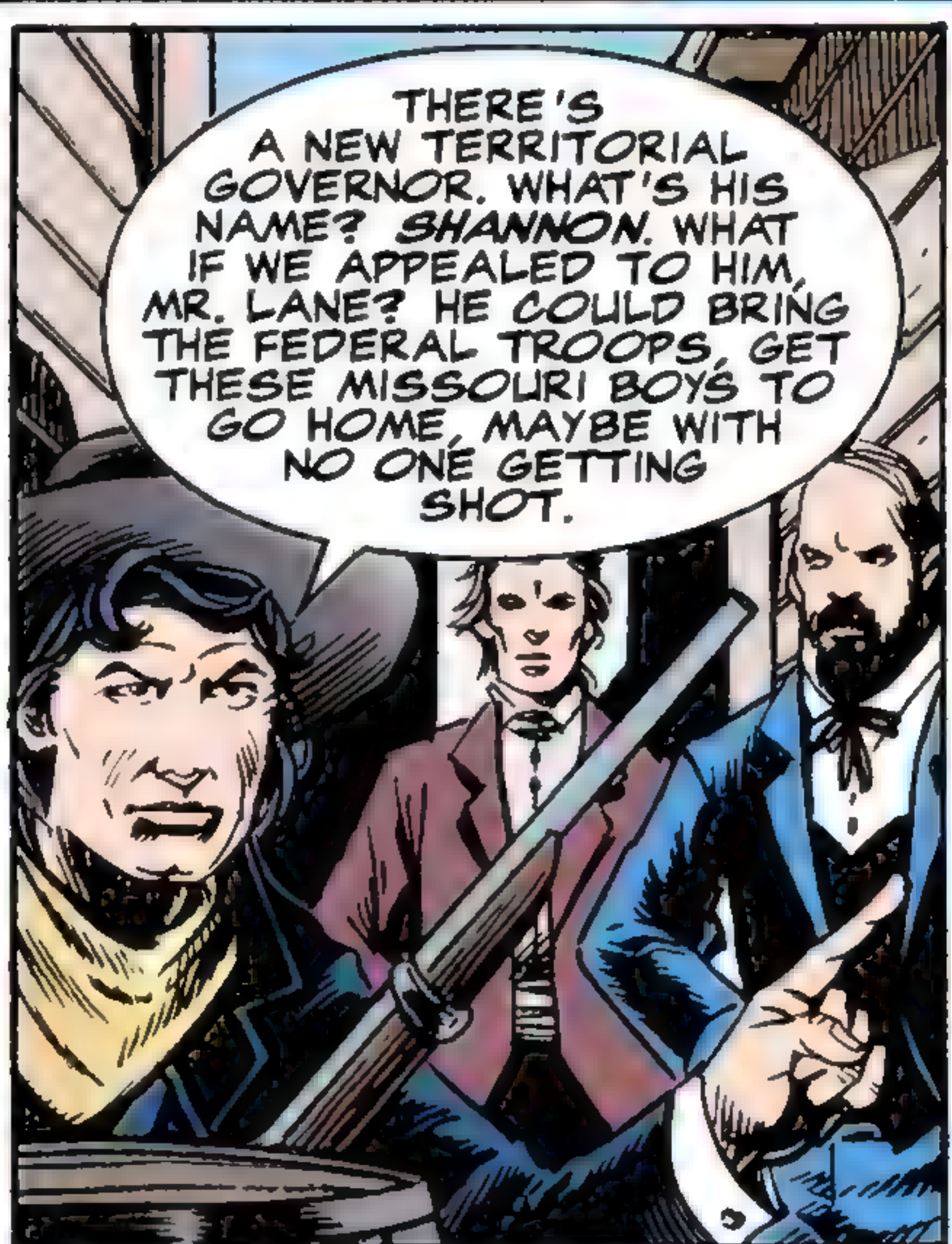
I KNOW YOU, BLACK BEAVER; I KNOW OF YOUR COURAGE AND SKILL. YOUR HELP IS MOST WELCOME.



INDEED IT IS, SIR.



I SAY WE MAKE BEST USE OF IT TO DRIVE THESE VERMIN FROM THE WAKARUSA. I SAY ATTACK, SIR!



THERE'S A NEW TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR. WHAT'S HIS NAME? SHANNON. WHAT IF WE APPEALED TO HIM, MR. LANE? HE COULD BRING THE FEDERAL TROOPS, GET THESE MISSOURI BOYS TO GO HOME, MAYBE WITH NO ONE GETTING SHOT.



SHANNON LET THESE FOLKS COME, BOY. AND WE ARE FAIR CUT OFF. COULDN'T GET TO HIM IF WE WERE SO INCLINED.



THEY GOT TO SHANNON BEFORE WE DID. WE NEED TO GET OUR SIDE OF THE STORY TO HIM.

A COUPLE OF RIDERS, GOING AT NIGHT, COULD SLIP THROUGH THEIR LINES. I'LL VOLUNTEER TO TRY.

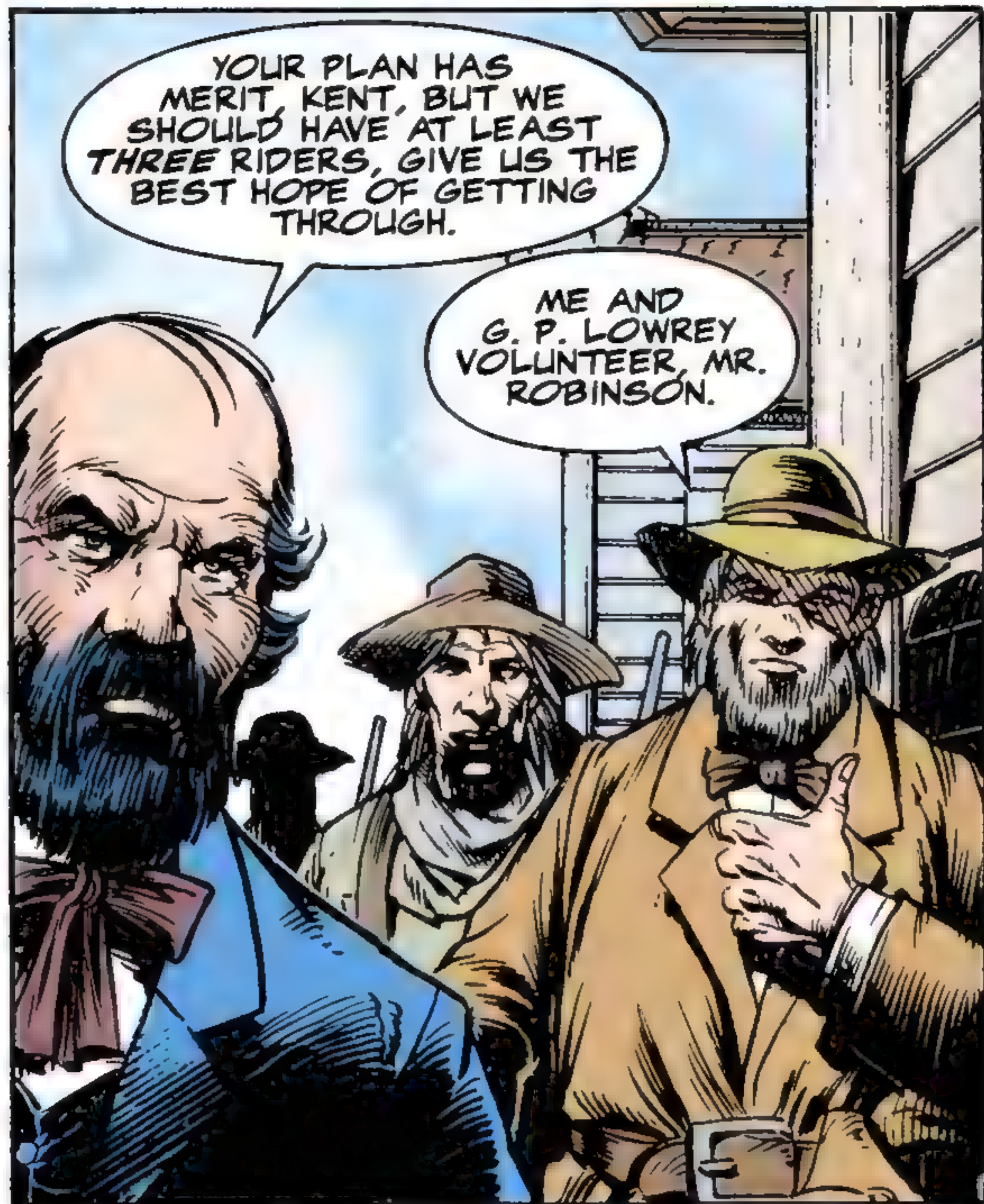


ME, TOO! SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WE'LL GET YOUR MESSAGE THERE, YOU BET YOU!



JEB, YOU DAMN FOOL! YOU'RE THE REASON THEY'RE OUT THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! THEY CATCH YOU AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, SURE!

YOU'RE STAYING PUT AND THAT'S FINAL!



YOUR PLAN HAS MERIT, KENT, BUT WE SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST THREE RIDERS, GIVE US THE BEST HOPE OF GETTING THROUGH.

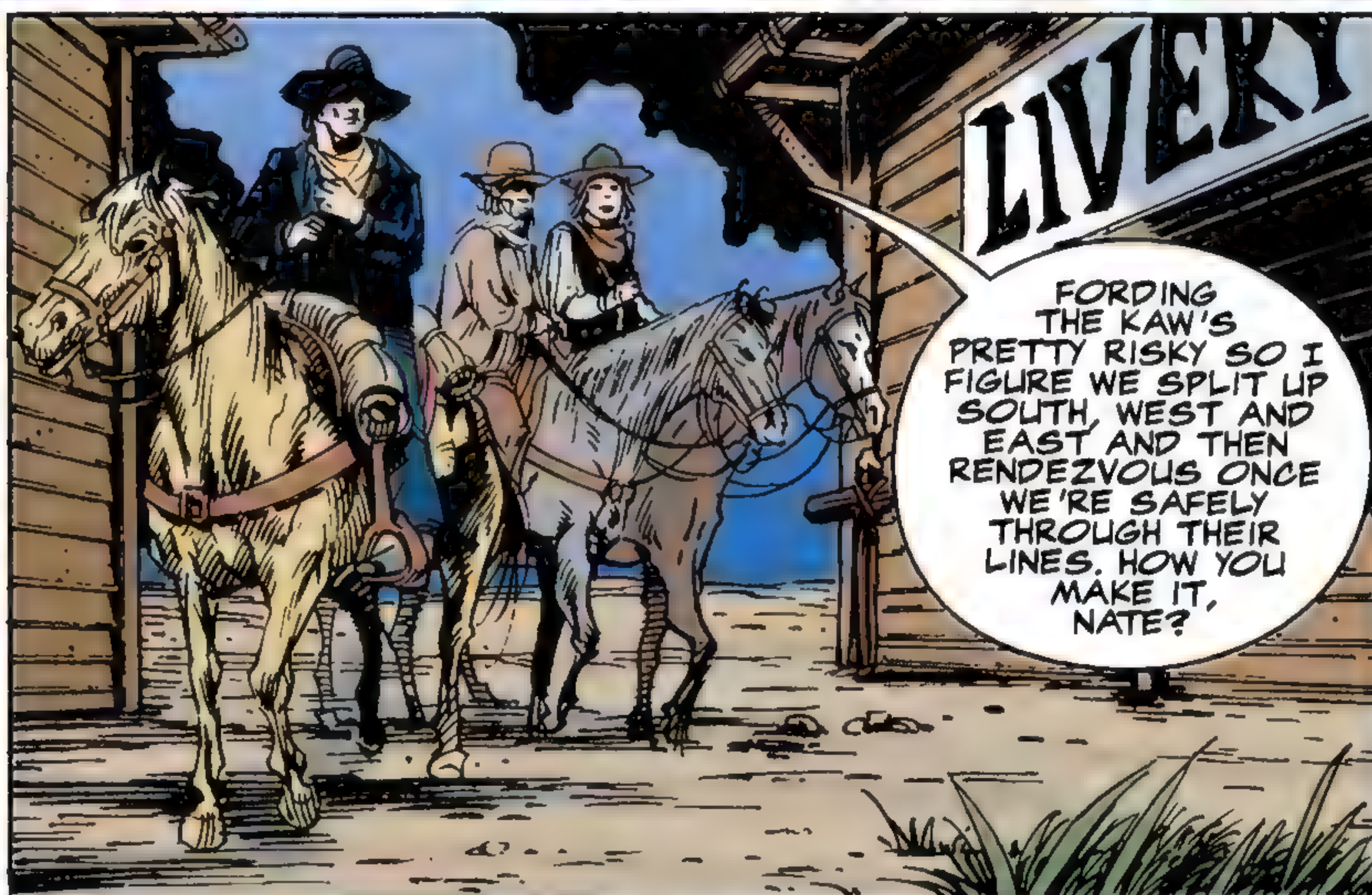
ME AND G. P. LOWREY VOLUNTEER, MR. ROBINSON.



FINE. BARBER AND KENT WILL GO. I'LL WRITE UP IDENTICAL LETTERS TO THE GOVERNOR, ONE FOR EACH.

MEET ME AT THE ELDRIDGE HOUSE JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT.



FORDING THE KAW'S PRETTY RISKY SO I FIGURE WE SPLIT UP SOUTH, WEST AND EAST AND THEN RENDEZVOUS ONCE WE'RE SAFELY THROUGH THEIR LINES. HOW YOU MAKE IT, NATE?

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT, BUT I SAY WE DON'T WAIT ON ONE ANOTHER. ONCE CLEAR WE KEEP RIDING AND HOPE ONE OF US MAKES THE GOVERNOR.



YEEEEHAH!

RACE YA BROTHER!



JEB?!

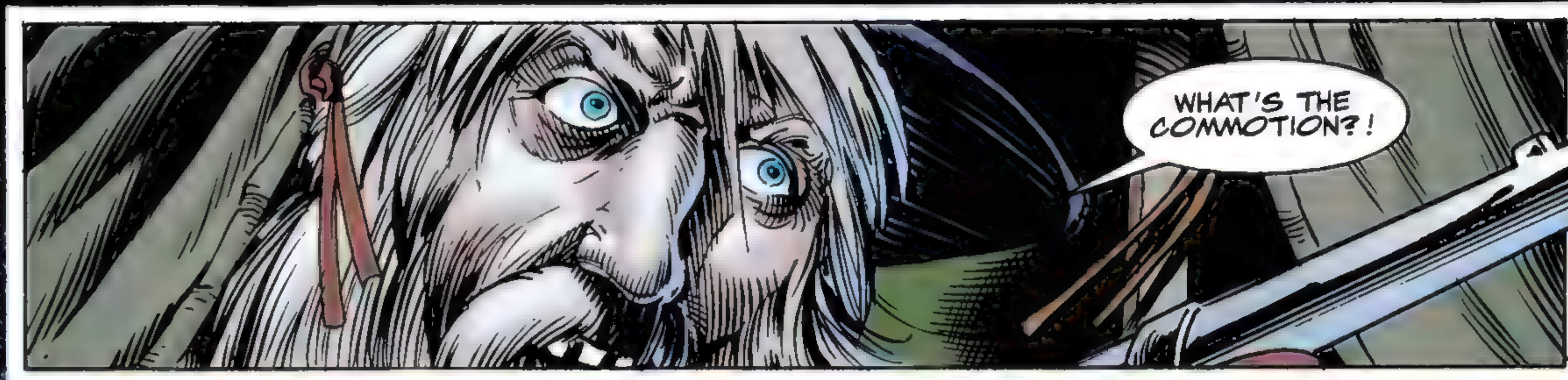
C'MON, NATE! YOU NEVER GONNA GET TO THE GOVERNOR RIDING THAT SLOW!



JEB, YOU DAMN IDIOT! REIN UP!





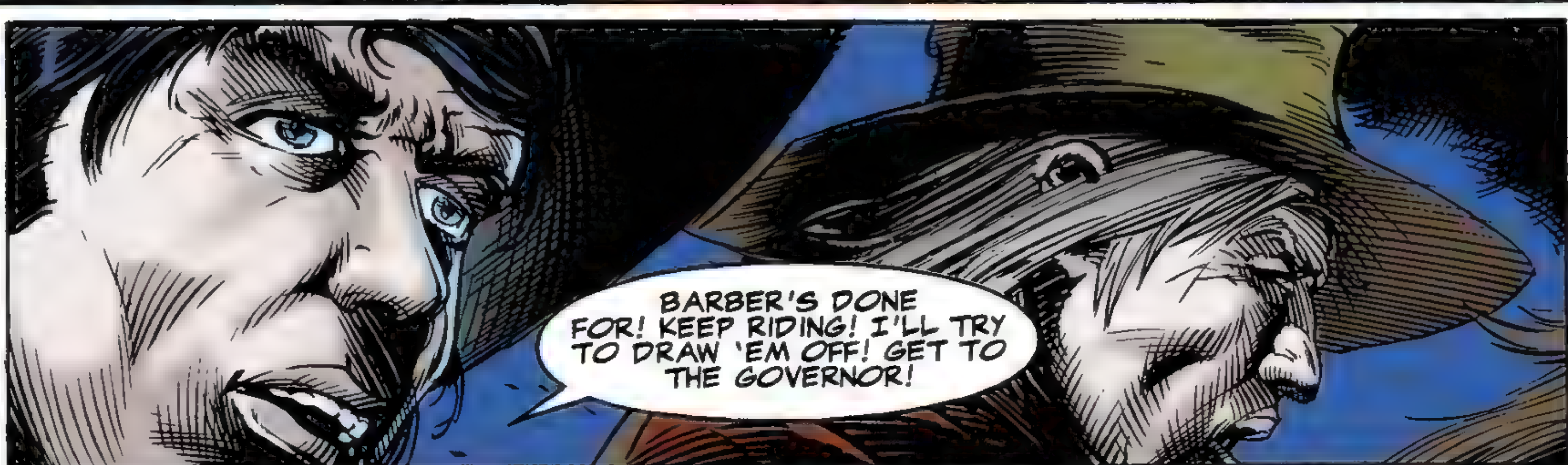


WHAT'S THE
COMMOTION?!



DAMN FOOL
ABOLITIONISTS! CAIN'T
EVEN GIVE A MAN A
DECENT NIGHT'S
SLEEP?!

BOOM!



BARBER'S DONE
FOR! KEEP RIDING! I'LL TRY
TO DRAW 'EM OFF! GET TO
THE GOVERNOR!



NO, FOLLOW THAT ONE!
IT'S ONE OF THEM DANG
KENTS! I WANT HIM
DEAD!

HAW! FINALLY
CAUGHT ME UP, EH,
BIG BROTHER?

GET IN THEM
COTTONWOODS
AND FAST!

HEE HEE HEE!
THERE THEY GO! WE
SURE OUTSMARTED
THEM, DIDN'T WE,
NATE?

WAS
THAT SOMETHING
OR WHAT? DID YA SEE
THEIR FACES WHEN I
RODE RIGHT OVER THEM,
NATE? I SWEAR, IT WAS
THE MOST FUN I EVER
HAD!

YOU GOT A
GOOD MAN KILLED,
JEB. A MAN WHO HAD
FAMILY. AND YOU
CALL IT FUN?

KRAK!

sighhhh!
I SWEAR, JEB---
IF YOU WEREN'T MY
BROTHER SOME-
TIMES I THINK I
WOULD KILL YOU
MYSELF.

"Lowrey got to the governor and Robinson's letter convinced Shannon to come take a look for himself, backed by federal troops. He was able to talk to the Missourians and get 'em to go back home.

"Me and Jeb laid low so Sheriff Jones couldn't lay hands on either of us and he went away dissatisfied but he went away. I don't think they'll be back any time soon.

"Thus 1855 ended and I hoped 1856 would be better. But the winter was harsh, worse than anyone could remember, and the spring was bitter, for the Kents especially.

"March 8, 1857. Dearest Brothers--
It is with a heavy hand and heavier heart
that I must write and tell you of the death of
our dear mother, Abigail Colter Kent,
yesterday morning, March 7, 1857.



"Mama, in addition to raising
us, had volunteered to work with
immigrants in the South
Boston area and it is there, we
believe, that she caught the
disease that wasted her away.



"There are those who say that after
dear Papa's death, the will to live
just went out of our mother and laid
her vulnerable to this disease. I do
not know if this is so but I think it
could be. She loved Papa so
dearly!



"In her closing days, Mama asked that she be
buried by our father's side. Uncle William has
agreed to pay the cost of freighting mother out
West and Uncle Ethan has said he will meet you,
Nathaniel, in Springfield, if you will but come.



"Please, say that you will, Nathaniel. Bring mother home--for where she and father lie will now always be our true home. Your loving sister -- Belinda "



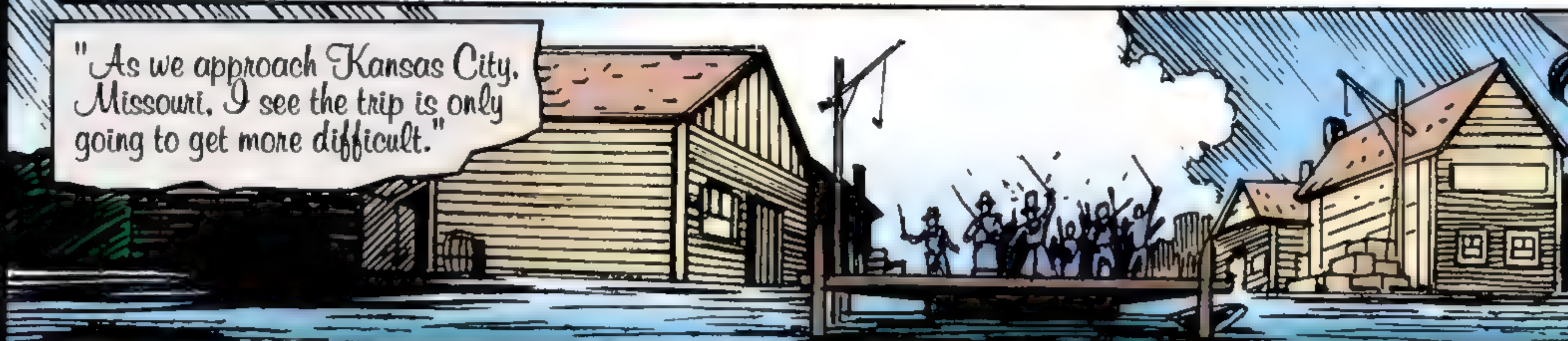
From the journal of Nathaniel Kent --
"April 3, 1857-- Bade goodbye to Uncle Ethan in Springfield and we are now approaching Kansas. I wonder if I have made a wise decision in leaving Jeb in charge of the printing shop. Ah well. Can't be helped now.



"I wonder, not for the first time, if Jeb isn't correct--that we should never have come here. Would Ma and Pa still live if we'd stayed home in Boston?"



"As we approach Kansas City, Missouri, I see the trip is only going to get more difficult."



WHAT'S ALL THE HUB-BUB, COUSIN?

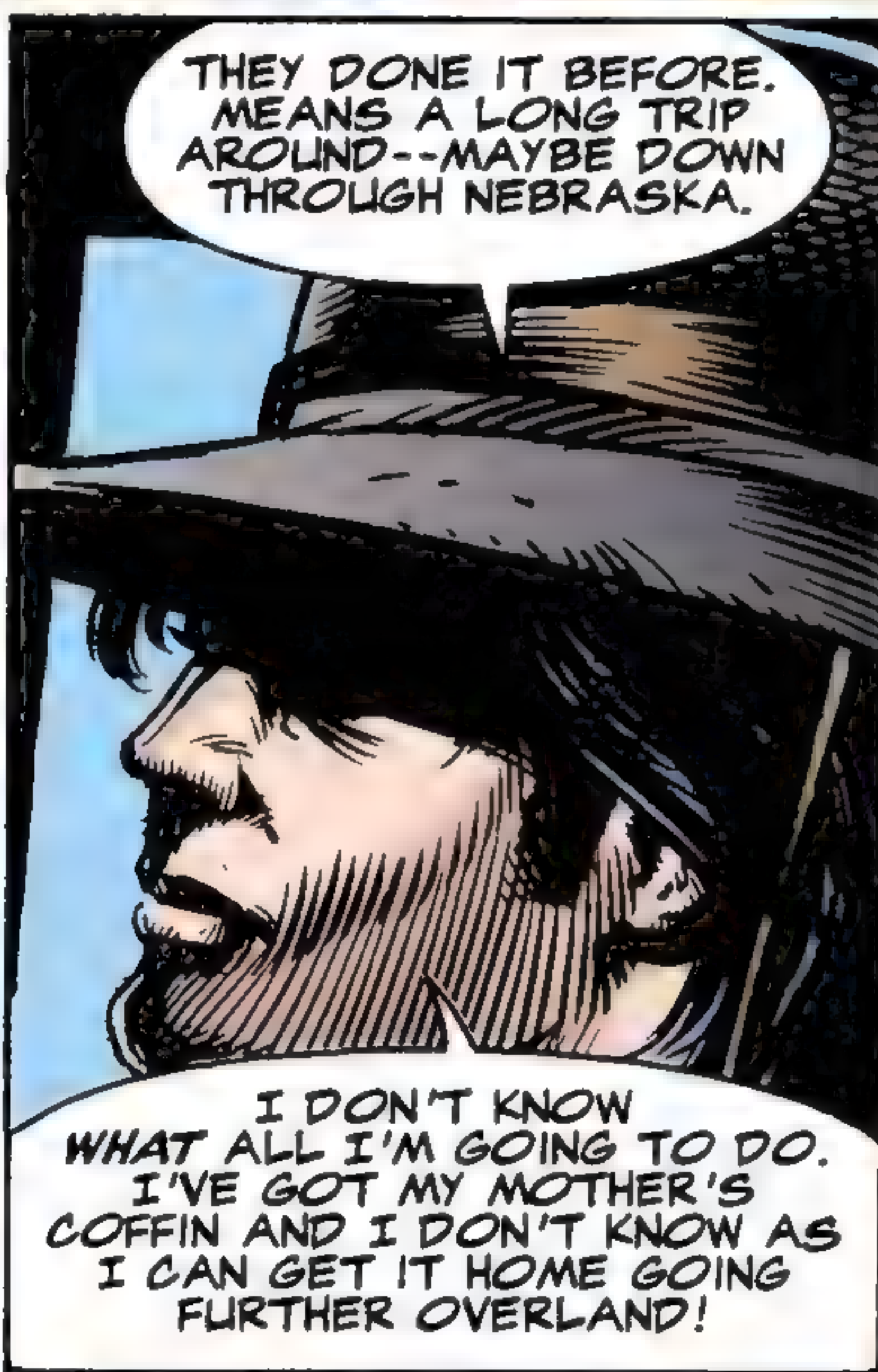


MISSOURI BORDER RUFFIANS. REFUSING TO LET ANYONE THEY THINK IS AN ABOLITIONIST OFF THE BOAT.

HARDLY NEIGHBORLY OF 'EM.



THEY DONE IT BEFORE. MEANS A LONG TRIP AROUND--MAYBE DOWN THROUGH NEBRASKA.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL I'M GOING TO DO. I'VE GOT MY MOTHER'S COFFIN AND I DON'T KNOW AS I CAN GET IT HOME GOING FURTHER OVERLAND!

HMM. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE LETTING FREIGHT OFF THOUGH, RIGHT ENOUGH.



GOT ME AN IDEA IF N'YER GAME. WHAT SAY YOU?





THEY SEE US, THEY MAY ATTACK US.

AIN'T GONNA SEE US. THEY JUST THINK WE IS STEVEDORES. WALK LIKE YOU BELONG HERE. THEY'LL BUY IT, RIGHT ENOUGH.

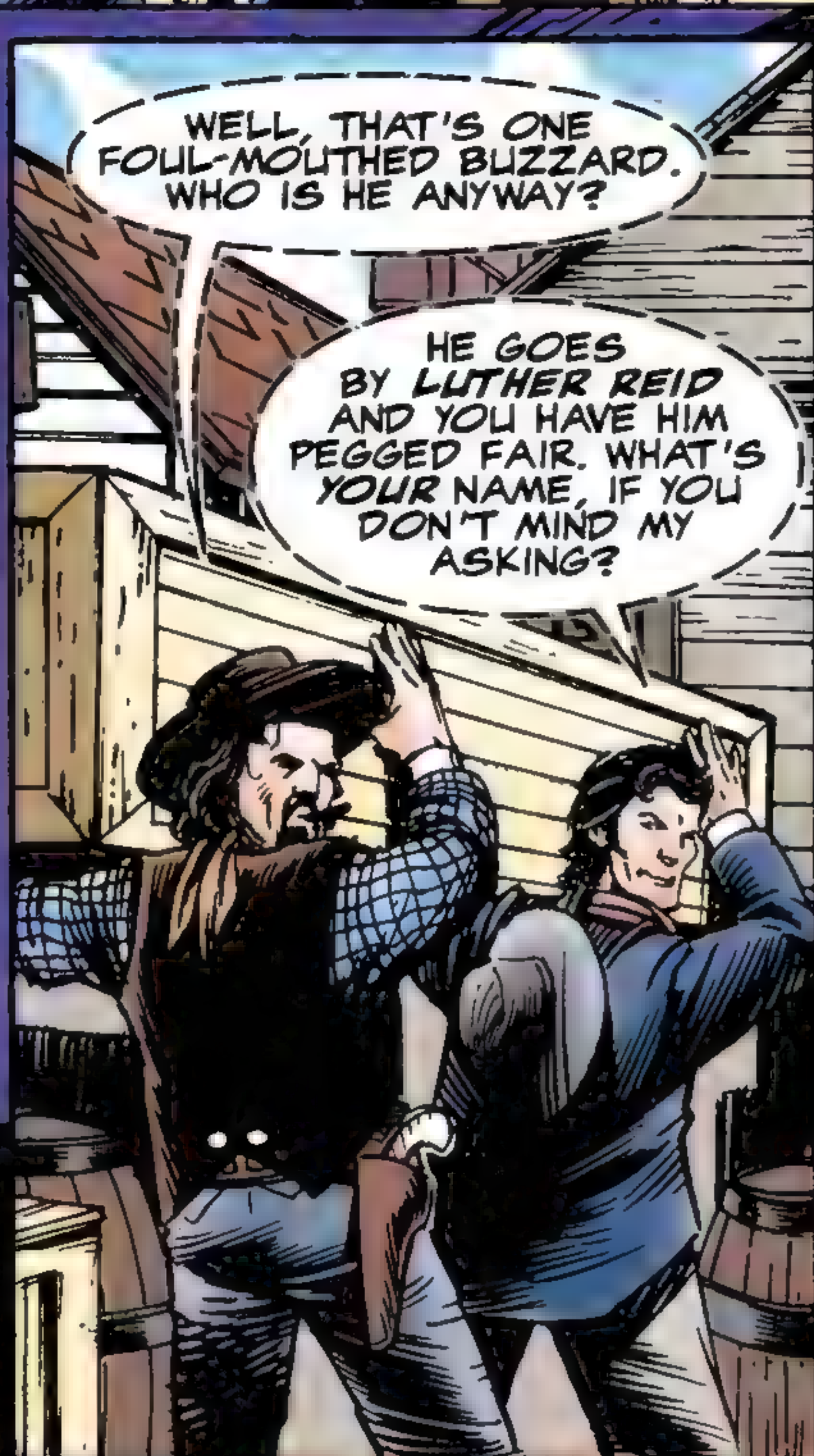


G'WAN BACK, YOU DAMN ABOLITIONISTS!

YEAH! Y'ALL KEEP TRYIN' T'FLOOD THE TERRITORY LIKE YOU BEEN DOIN' AND IT'S GONNA BE WAR!



YOU CAN GO BACK HOME OR YOU CAN GO T'HELL! IT'S ALL THE SAME T'ME BUT ONE PLACE YOU IS NOT GOIN' IS KANSAS!



WELL, THAT'S ONE FOUL-MOULTHED BUZZARD. WHO IS HE ANYWAY?

HE GOES BY LUTHER REID AND YOU HAVE HIM PEGGED FAIR. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING?



JAMES BUTLER HICKOK, BUT MY FRIENDS MOSTLY CALL ME BILL.



WELL, MY NAME IS NATHANIEL KENT. ME AND MY BROTHER, JEB, LIVE UP BY LAWRENCE AND I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STAY WITH US.

WELL, I MIGHT JEST DO THAT, NATHANIEL. COME OUT HERE TO FIND A NEW FARM FOR MY FAMILY. LAWRENCE SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START.



WANT TO CATCH SOME OF THE LOCAL FUN FIRST. YOU GO ON AHEAD, NATHANIEL. I SEE YOU ONE OF THESE DAYS.

YOU DO THAT, BILL. AND THANKS.



THAT'S AMAZING! LOIS, THE LATEST PACK OF JOURNALS AND LETTERS PA SENT ME SAYS NATE WAS FRIENDS WITH WILD BILL HICKOK.



THAT'S INTERESTING, CLARK. I WAS JUST READING AN ARTICLE THE OTHER DAY THAT SUGGESTS THAT HICKOK TODAY WOULD'VE BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH ATTENTION DEFICIT SYNDROME. PROBABLY JEB KENT WOULD'VE BEEN TOO.

YOU'RE KIDDING!



NOPE. SHORT ATTENTION SPAN COUPLED WITH THE ABILITY TO HYPER-FOCUS. THE NEED FOR CONSTANT STIMULI. WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT--ESPECIALLY IN A GUNFIGHTER.

MAKES YOU WONDER HOW MANY HEROES AND OUTLAWS IN THE OLD WEST HAD ADS.



ACTUALLY MAKES YOU WONDER HOW MANY HEROES AND VILLAINS TODAY HAVE IT.

MAKES YOU WONDER INDEED.

KENT FARM,
SMALLVILLE,
TODAY.

"Dear Clark--Just came across a
packet of letters and journals
that belong with the ones you're
reading."

"Important incidents described
here, as I think you will see."

WANTED

From the journal of Nathaniel Kent
"April 10, 1856 -- The Free State
Legislature in Topeka (which Pa
helped create) has written a state
constitution to get Kansas admitted
as a free state."

"I have been asked to join the delegation
going to Washington. For some reason
this seems to put Jeb in a temper."

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
I DON'T GET TO GO
TOO! YOU WENT EAST
LAST TIME, NATE,
IT'S MY TURN!

LAST
TIME WASN'T
A HOLIDAY AND
NEITHER IS
THIS.

SOMEBODY
HAS TO MIND THE
SHOP AND GET THE
PAPER OUT. IT'S
WHAT PA WOULD'VE
WANTED.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT PA WANTED
OR DIDN'T WANT! ANYWAY,
PA'S DEAD AND I HAVE A
RIGHT TO WHAT I WANT! AND
I WANT TO GO EAST AND
SEE THE FAMILY!

FOR THE
LAST TIME--NO! DO
YOUR JOB AND TAKE
CARE OF BUSINESS,
JEB! AND THERE'S
AN END TO IT!

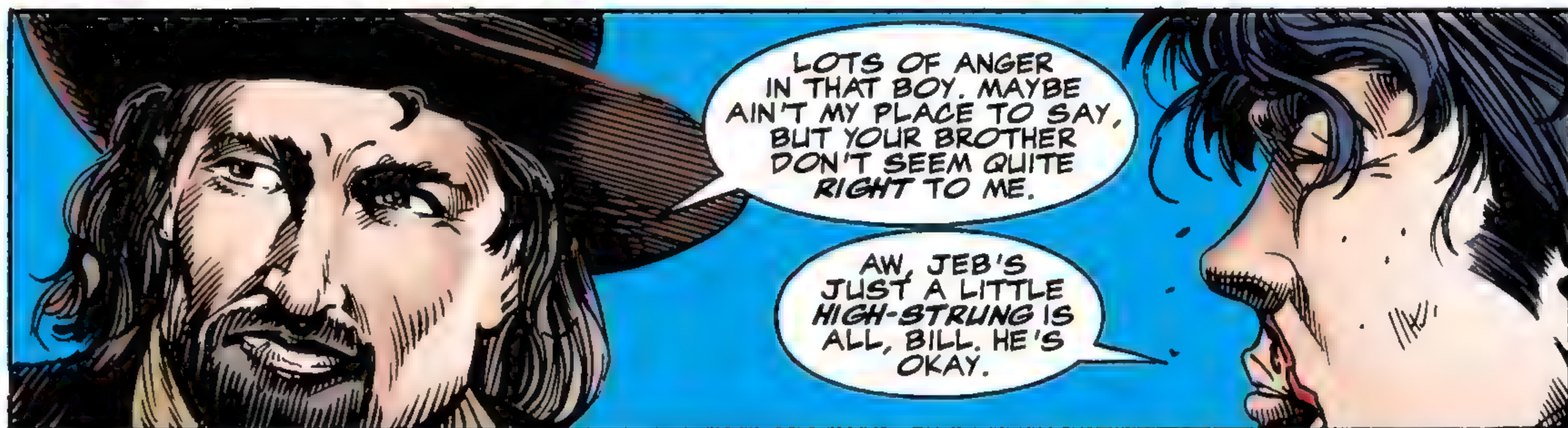
TO
HELL WITH
YOU!!!

SHOVE!



YOU ALL RIGHT, HOSS? THAT WAS A NASTY SPILL YOU TOOK.

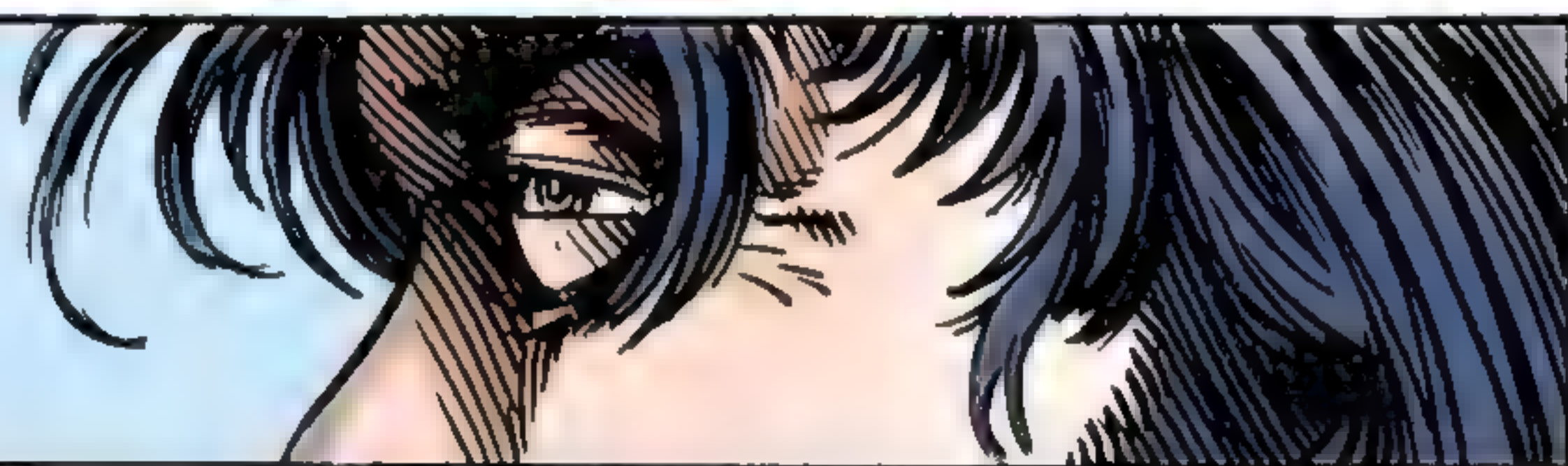
I'M OKAY. HE JUST CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD IS ALL.



LOTS OF ANGER IN THAT BOY. MAYBE AIN'T MY PLACE TO SAY, BUT YOUR BROTHER DON'T SEEM QUITE RIGHT TO ME.

AW, JEB'S JUST A LITTLE HIGH-STRUNG IS ALL, BILL. HE'S OKAY.

"Anyway, that's what I told Bill but deep in my heart it felt like a lie. I sometimes wonder if there isn't something bent in my younger brother."



"I had to put the incident with Jeb out of my thoughts as I traveled with Jim Lane, Dr. Robinson, and others to the nation's capital."

"The President--Franklin Pierce--met with us and members of his party in the Senate chamber after normal hours. Not even the courtesy of a visit to the White House!"



"That alone should have told us something was up!"

I CANNOT SUPPORT THIS DOCUMENT. IT WOULD CAUSE THE SOUTHERN WING TO BOLT THE PARTY--PERHAPS THE UNION!



THE NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI IS NOT TOO FAR OFF, AND WITH THE NATIONAL ELECTION COMING UP--NO, NO I'M AFRAID IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!





HOLD ON THERE! I THOUGHT THE WHOLE PRINCIPLE OF SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY WAS TO LET THE PEOPLE OF THE TERRITORY DECIDE WHETHER THEY WANTED TO BE FREE OR SLAVE!

WELL, THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS HAVE!

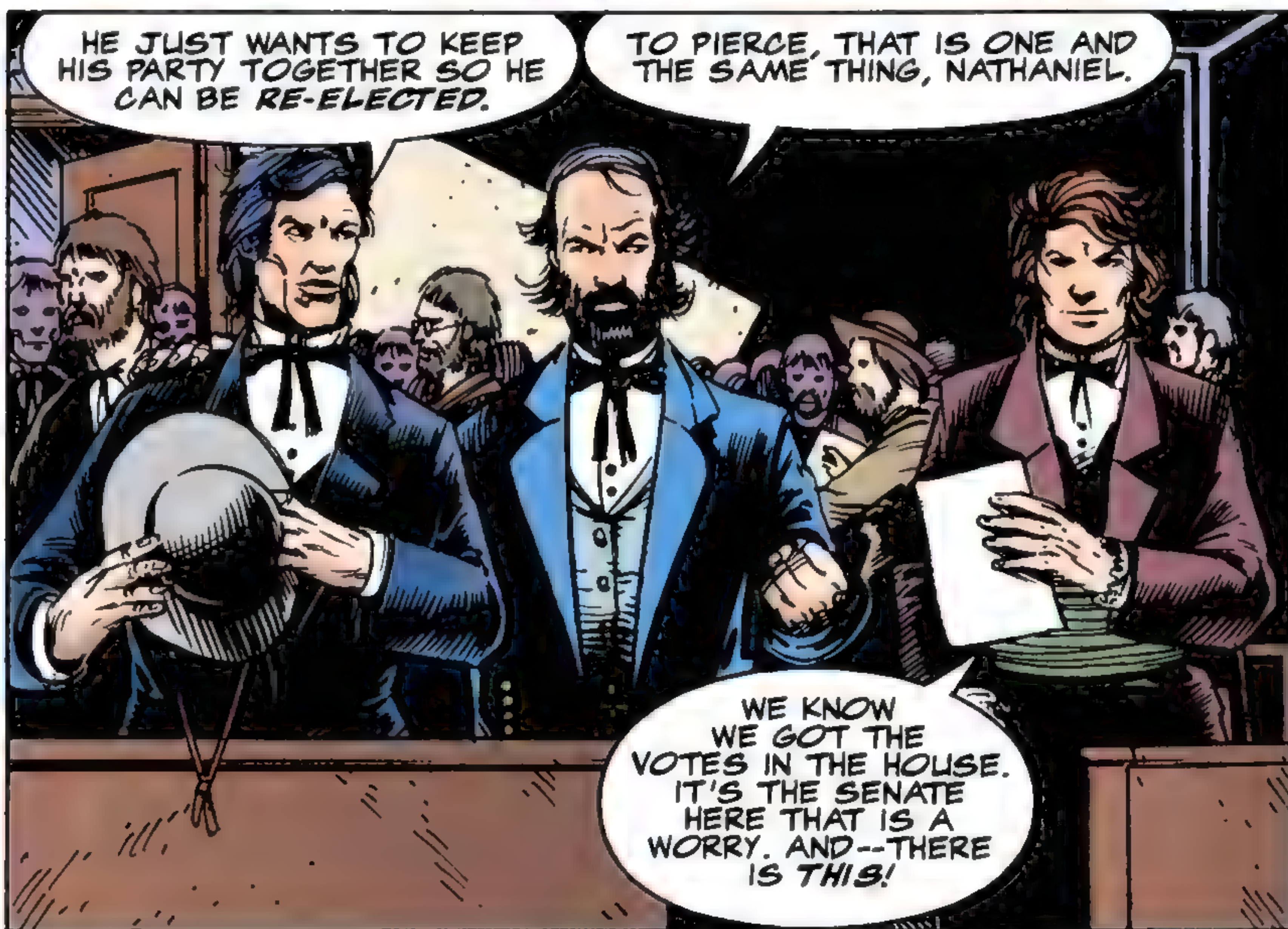


WE PUT THIS TO THEM AND THE MAJORITY APPROVED IT! AND NOW YOU'RE SAYING YOU WON'T HONOR IT?!



AH, YOUNG MEN! THEY SEE SO CLEARLY, THEIR PURE PRINCIPLES UNENCUMBERED WITH POLITICAL REALITIES!

I AM SAYING, YOUNG SIR, THAT NOW IS NOT THE TIME. AND THAT IS MY FINAL DECISION! GOOD DAY TO YOU ALL!



HE JUST WANTS TO KEEP HIS PARTY TOGETHER SO HE CAN BE RE-ELECTED.

TO PIERCE, THAT IS ONE AND THE SAME THING, NATHANIEL.

WE KNOW WE GOT THE VOTES IN THE HOUSE. IT'S THE SENATE HERE THAT IS A WORRY. AND--THERE IS THIS!



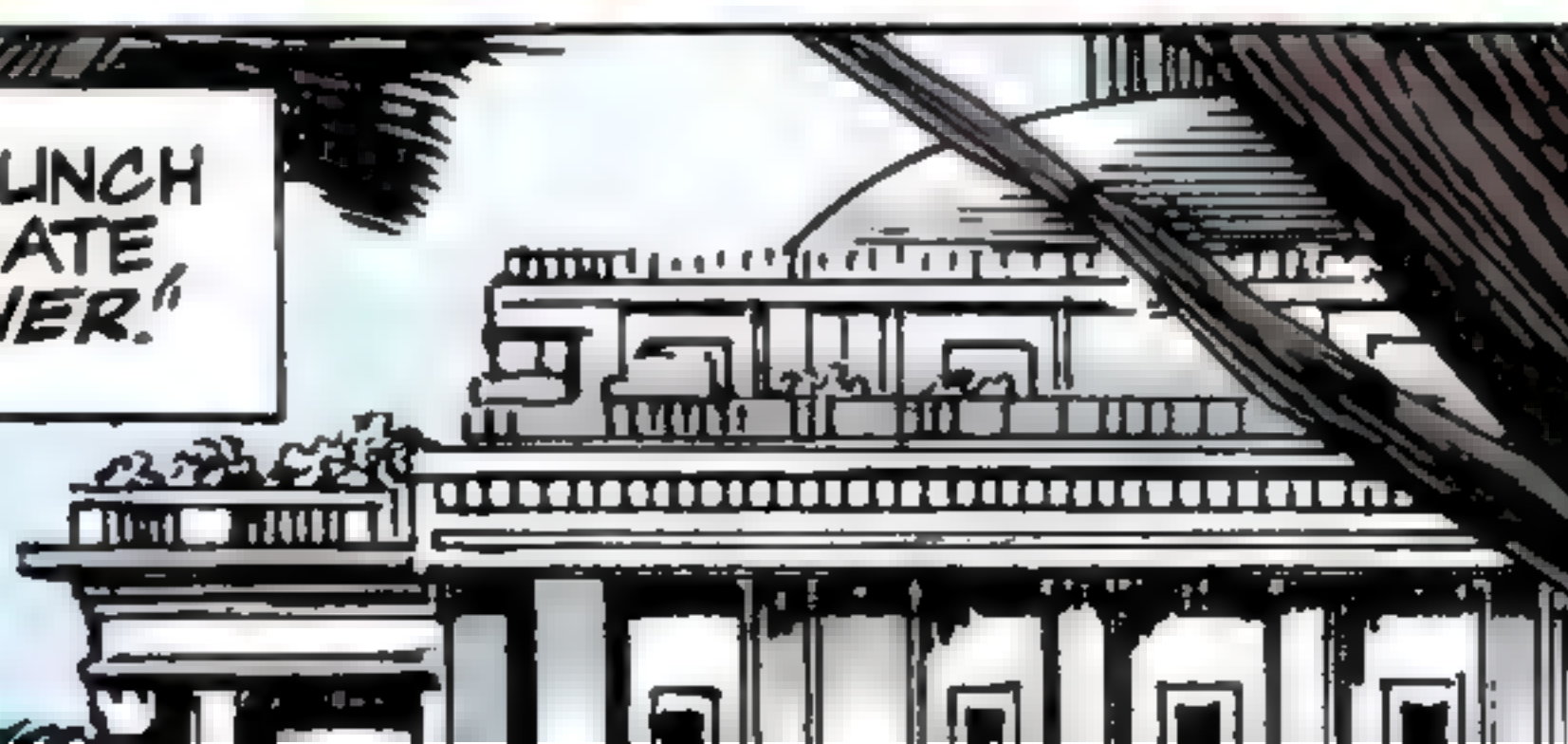
THE PRO-SLAVERS HAVE GOTTEN JUDGE LECOMPTÉ TO DECLARE US AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FREE STATE LEGISLATURE TO BE TRAITORS AND HAS ISSUED WARRANTS FOR OUR ARREST!



WHAT?! TREASON MEANS TAKING UP ARMS AGAINST OUR COUNTRY AND WE'VE AVOIDED THAT!

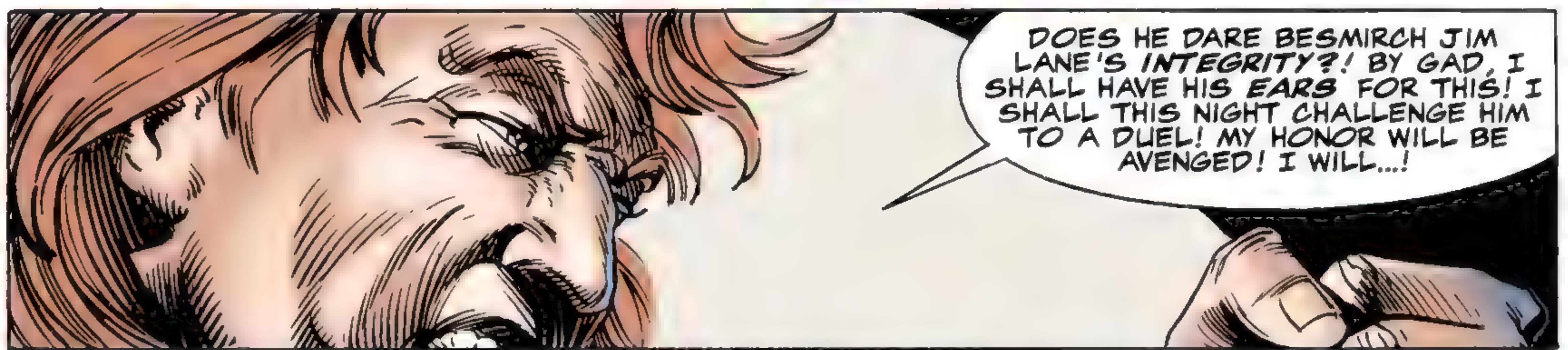
MERELY A STRATAGEM TO INTIMIDATE US, KENT. BUT WE WILL DISCUSS THE MATTER THIS EVENING...

"...WITH OUR STALNCH ALLY IN THE SENATE, CHARLES SUMNER."





DOUGLAS DARES CALL ME A DRUNKARD, DOES HE?! HE DARES SUGGEST THAT OUR CONSTITUTION, SO NOBLY WRITTEN AND BROUGHT AT SUCH A TERRIBLE RISK TO THESE HALLOWED HALLS, IS NOT AUTHENTIC?!



DOES HE DARE BESMIRCH JIM LANE'S INTEGRITY?! BY GAD, I SHALL HAVE HIS EARS FOR THIS! I SHALL THIS NIGHT CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL! MY HONOR WILL BE AVENGED! I WILL...!

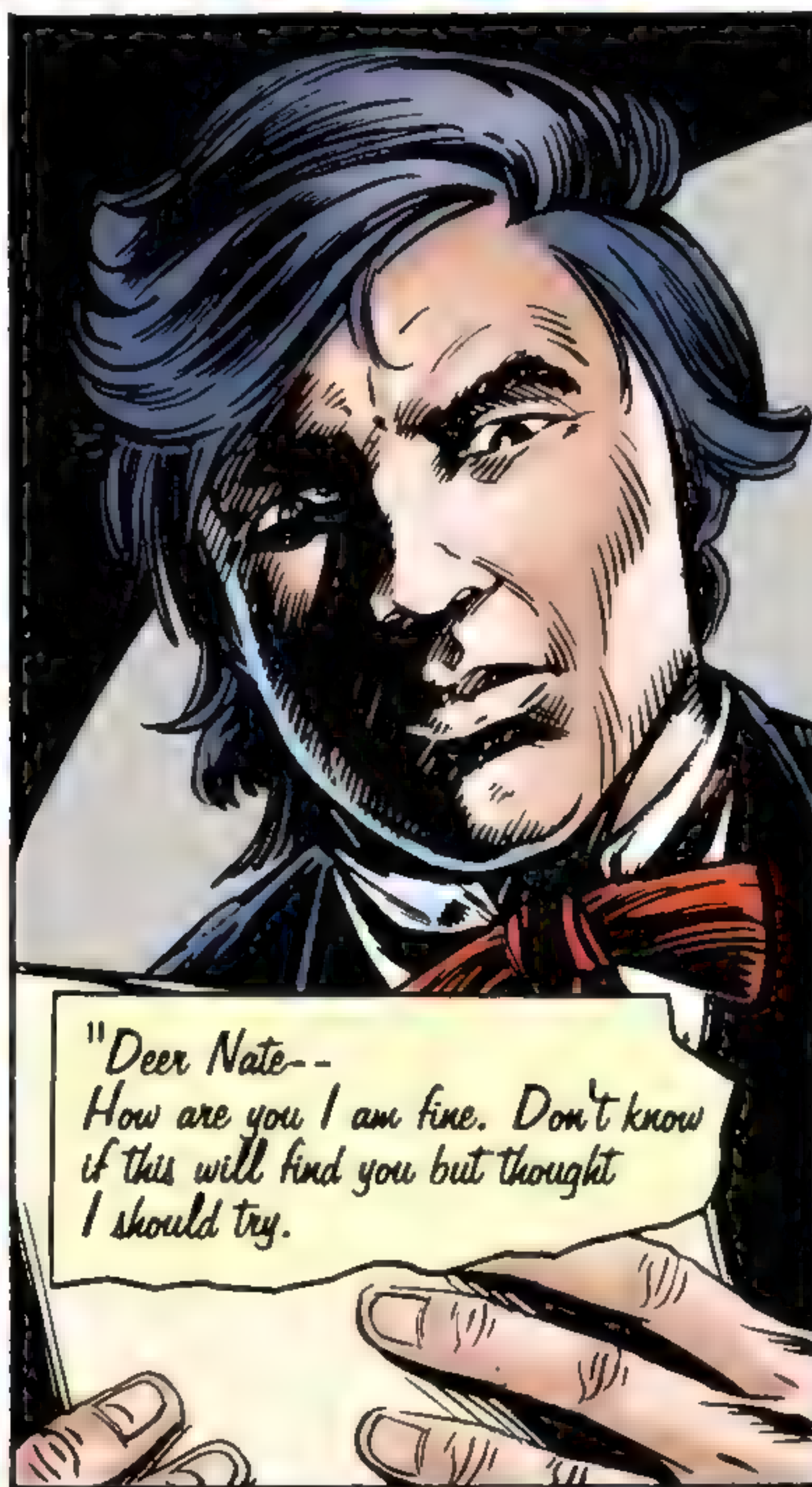


DO NOTHING BUT SOBER UP, MR. LANE. SENATOR DOUGLAS IS NOT OBLIGED TO RESPOND TO ANY CHALLENGE FROM YOU. YOU ARE SOCIALLY INFERIOR TO HIM AND ONE NEED ONLY ACCEPT CHALLENGES FROM AN EQUAL.

BUT I WILL HAVE SOME WORDS TO SAY ON THE SENATE FLOOR REGARDING THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS, SIR--NEVER FEAR! AS FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN-- I SUGGEST YOU CONSIDER WHAT YOUR NEXT STEP SHOULD BE. GOOD NIGHT.



TARRY A MOMENT, MR. KENT. I HAVE RECEIVED A COMMUNIQUE THAT IS MEANT TO BE PASSED ON TO YOU. FROM YOUR BROTHER, I BELIEVE BACK IN KANSAS.



"Deer Nate-- How are you I am fine. Don't know if this will find you but thought I should try.



"Things is hottin up around here you bet you! Them Missouri pukes know where you gon and why.

"They has gotten folks from all over the south to cum to Kansas and the first batch are fresh off the boat!

"If you guessed it was ol' Luther Reid who first said them howdy, then you got it right."

Y'ALL KNOW WHY THEM NIGRA-LOVIN' ABOLITIONISTS WANTS TO MAKE KANSAS A FREE STATE! SO THEY CAN STEAL THE SLAVES, PUT GUNS IN THEIR HANDS, SEND 'EM BACK TO BURN OUR LANDS!

KANSAS OUTPOST

SUPREMACY OF THE WHITE RACE

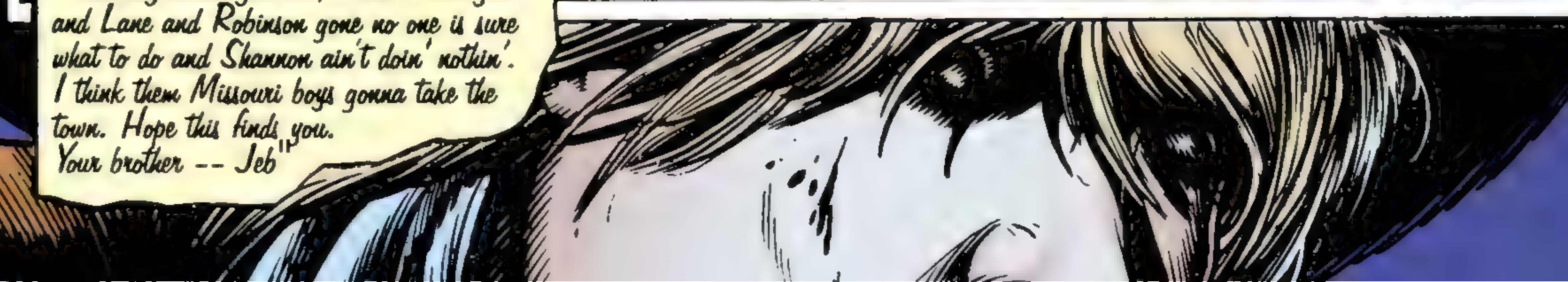
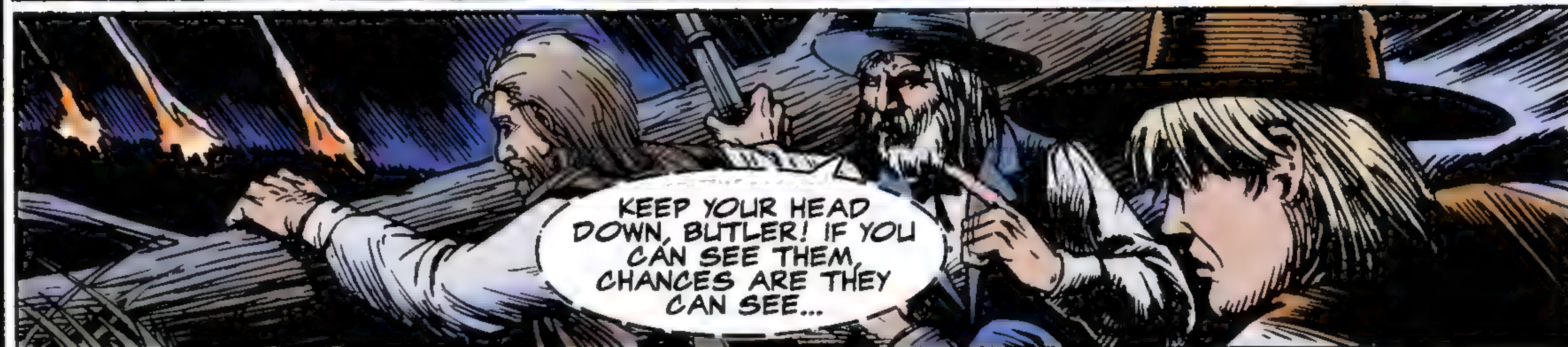
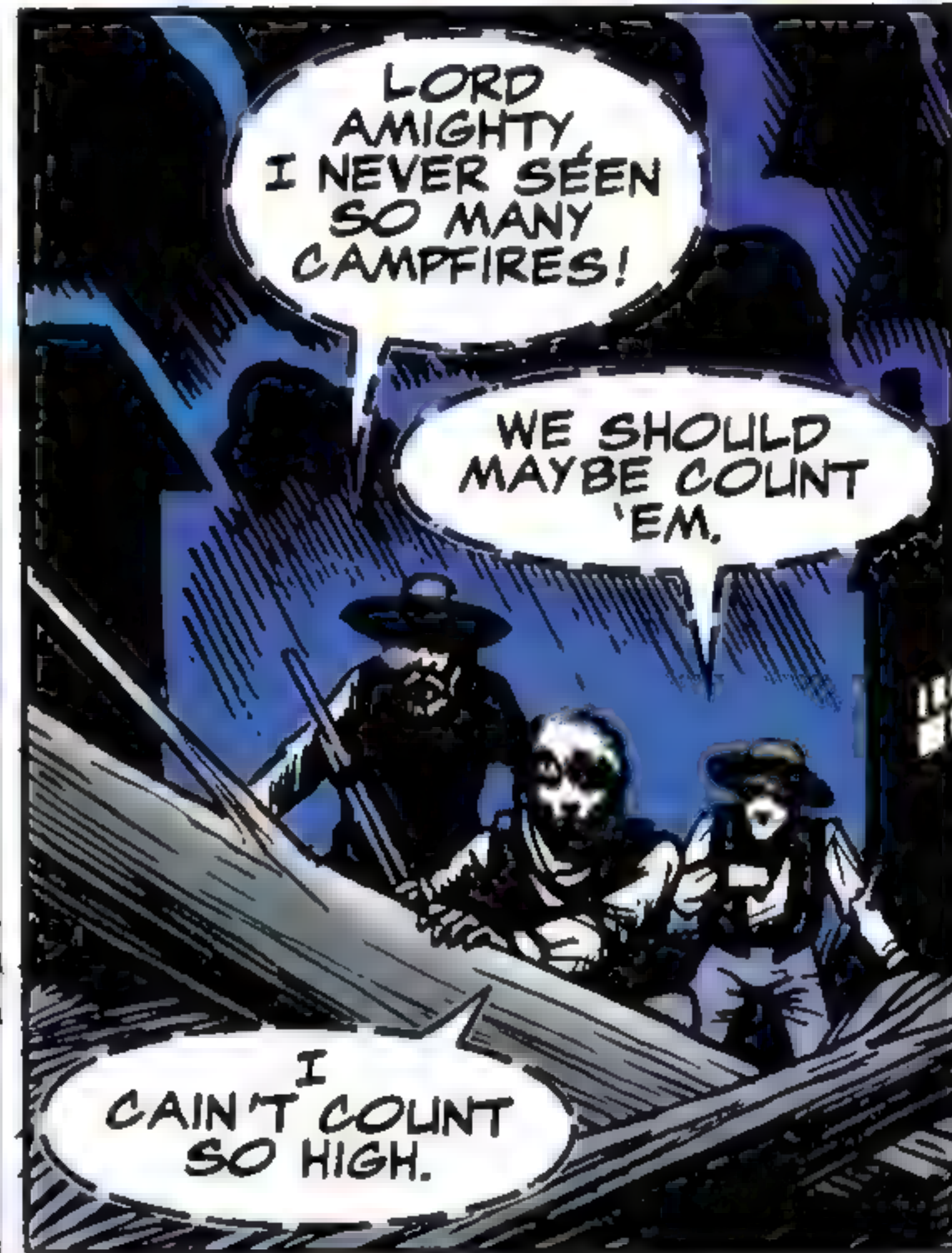
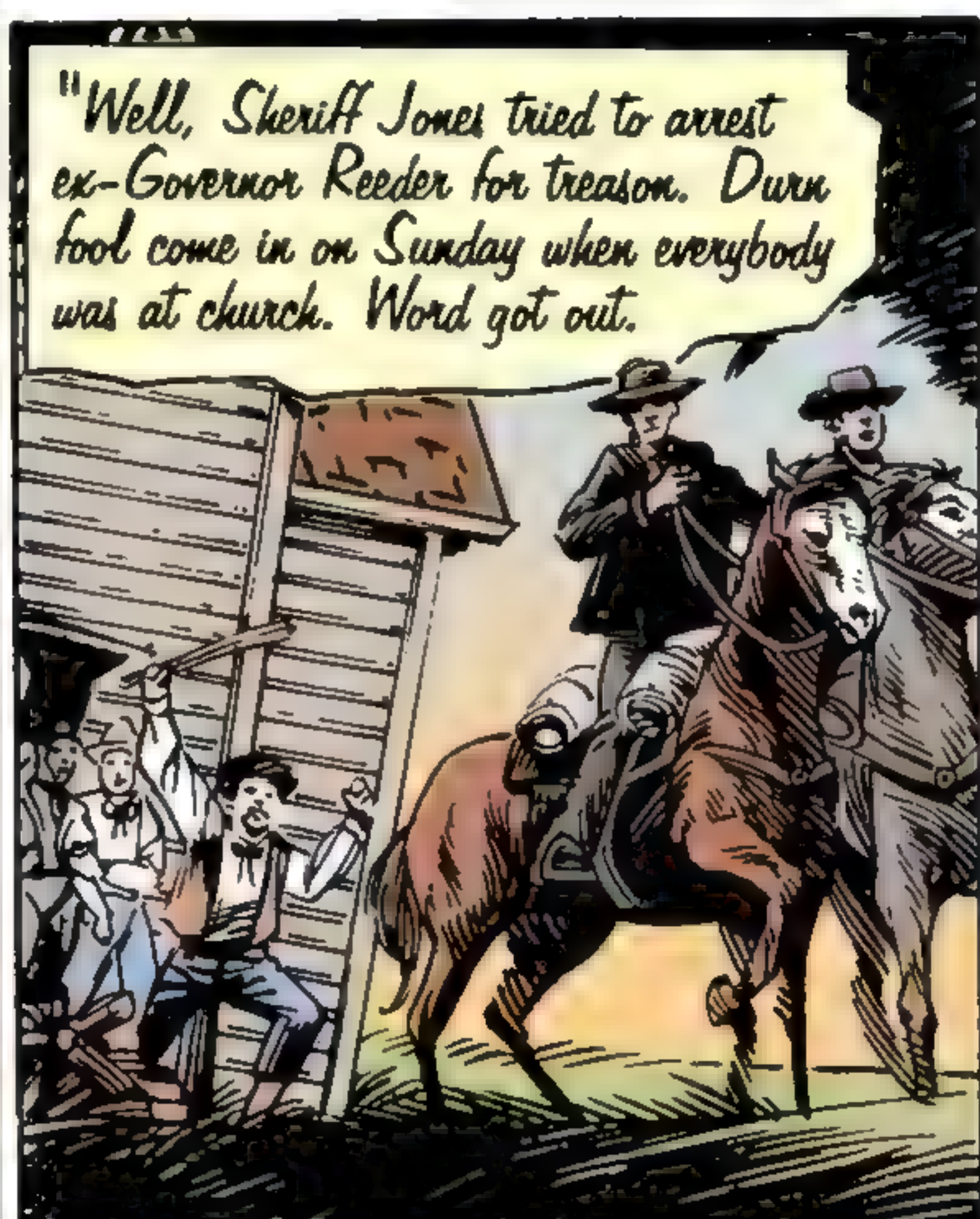
WE COULDA DONE FAIR! THEY COULDA TOOK NEBRASKA AND KANSAS WOULD'VE BEEN A SLAVE STATE! THAT WAS FAIR! BUT YOU WATCH OUT! THE MOMENT THEM BOYS HAVE THE VOTES IN THE SENATE, THEY GONNA OUTLAW SLAVERY EVERYWHERE!

THEY WILL STEAL WHAT IS OURS! WE GONNA ALLOW THAT T'HAPPEN?!

NOOOO!

NOOOO!

FIRST THING WE GONNA DO, WE'RE GONNA SURROUND LAWRENCE AND WE'RE GONNA WIPE OUT THAT NEST OF NIGRA-LOVIN' SNAKES! C'MON!





GENTLEMEN,
I'D HOPED
TO STAY
WITH YOU OR
TO MAYBE
GO UP TO
BOSTON
AND SEE MY
SISTER AND
THE REST
OF MY
FAMILY.



BUT THE
HOUNDS ARE
CLOSING IN
ON LAWRENCE
AND MY
PLACE IS
THERE. I
LEAVE
TONIGHT.

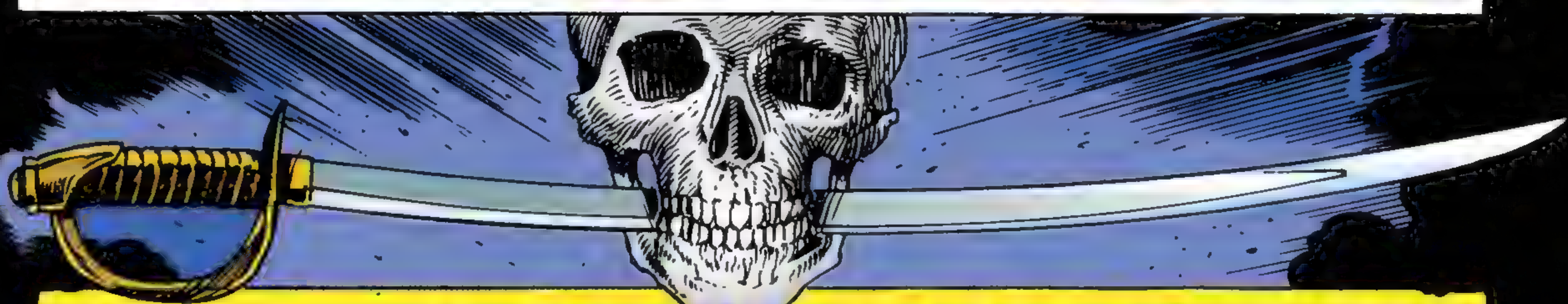


From the journal of
Nathaniel Kent --
"May 19, 1856 -- I
leave tonight for
Kansas but, even
riding hard, it will
take me more than a
week to get home.

"Our cause seems in shambles. The
President has blocked us, the Senate
will not ratify us, and the enemy seems
bent on destroying us.

"I do not know what I will find when I
get back but it is clear my place is there--
not here. I have left my brother and my
friends alone and this I swear--

"If I am not in time to save them then by
God I will avenge them!"



Next : KANSAS MASSACRE!

Dear Son--

BLEEDING KANSAS

PART 3

Enclosed you'll find the latest packet of journals and letters from that trunk I dug up out back. I think it's safe to say things were not going well for the Kents in the spring of 1856.

President Buchanan had refused to consider the Kansas Free-stater's constitution. Nathaniel had gone east with the delegation, leaving his younger brother Jeb in charge of the print shop in Lawrence, Kansas.

The pro-slavery forces--mostly Missourians who had crossed the river--had laid siege to Lawrence under the direction of Luther Reid and Sheriff Sam Woods. Nate was riding hard to get back home, but it was a long way from Washington to Kansas in those days.

JOHN OSTRANDER - writer
TIM TRUMAN - penciller
MICHAEL BAIR - inks
OAKLEY/N.J.Q. - letters
CARLA FEENY - colors
DIGITAL CHAMELEON - color separations
PETER TOMASI - editor & trail boss

On May 19, Senator Charles Sumner got up on the senate floor to denounce the "crime against Kansas" and slavery, much to the displeasure of some of his colleagues, including Senator Douglas of Illinois.

CONSCIENTIOUS
SETTLERS ARE EXPOSED
TO PERPETUAL ASSAULT
BY MURDEROUS ROBBERS
FROM MISSOURI, HIRELINGS
PICKED FROM THE DRUNKEN
SPEW AND VOMIT OF AN
LINEASY CIVILIZATION...

COME,
SIR!

SUCH LANGUAGE
AS YOU HAVE USED
HERE, UPON MYSELF AND
SENATOR BUTLER OF
NORTH CAROLINA, MIGHT
PROVOKE SOME OF US
TO KICK YOU AS WE
WOULD A DOG!

Jeb mentioned, in a letter to his
sister, Lucy, that he had gone
on a scouting expedition of the
forces facing Lawrence.

JOURNAL
JOURN

WE KNOW
THEY GOT CANNON
AND THERE MUSTA BEEN
TWENTY--MAYBE THIRTY
CAMPFIRES WE SAW
BEFORE THEY OPENED
FIRE ON US.

BUTLER AND
HOLLINGSWORTH
BOTH GOT KILT. I
FIGGERED IT WERE
BEST TO GET
BACK AND TELL
YOU ALL WHAT WE
SEEN.

SO--
WHAT YOU FIGURE
WE SHOULD DO
NOW?

DURNED
IF I KNOW! DR. ROBINSON,
JIM LANE, YOUR BROTHER--
THEY'RE ALL BACK EAST AND IF
THEY SHOW IN THESE PARTS...
WELL, LANE AND ROBINSON GOT
WARRANTS ON 'EM FOR
TREASON!

GOVERNOR
SHANNON MADE 'EM ALL
WALK AWAY LAST TIME.
MAYBE IF WE GOT WORD
TO HIM...

NOT
LIKELY.

SHANNON
KNOWS WHAT'S
GOING ON AND HAS
MADE HIMSELF
SCARCE. NO, FOLKS,
THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING I SEE WE
CAN DO...

...WE HAVE TO
SURRENDER.

I've checked what happened next against other histories, and it's one of the odd synchronicities that pops up from time to time in history.

The date was May 21, 1856. Two separate events--one in Washington, one in Kansas--yet both linked, as if feeding one another.

Two acts of violence--and it is hard to say which seems more brutal.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS!

The people of Lawrence surrendered their town. Sheriff Sam Woods ordered the arrest of all men facing treason warrants who could be found.

Woods then ordered the surrender of all cannon and Sharps rifles. The people were willing to give over the cannon, but the rifles were private property and would not be given up.

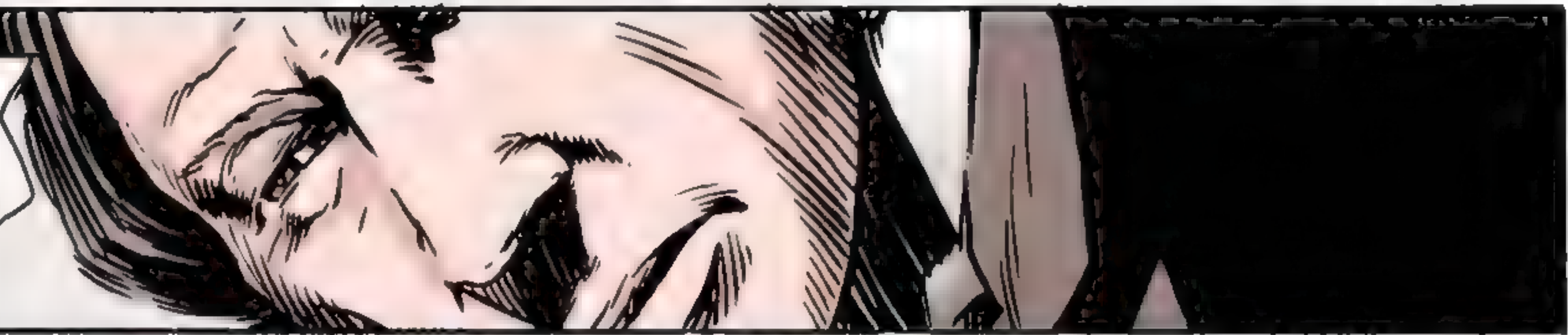
This was deemed unsatisfactory.

TIME THESE DAMNED NIGRA-LOVIN' ABOLITIONISTS LEARNED THEIR LESSONS. LET'S ADMINISTER IT, BOYS.

The Eldridge House, the fortress-like hotel in the middle of town, was fired on with cannon. Senator Atchison of Missouri, who rode with the raiders, fired the first shot.

It missed the hotel entirely and plowed into a hill near where the women and children had retreated. The mob then went on a looting spree.

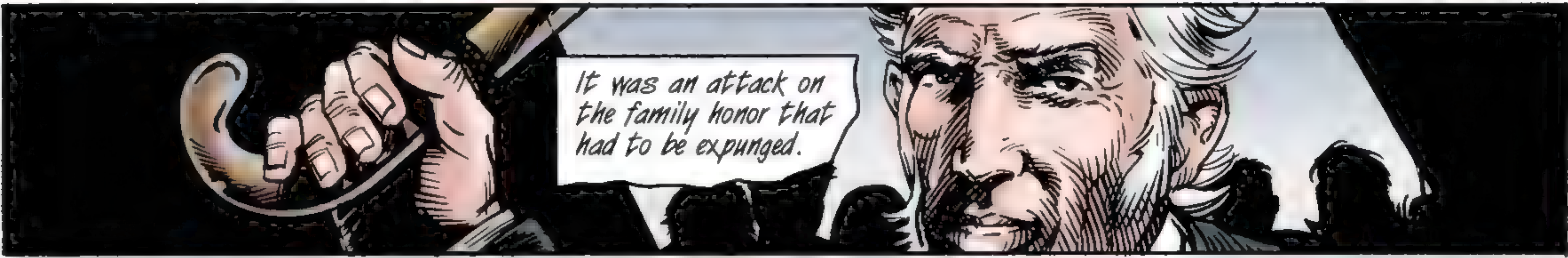
More than one person took advantage of the situation to settle some old scores of their own.



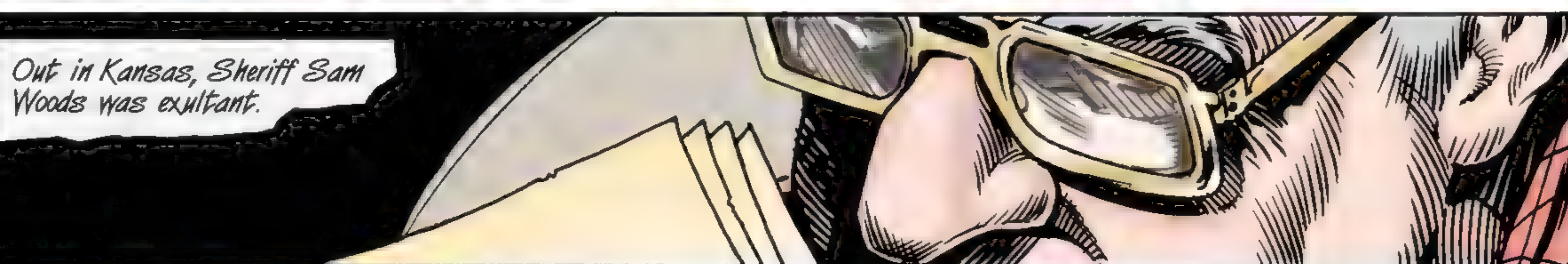
In Washington, Senator Sumner was approached by Congressman Preston Brooks of South Carolina.



Congressman Brooks was a relative of Senator Butler whom Sumner had verbally attacked on the Senate floor in his speech two days earlier.



It was an attack on the family honor that had to be expunged.



Out in Kansas, Sheriff Sam Woods was exultant.



**SUPREMACY
OF THE
WHITE RACE**

**GENTLEMEN,
THIS IS THE HAPPIEST
DAY OF MY LIFE!**



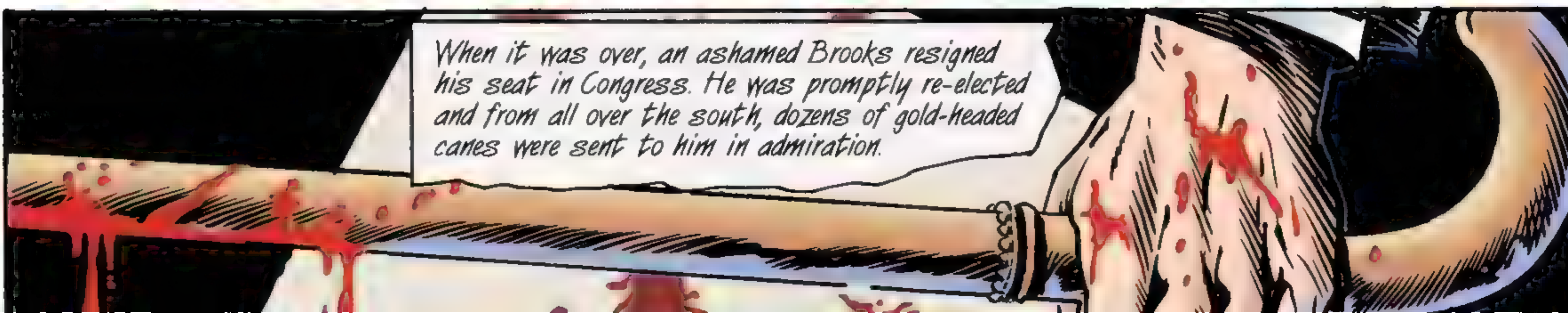
**I WAS
DETERMINED TO
MAKE THE FANATICS
BOW BEFORE ME IN THE
DUST AND KISS THE
TERRITORIAL LAWS. I
HAVE DONE IT, BY GOD!
YOU ARE NOW
DISMISSED!**



But, once unleashed, mobs cannot be so quickly contained. Years of frustration and anger over Lawrence--over the whole issue of abolition and slavery--exploded.



It was matched in the East by the savagery Congressman Brooks now visited upon Senator Sumner.



When it was over, an ashamed Brooks resigned his seat in Congress. He was promptly re-elected and from all over the south, dozens of gold-headed canes were sent to him in admiration.

Out in Lawrence, things were coming to a head.

HEY!
YOU BOYS
JUST STUFFING YER
POCKETS OR Y'ALL
UP FOR A REAL
VICTORY OVER
THESE DAMN
ABOLITIONISTS?

HUH?
WHAT YEW HAVE
TO MIND?

SEE THIS
HERE STORE? IT'S
WHERE THEM DAMN LYIN'
KENTS PRINT UP THEM
DAMN LYIN' NEWSPAPERS
AND PAMPHLETS AND
WHAT ALL!

I SAY
WE **BURN** IT!
WHAT SAY
YOU?!

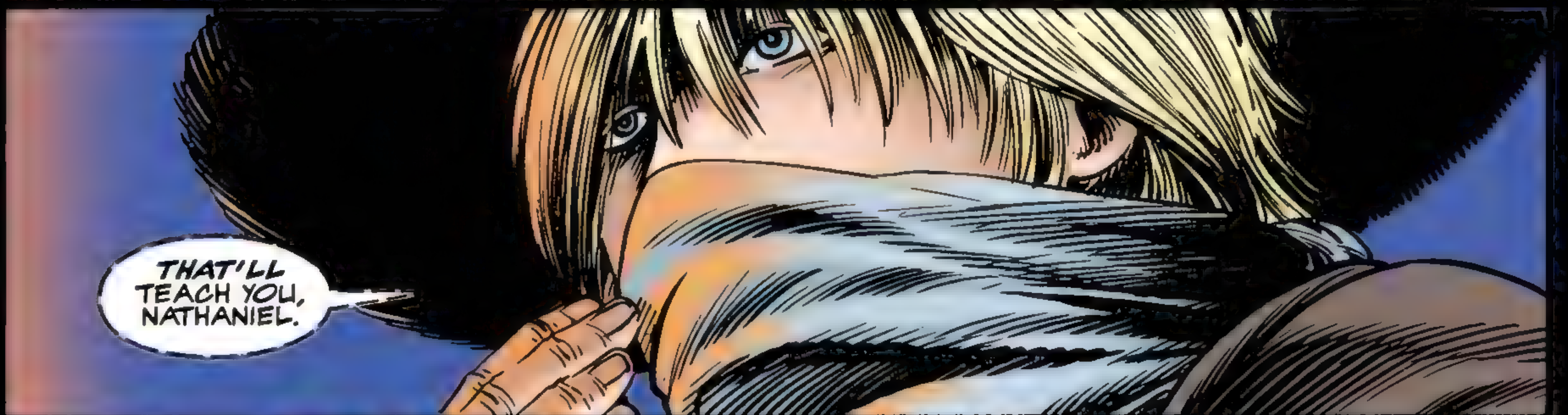
THAT'S
RIGHT, BOYS!
SMASH UP THAT
PRESS AND THROW THE
TYPE IN THE RIVER!
THEY'LL NEVER PRINT LIES
ABOUT US AND OUR
WAYS AGAIN, YOU
BET YOU!

PRINTING
TYPOGRAPHY

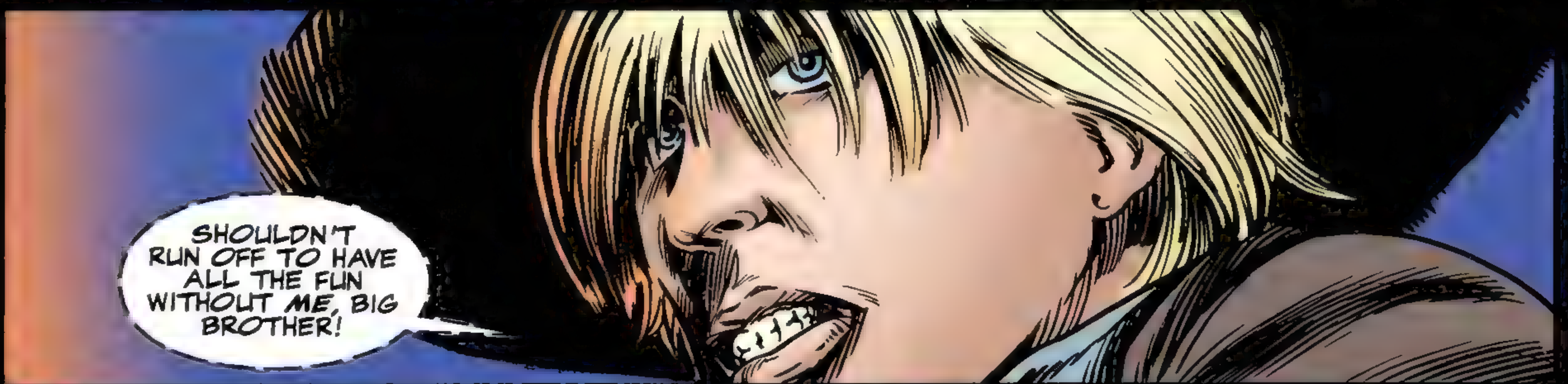
FWOOSH!



THAT'S
RIGHT! BURN,
YOU BASTARD--
BURN!



THAT'LL
TEACH YOU,
NATHANIEL.



SHOULDN'T
RUN OFF TO HAVE
ALL THE FUN
WITHOUT ME, BIG
BROTHER!



Was it jealousy? Or was he just bored?
Perhaps Bill Hickok was right and there
was something "off" about Jeb. Whatever
it was, it led him to destroy something
his father and brother had worked so hard
to achieve.



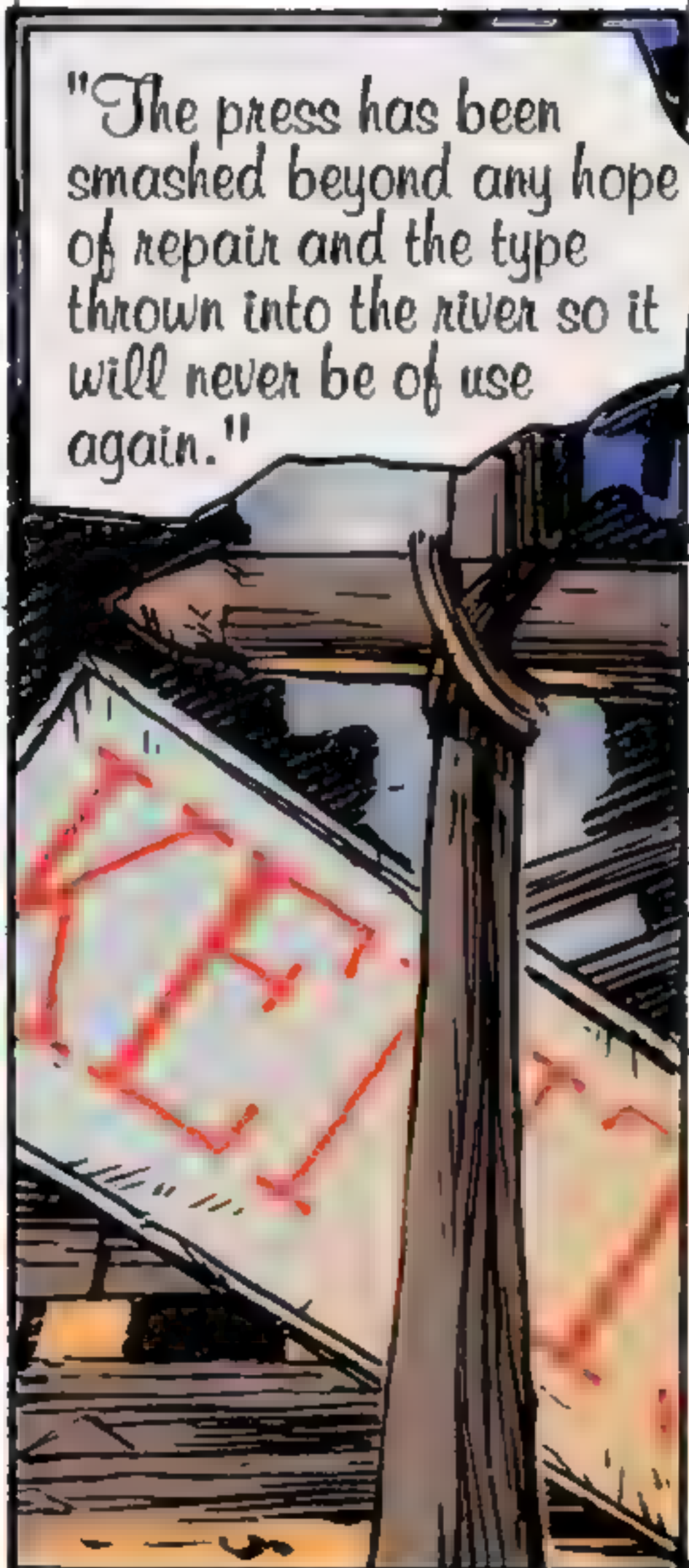
I'll let the letters and journals take up the
tale from here. Be warned, son. Some of it
gets pretty horrific--and it's all the
worse for being true. Your mother also
sends her love. Remember us to Lois.
Love--your Pa



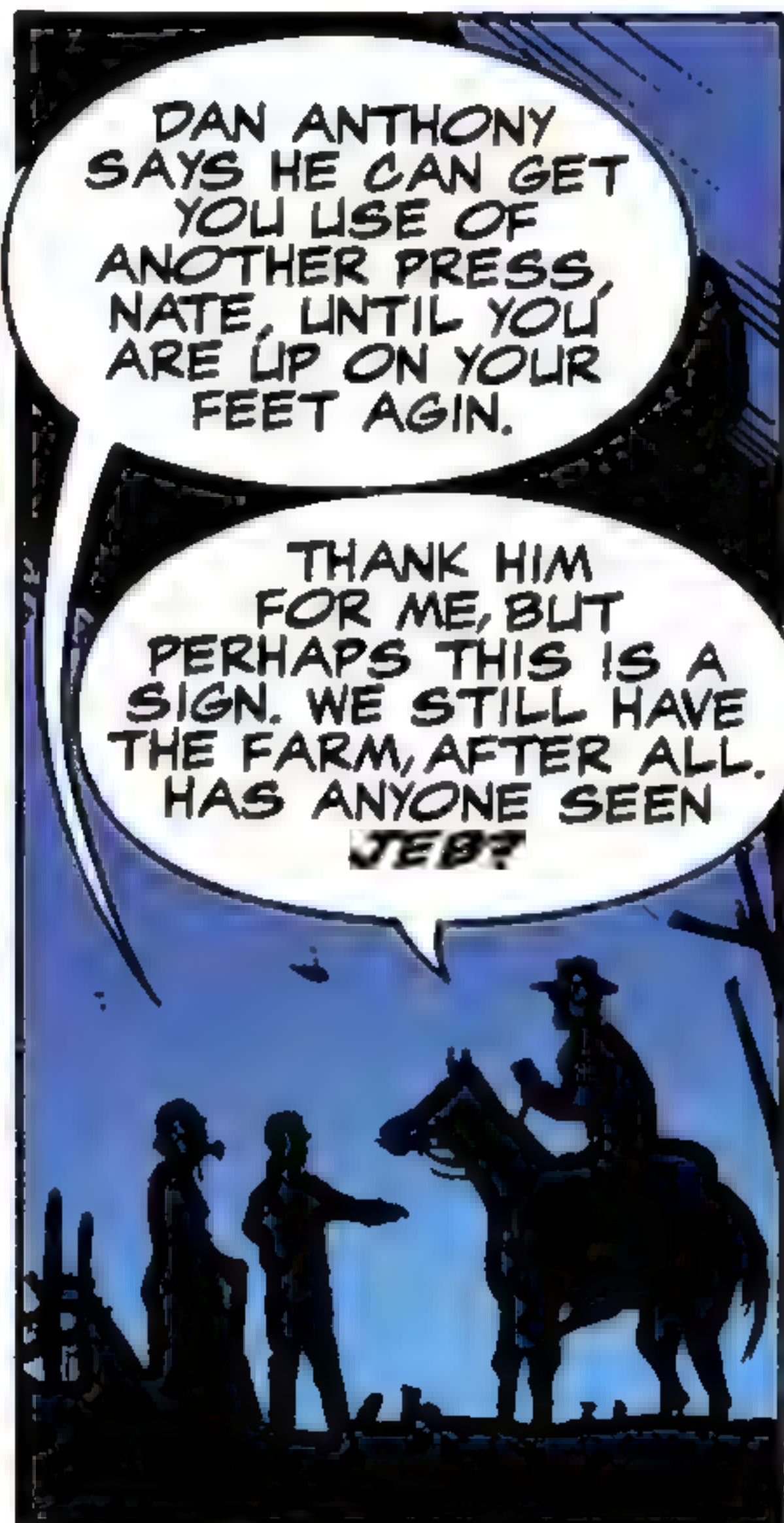
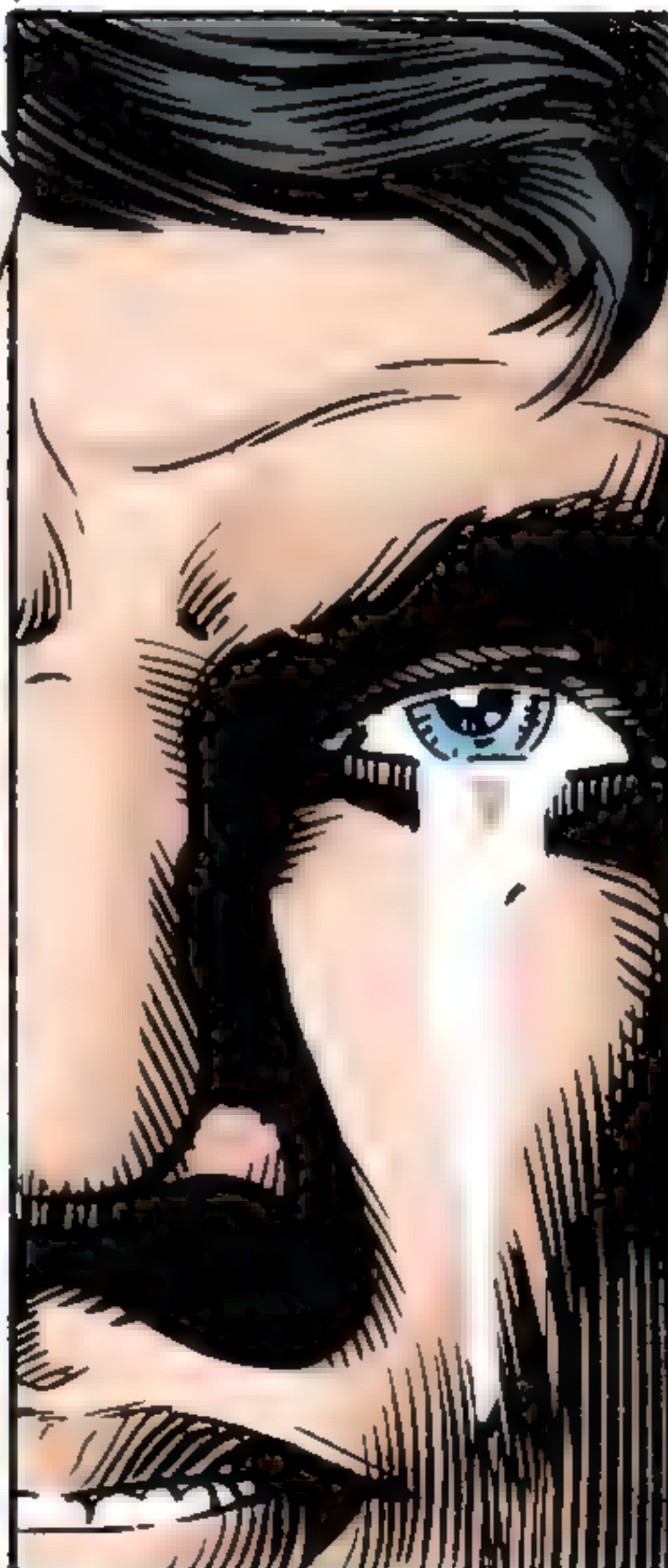
From the journal of Nathaniel Kent-- "May 23, 1856-- I am too late. I have this day arrived home in Lawrence to find all in desolation.



"The print shop in which my father had labored so long and hard is nothing more than a smoking ruin.



"The press has been smashed beyond any hope of repair and the type thrown into the river so it will never be of use again."

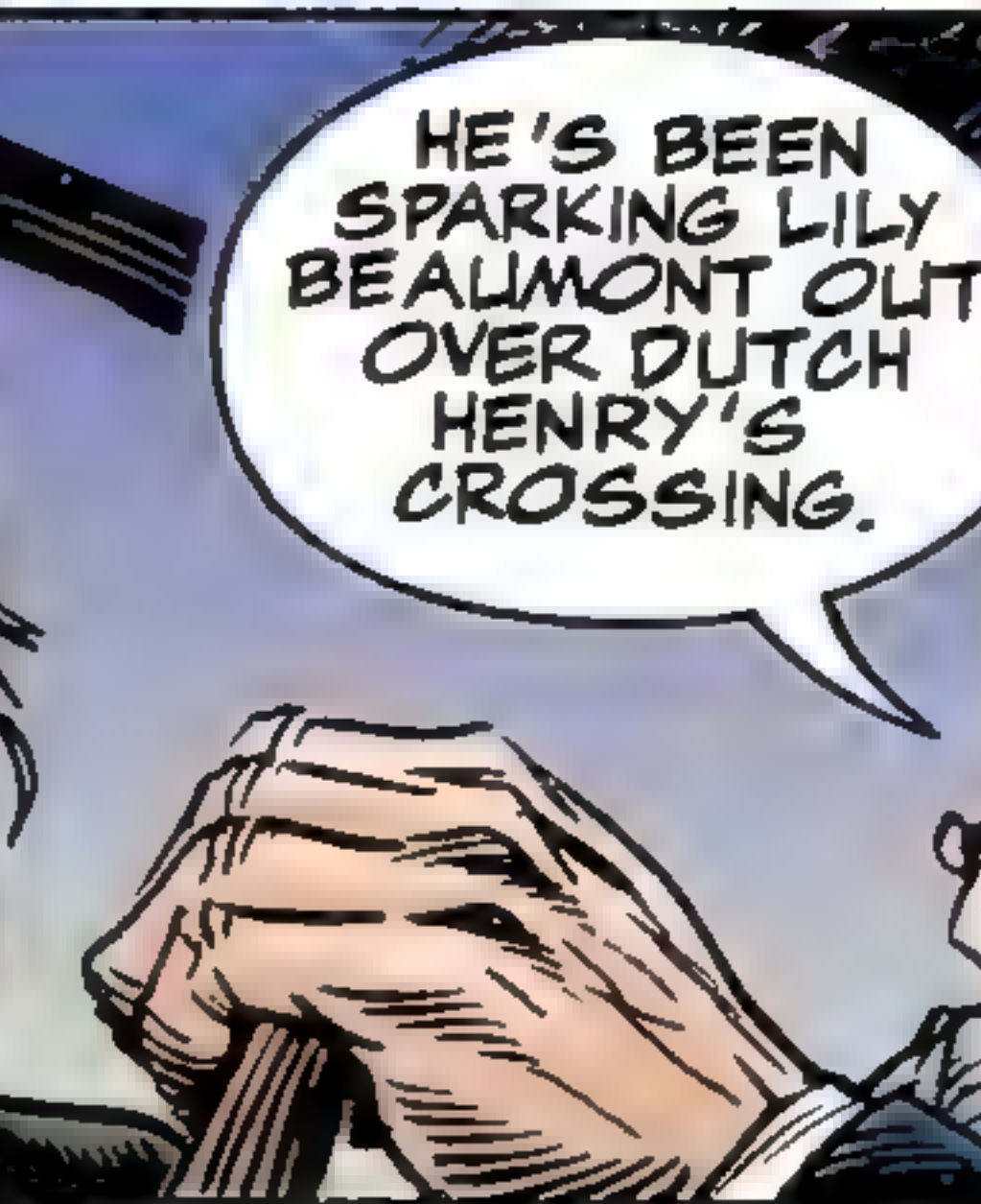


DAN ANTHONY SAYS HE CAN GET YOU USE OF ANOTHER PRESS, NATE, UNTIL YOU ARE UP ON YOUR FEET AGIN.

THANK HIM FOR ME, BUT PERHAPS THIS IS A SIGN. WE STILL HAVE THE FARM, AFTER ALL. HAS ANYONE SEEN JEB?



NOT SINCE THEM MISSOURIANS COME THROUGH.



HE'S BEEN SPARKING LILY BEALMONT OUT OVER DUTCH HENRY'S CROSSING.



"HER FATHER'S PRO-SLAVERY BUT A GOOD MAN FOR ALL THAT. HE HAD NO HAND IN THIS. YOU MIGHT FIND HIM OVER THERE."

JEB KENT, YOU STOP! WHY, MAH FATHER WOULD TAN YOU IF HE KNEW WHAT YOU WAS DOIN'!



AH SHOULDN'T BE FOOLIN' AROUND WITH NO ABOLITIONIST TRASH, ANYWAY. PA WOULD SKIN ME ALIVE IF HE KNEW.

LILY, YOUR FAMILY DON'T OWN NO SLAVES, SO WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT ALL THIS SLAVERY GUFF, ANYHOW?

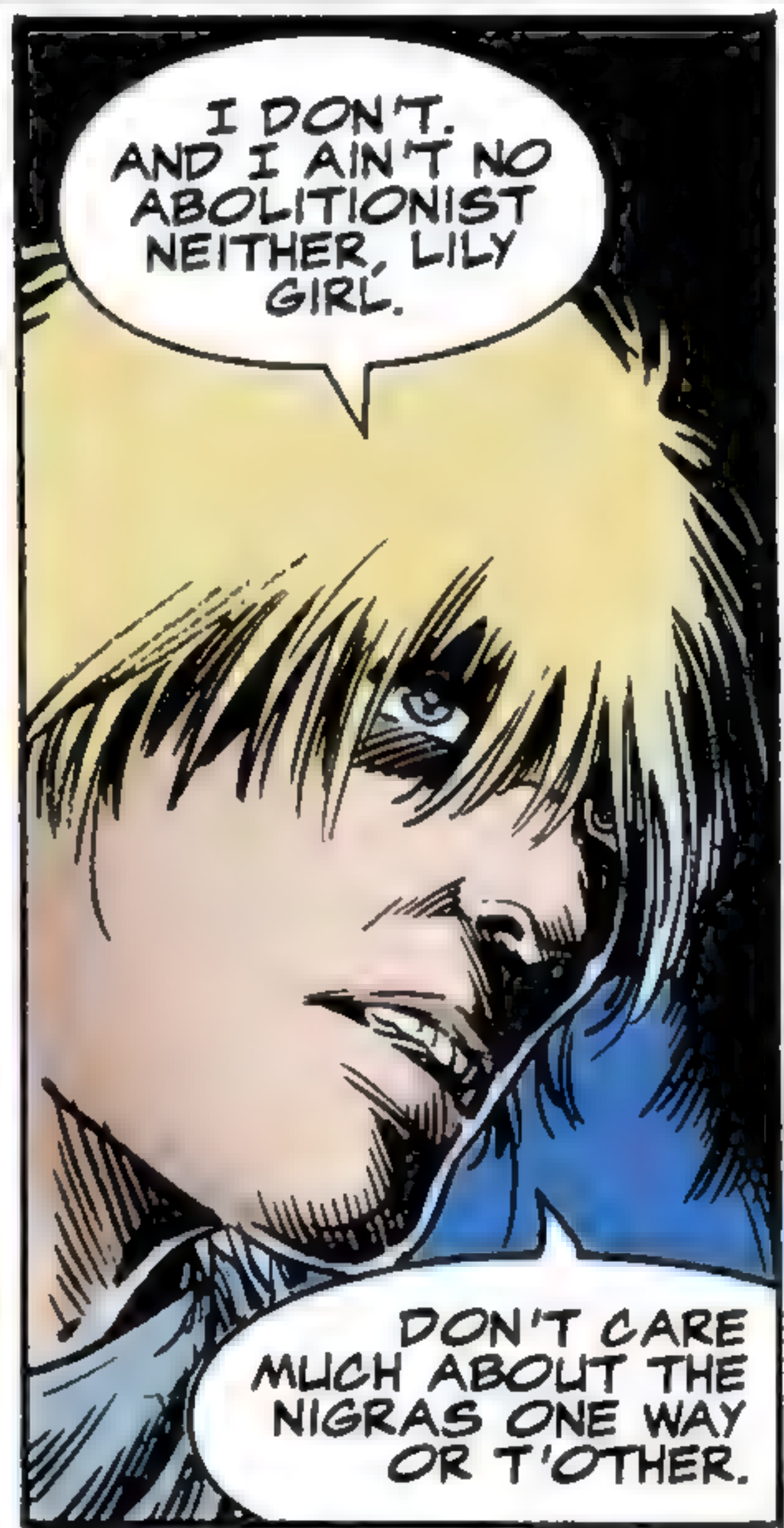


THAT AIN'T THE ISSUE! PA SAYS THAT WE HAVE A RIGHT TO, UNDER THE LAW, AND YOUR TYPE SAYS WE CAN'T 'CAUSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN IT!

WHO'RE YOU ABOLITIONISTS TO BE COMIN' AROUND AND TELLIN' ANYBODY ELSE WHAT TO DO OR NOT TO DO?!

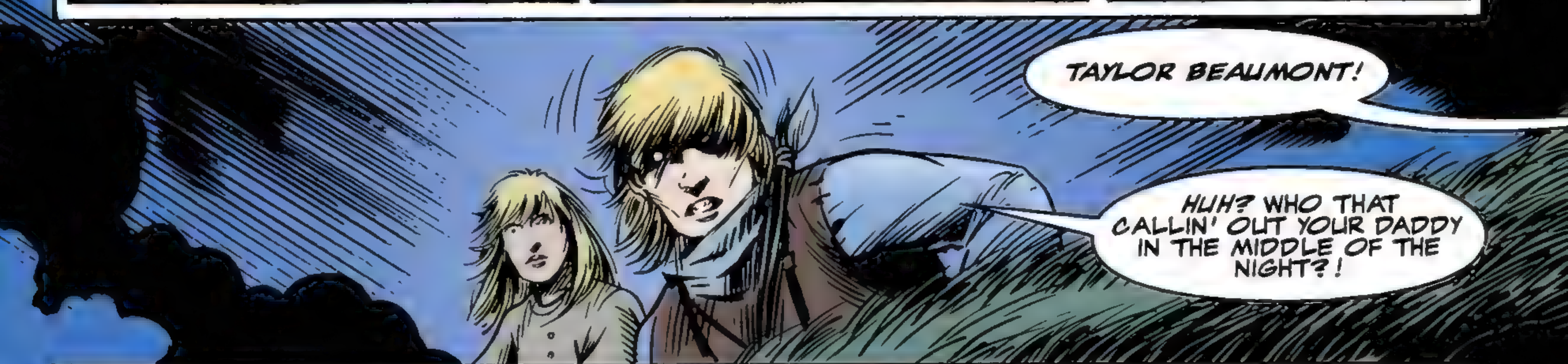


Y'ALL DON'T WANT TO OWN SLAVES, THEN DON'T OWN THEM! YOU WOULDN'T WANT SOMEBODY TELLIN' YOU WHAT TO DO OR BELIEVE!



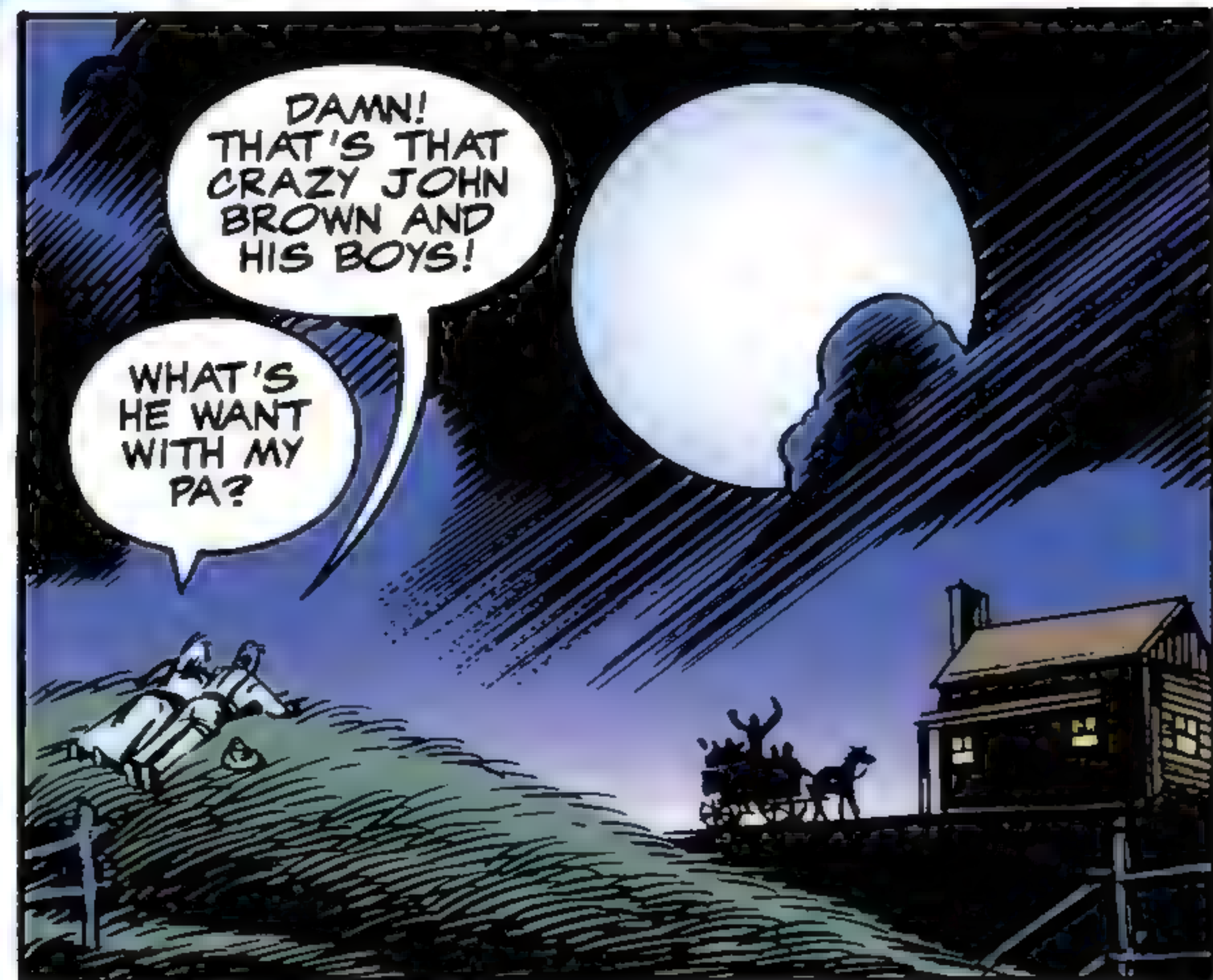
I DON'T. AND I AIN'T NO ABOLITIONIST NEITHER, LILY GIRL.

DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT THE NIGRAS ONE WAY OR T'OTHER.



TAYLOR BEAUMONT!

HUH? WHO THAT CALLIN' OUT YOUR DADDY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?!

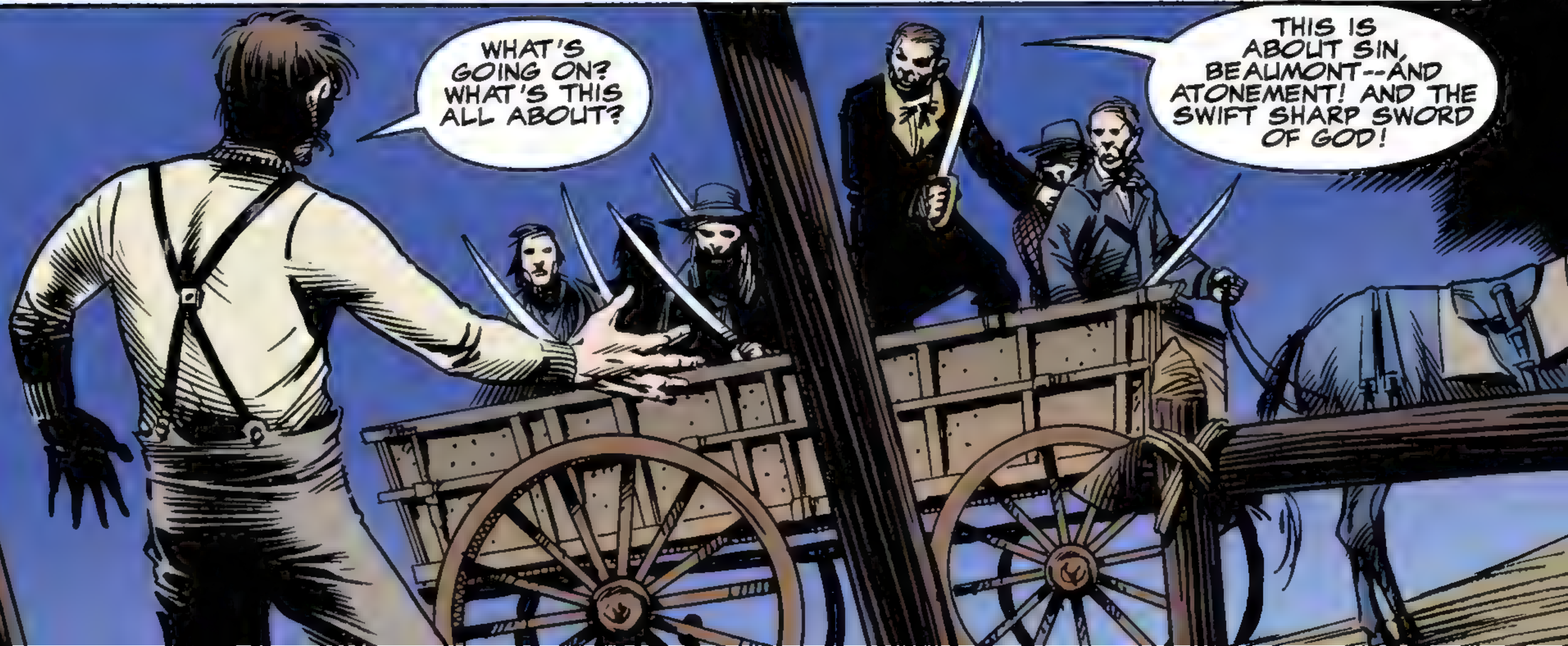


DAMN! THAT'S THAT CRAZY JOHN BROWN AND HIS BOYS!

WHAT'S HE WANT WITH MY PA?

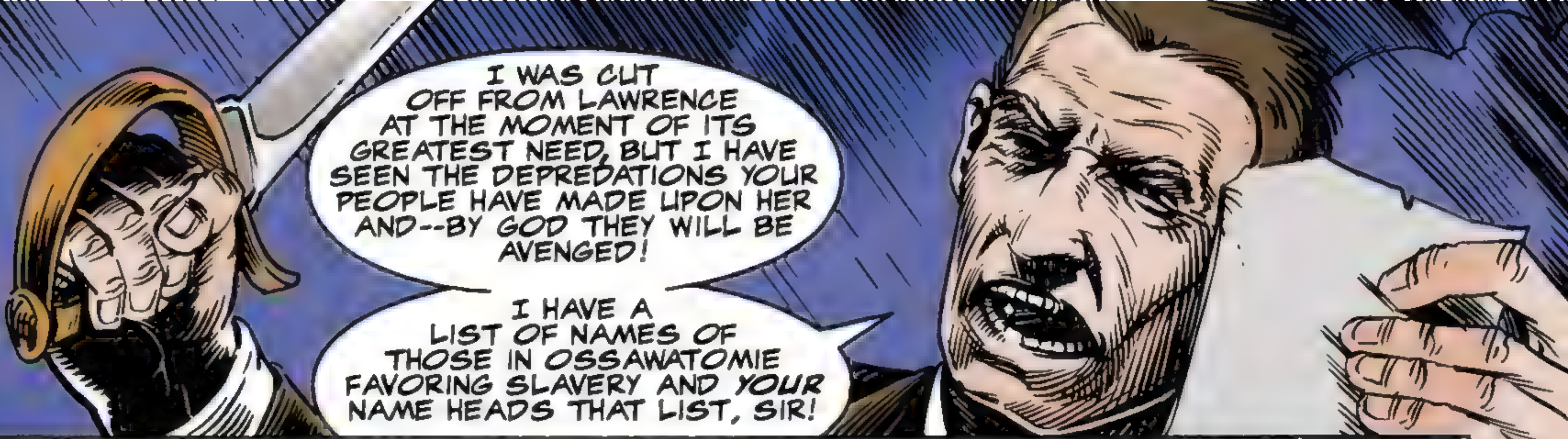


TAYLOR BEAUMONT! STEP FORTH OR MY BOYS WILL DRAG YOU OUT!



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THIS IS ABOUT SIN, BEAUMONT--AND ATONEMENT! AND THE SWIFT SHARP SWORD OF GOD!



I WAS CUT OFF FROM LAWRENCE AT THE MOMENT OF ITS GREATEST NEED, BUT I HAVE SEEN THE DEPREDACTIONS YOUR PEOPLE HAVE MADE UPON HER AND--BY GOD THEY WILL BE AVENGED!

I HAVE A LIST OF NAMES OF THOSE IN OSSAWATOMIE FAVORING SLAVERY AND YOUR NAME HEADS THAT LIST, SIR!



IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU PAY IN BLOOD.

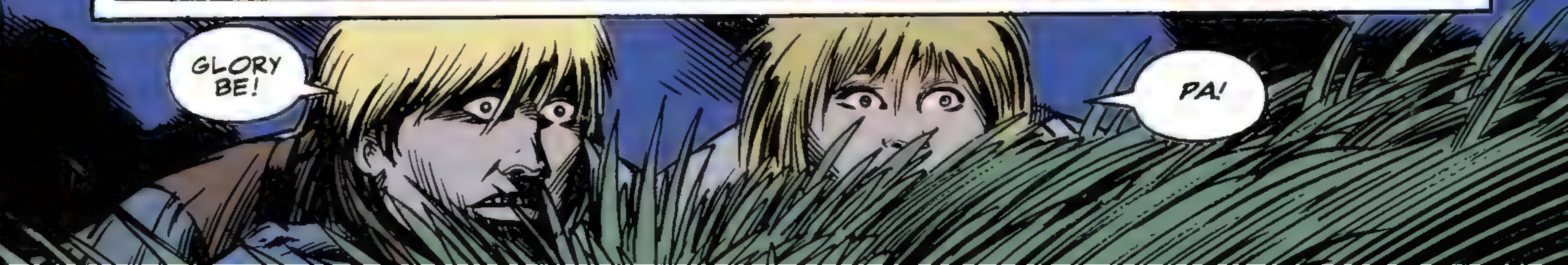
NO! NO! I HAD NUTHIN' TO DO WITH ALL THAT

PA!
PA!



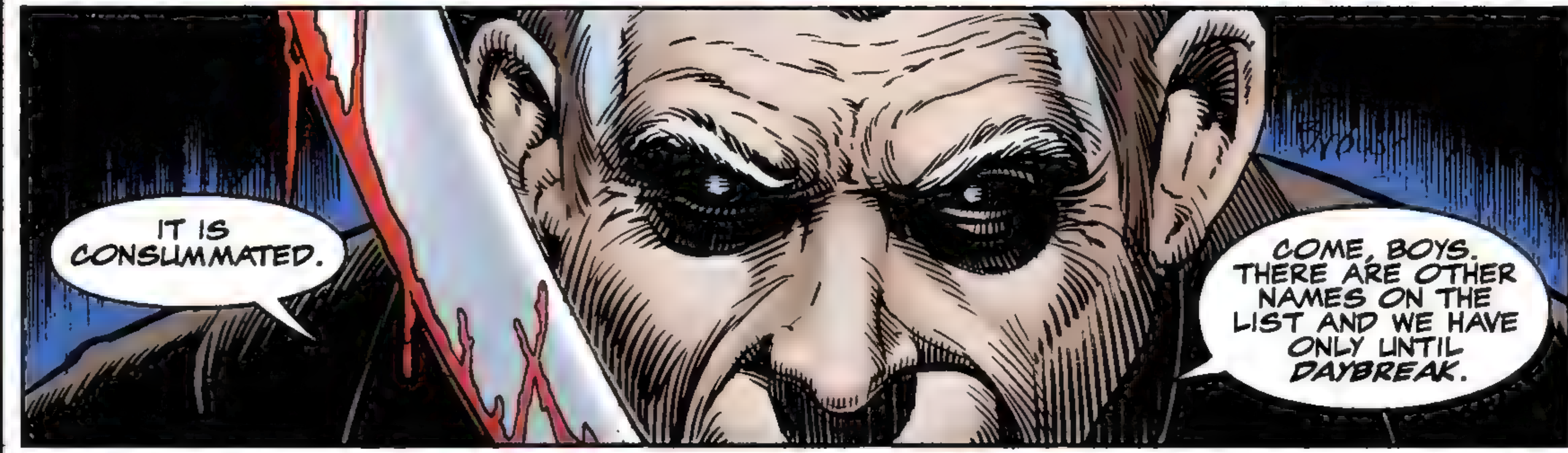
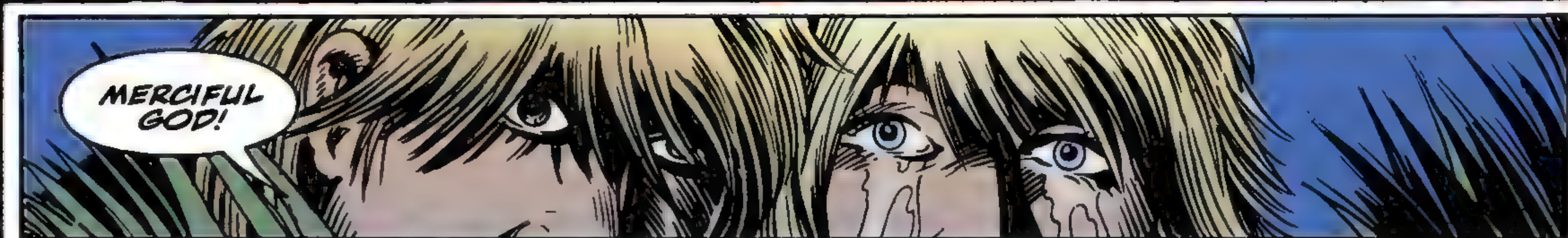
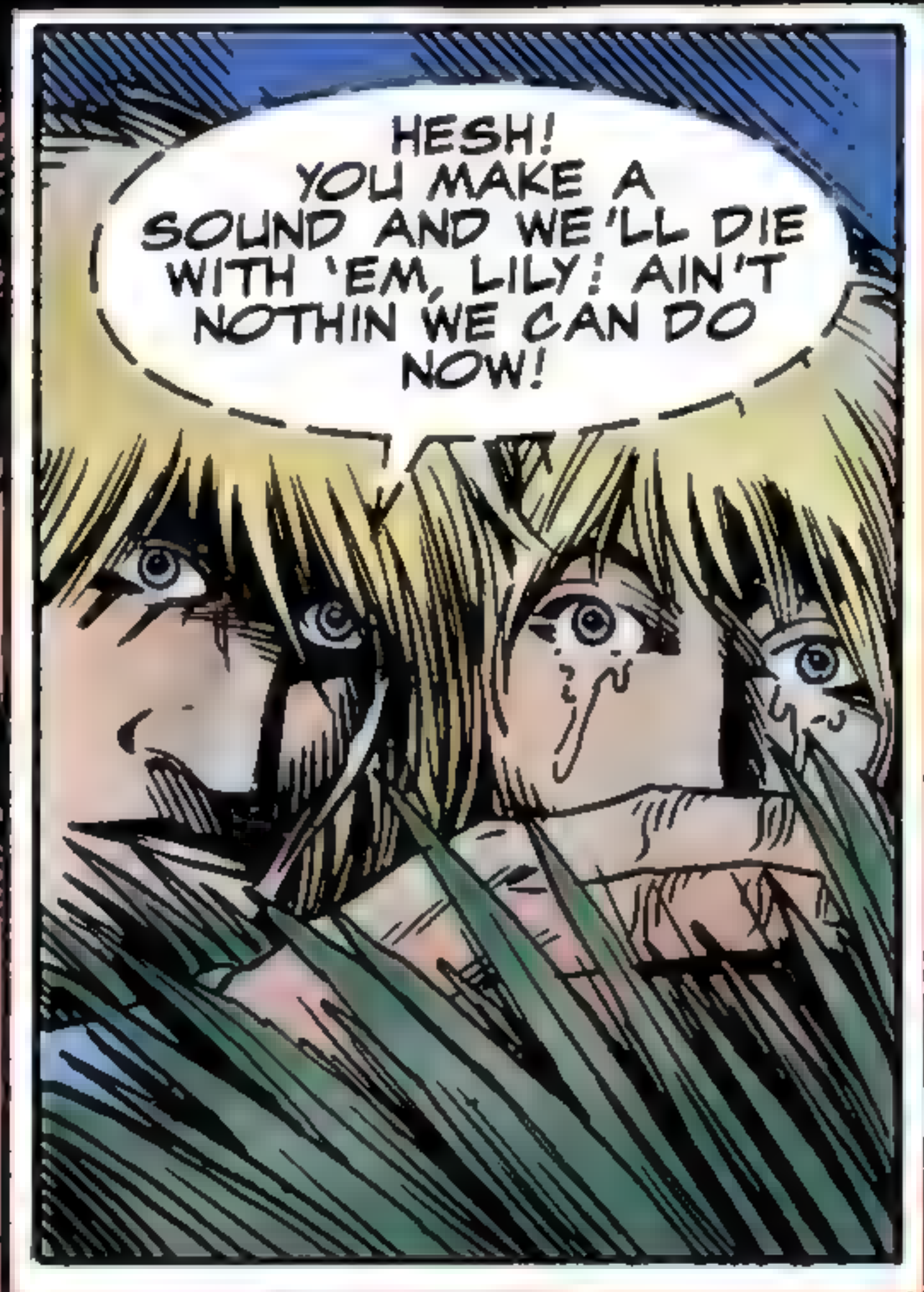
THESE WHELPS WOULD FIGHT FOR YOU, EH? THEN THEY MAY JOIN YOU IN YOUR GRAVE!

NO! PLEASE, GOD! DO WHAT YOU WILL WITH ME BUT LEAVE MUH BOYS BE!



GLORY BE!

PA!





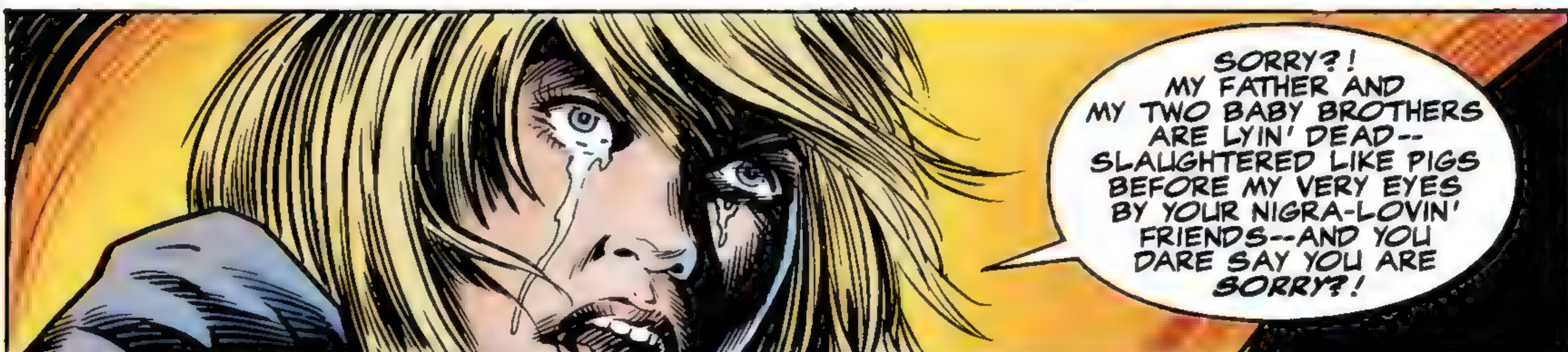
LILY! HOLD UP! THEY MIGHT COME BACK!

AH DON'T CARE! PA! OH, PA!

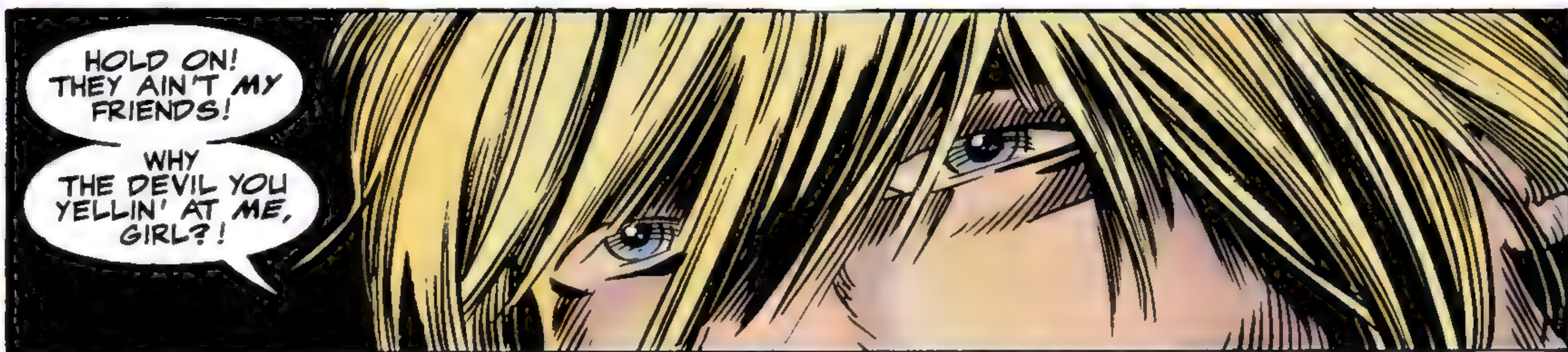


DEAD! ALL DEAD! WHAT THEY HAVE T'KILL MICAH AND JESSE FOR?! THEY WAS NUTHIN' BUT BOYS! WHY THEY'D KILL PA?! HE NEVER HURT NOBODY...!

I KNOW... HE WAS A GOOD MAN. OH, DAMN, LILY--I'M AWFUL SORRY!

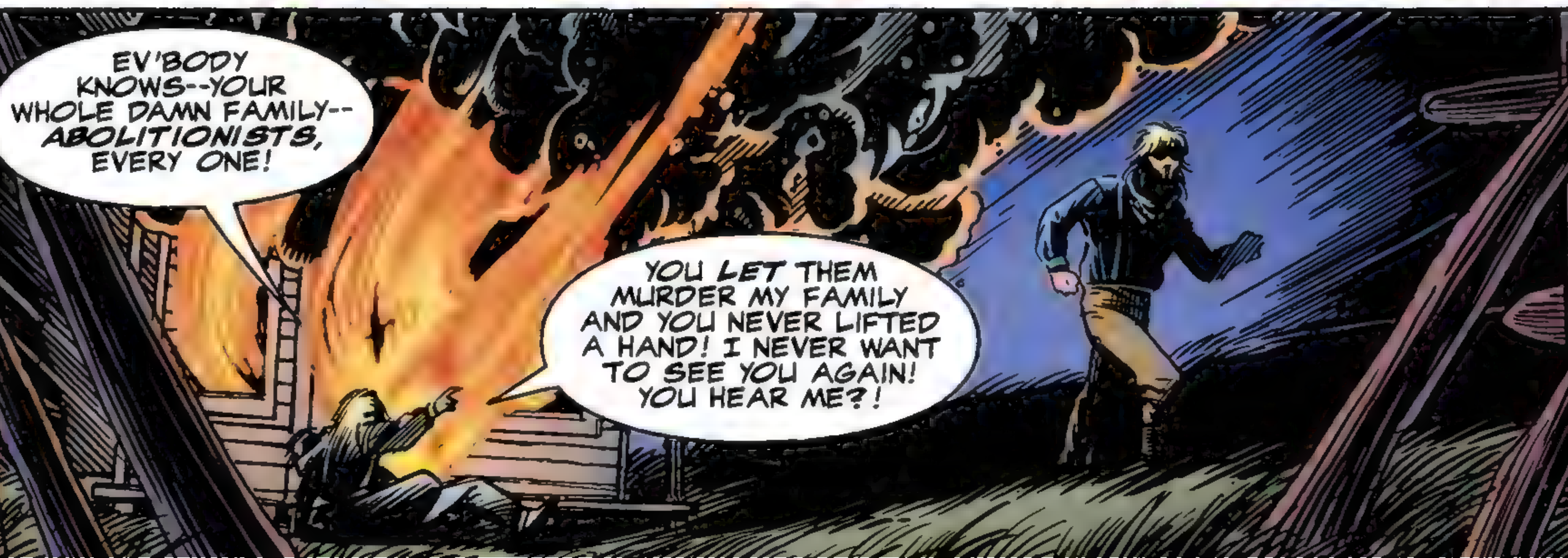


SORRY?! MY FATHER AND MY TWO BABY BROTHERS ARE LYIN' DEAD--SLAUGHTERED LIKE PIGS BEFORE MY VERY EYES BY YOUR NIGRA-LOVIN' FRIENDS--AND YOU DARE SAY YOU ARE SORRY?!



HOLD ON! THEY AIN'T MY FRIENDS!

WHY THE DEVIL YOU YELLIN' AT ME, GIRL?!



EV'BODY KNOWS--YOUR WHOLE DAMN FAMILY--ABOLITIONISTS, EVERY ONE!

YOU LET THEM MURDER MY FAMILY AND YOU NEVER LIFTED A HAND! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU HEAR ME?!



From the journal of Nathaniel Kent -- "May 24, 1856 --
Jeb returned home this morning with what I first thought was just a wild story. Turns out to be worse than he said."

"John Brown and his sons massacred a lot of men, all pro-slavery, along the Ossawatimie last night. The whole area is in an uproar--Jeb not least of all."

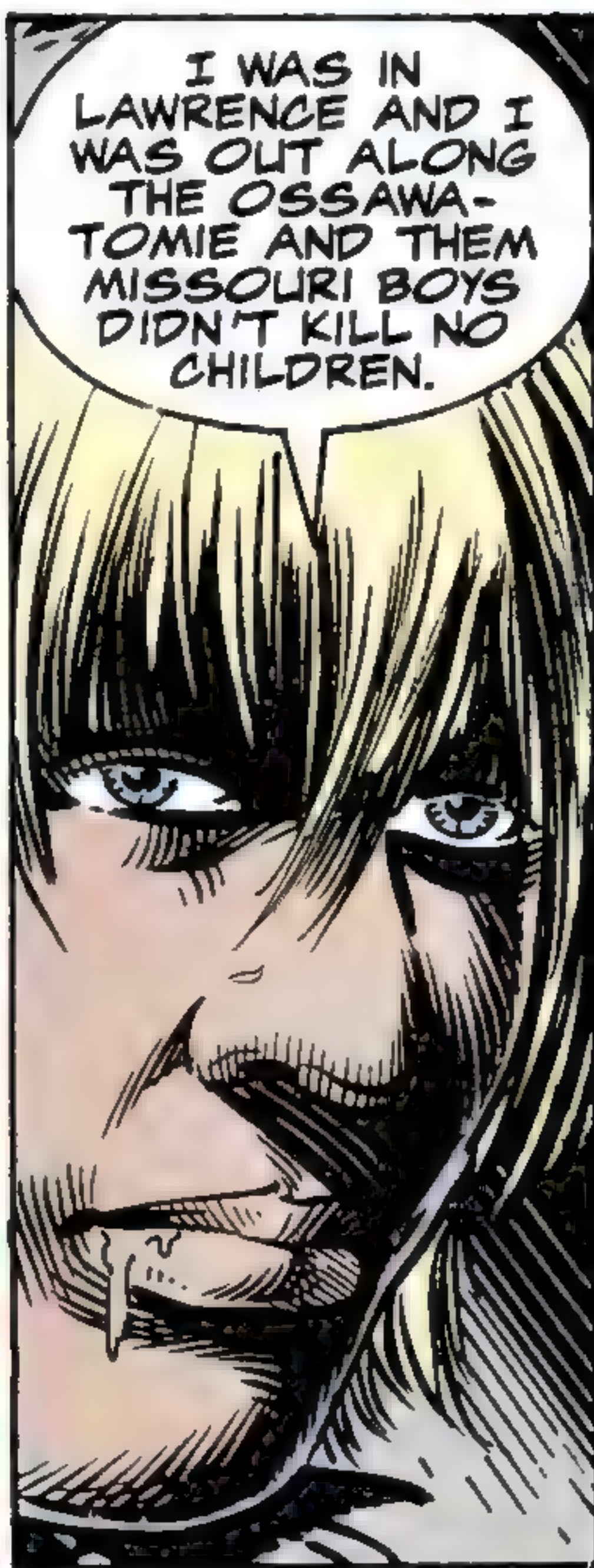


...JUST CALLED HIM OUT AND HACKED HIM TO DEATH. HIM AND HIS TWO SONS, LIKE THEY WERE PIGS. BASTARD NEEDS TO BE HUNG! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A BODY SIDE WITH THEM MISSOURI BOYS!

DON'T TALK SLOP. BROWN DONE WRONG BUT THAT DON'T MAKE THE CAUSE WRONG!



SOME FOLKS THINK THAT ALL BROWN DID WAS EVEN UP THE SCORE FOR LAWRENCE. I DON'T AGREE WITH 'EM BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF FAULT ON BOTH SIDES.



I WAS IN LAWRENCE AND I WAS OUT ALONG THE OSSAWATOMIE AND THEM MISSOURI BOYS DIDN'T KILL NO CHILDREN.

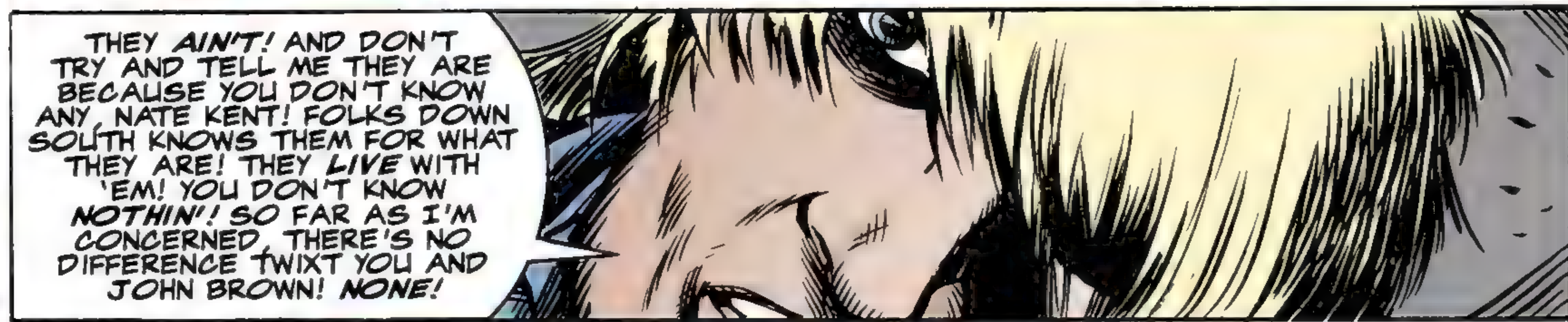


JEB, YOU CAN'T SAY AN ENTIRE CAUSE IS WRONG JUST BECAUSE OF THE ACTIONS OF ONE FANATIC!



CAIN'T I?! I WAS THERE AND YOU WEREN'T! AND ALL FOR WHAT?! TO SET UP SOME DARKIES TO BE THE SAME AS US?!

SMASH



THEY AIN'T! AND DON'T TRY AND TELL ME THEY ARE BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW ANY, NATE KENT! FOLKS DOWN SOUTH KNOWS THEM FOR WHAT THEY ARE! THEY LIVE WITH 'EM! YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'! SO FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE TWIXT YOU AND JOHN BROWN! NONE!

"HIS WORDS STUNG. I DIDN'T KNOW ANY COLORED FOLK. WE HAVE NEIGHBORS WHO ARE COLORED AND I HAVE NEVER TRIED TO MEET THEM."

"AM I JUST A HYPOCRITE, LIKE JEB SEEMS TO THINK?"



"Lawrence, Kansas, September 21, 1856
Dear Belinda--
I am sorry I have not written sooner but
Kansas has been in much ferment this last
summer, as I'm sure you know from the
newspapers. Things have been every which
way with us.

"Dr. Charles Robinson was arrested on
that treason warrant the Lecompton
legislature had cooked up. He was taken
away by Sheriff Sam Woods and, with
most of our leaders, put in jail.

"Jim Lane set fire to
crowds in Chicago and
throughout the midwest
with his oratory and
has brought a whole
army of volunteers to
Kansas by way of
Nebraska.

"It looks like the whole mess here has cost President
Pierce his chance for re-election, which I am not sorry
to see. If James Buchanan is elected as his party
hopes, I can only trust he'll deal with us more fairly.

"Coincidentally, our Governor Shannon
quit (or was removed, depending who
you ask) and the deputy governor,
Daniel Woodson--a firm pro-slavery
man, filled in whilst we waited the
arrival of the new governor, a man
named John W. Geary.

"Woodson had the effrontery to
actually invite Missourians in to
"restore law and order"! Bands of
Missourians tore up the countryside,
burning homes, and so on!

"John Brown and his boys have not been
quiet, either. They captured a posse sent
out to capture them! Then he and the
others disappeared into the sunflowers
again and no-one knows quite where they
are or what they plan next.

"I tell you, Belinda, I honestly think we
are headed for civil war. And if it begins
here and now--what becomes of our poor
country?"

"Lane's army of the North captured and burned the forts the Missourians left to guard Lawrence and we then marched on the pro-slavery legislature at Lecompton."

"We melted down all the old type from Pa's printing press and made it into a cannonball. This was one time when the word would prove mightier than the sword."

"I was at my position by a cannon on the hills outside of Lecompton when who should ride up but my old friend Bill Hickok!"

WELL, WELL--
FINALLY FIND
YOURSELF A GUN YOU
CAN ACTUALLY HIT
SOMETHIN' WITH,
COUSIN?

BILL HICKOK!
WHERE YOU BEEN KEEPING
YOURSELF?!

ME 'N JOHN
GLENOWEN OVER
THERE, WE BEEN
RIDING BODYGUARD
TO JIM LANE
MOSTLY. BEFORE
THAT...

WELL...JOHN'S
GOT A DAUGHTER,
MARY. HALF-BREED GIRL
BUT...WELL, SHE'S
REALLY BEAUTIFUL...

SO WHILE THE REST OF
US BEEN BEATING OUR
BRAINS IN, YOU BEEN
KEEPING TIME WITH THIS
MARY GLENOWEN!
ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU
WERE BRIGHTER THAN YOU
LOOKED, BILL!

AFTER WE
TAKE LECOMPTON,
YOU COME TAKE A
LOOK FOR Y'SELF,
HOSS!

"But we didn't take Lecompton. The army dissuaded us. The general was sympathetic and all but said if we opened fire, they would too, and we didn't want that."

"Governor Geary arrived and got the Missourians to leave and things have quieted down some, so I accepted John Glenowen's invitation to dinner the other night. Now I wish I hadn't."



WELL, LOOK WHAT'S ARRIVED. HOWDY, NATE. LOOK ALL NICE AND SLICKED UP. I SUSPECT YOU EVEN HAD A BATH.

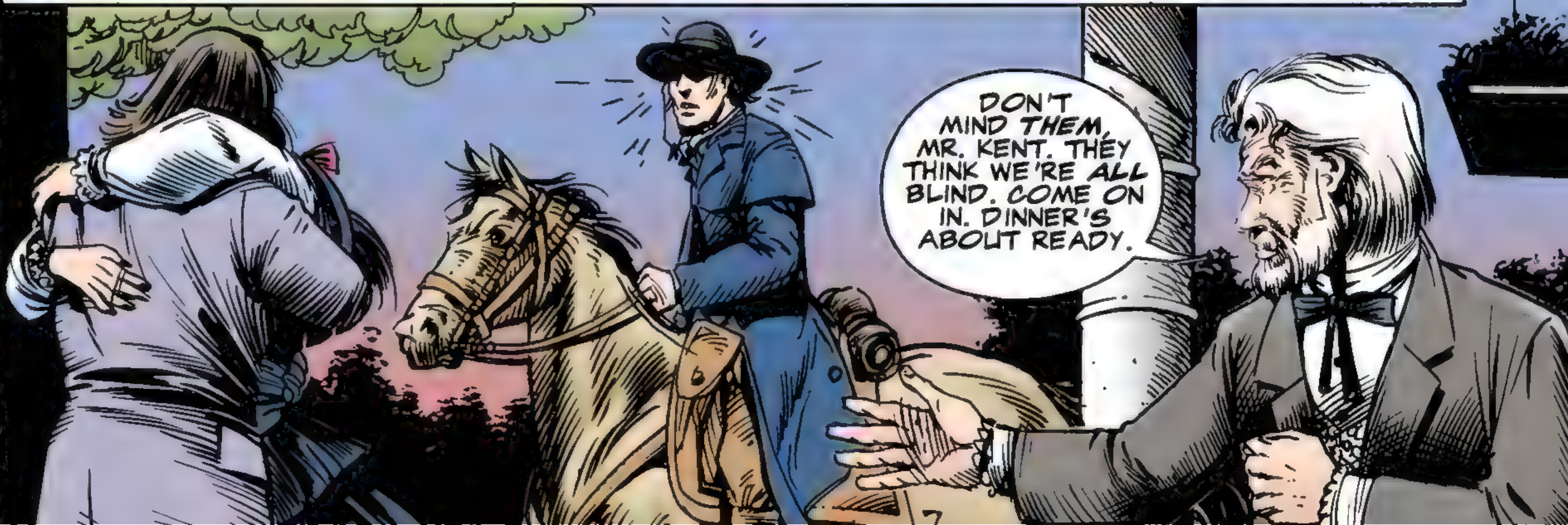
FIGURE I'D SHOW THE GLENOWENS NOT ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE SADDLE-TRAMPS.

MARY, THIS HERE IS NATHANIEL KENT. NATE, MEET MARY.

GOOD EVENING, NATHANIEL. IT'S SUCH A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, AT LAST. BILL'S TOLD US A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU.

N-NICE TO MEET YOU, MISS GLENOWEN. THANKS FOR INVITING ME.

DON'T MIND THEM, MR. KENT. THEY THINK WE'RE ALL BLIND. COME ON IN. DINNER'S ABOUT READY.



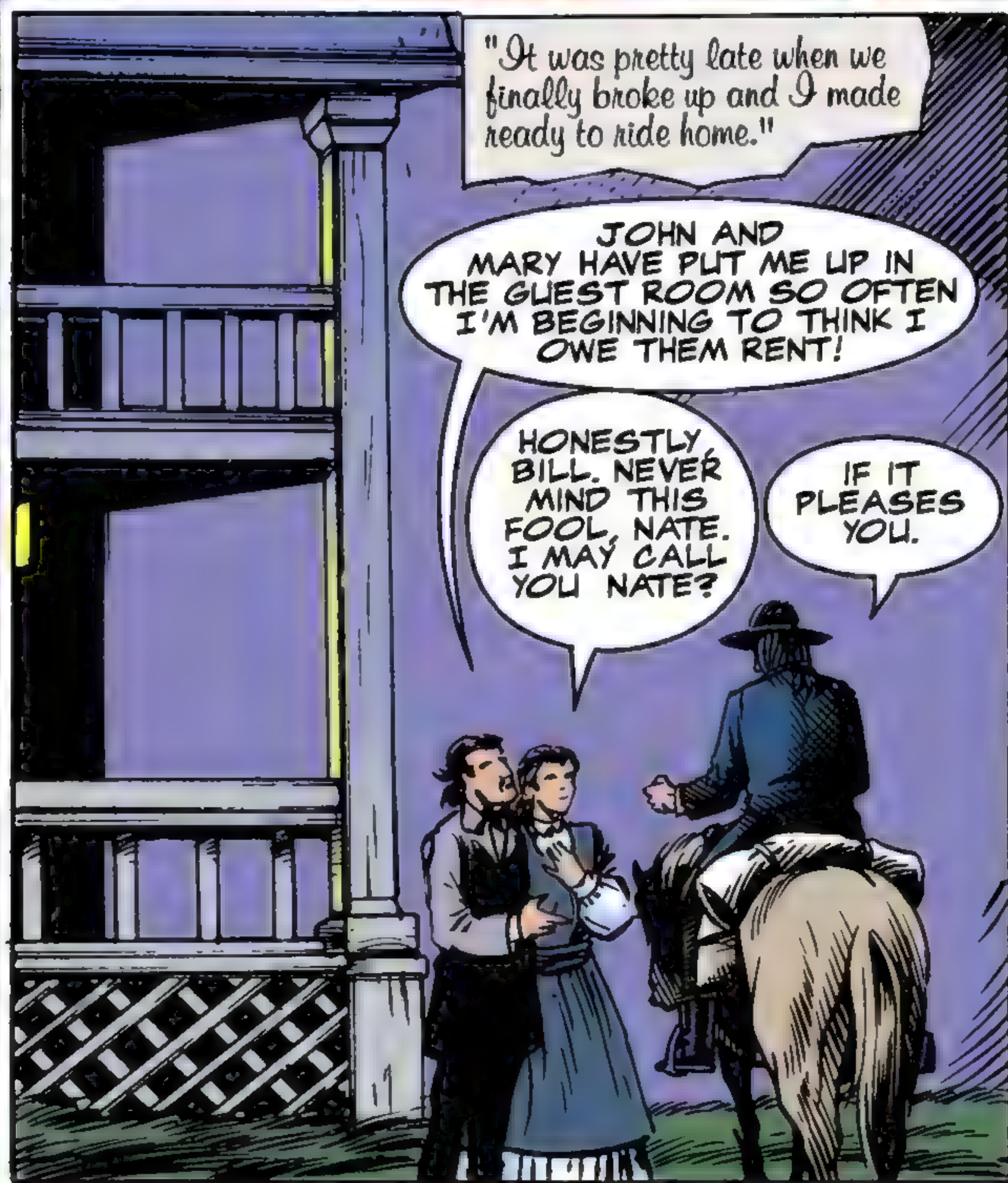


"John Glenowen was an Englishman--a Welshman, to be more precise. Had come to America about thirty years ago and was a trapper. He married into the Delaware tribe and Mary was the only child."

AYE, I USTA TRAP ALL OVER THE FRONTIER. KNEW A MAN NAMED EZRA SMALL. OPENED A TRADING POST DOWN BY THE ARKANSAS RIVER. HE HAD SO MANY HUTS AROUND HIS POST WE DUBBED IT SMALL'SVILLE. GREAT DAYS, THEM.



"After an excellent dinner--which Mary had prepared--we sat in the parlor while she played the piano so beautifully, I thought I was back in Boston."



"It was pretty late when we finally broke up and I made ready to ride home."

JOHN AND MARY HAVE PUT ME UP IN THE GUEST ROOM SO OFTEN I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I OWE THEM RENT!

HONESTLY BILL, NEVER MIND THIS FOOL, NATE. I MAY CALL YOU NATE?

IF IT PLEASES YOU.

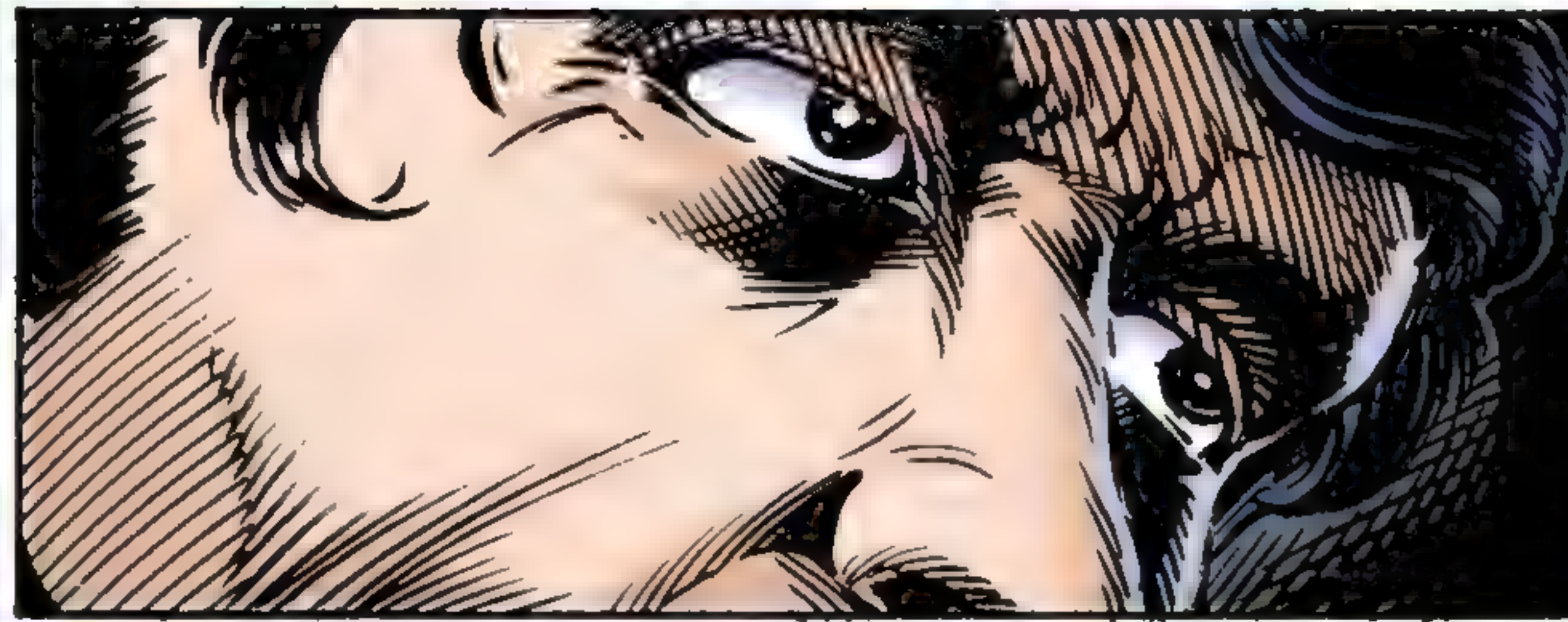


IT DOES. AND IT WOULD ALSO PLEASE ME IF YOU CALLED ME MARY AND VISITED US OFTEN.



"I told her I would, but I don't know if I can keep my word, Belinda."

"The moment I saw Mary Glenowen I knew I had met the one woman in my life I will ever truly love."



"And she is the girl of my best friend so I will never be able to tell her how I feel."

"If you have any advice or words of comfort, I would surely love to hear them, Belinda. Write me soon and tell me how you and the young ones are doing."

"Your loving brother, Nathaniel."



"P.S. I wish I could tell you what Jeb is up to lately but I don't really know. He is surly and not around the house much and I hear he keeps dangerous company. In particular, he seems to have a new friend by the name of Charlie Hart, who I do not much care for."

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THAT'S MIGHTY SWEET SHOOTING, LI'L BROTHER! MIGHTY SWEET! SAY, I WONDER IF YOU'RE UP FOR A FAIR BIT OF FUN TONIGHT.

MAYBE. WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND?

BUNCHA ABOLITIONISTS WANT TO RIDE INTO MISSOURI AND STEAL SOME SLAVES FROM A MAN NAME OF MORGAN WALKER. HE'S GOT A PLACE ABOUT SEVEN MILES FROM INDEPENDENCE. WANT YOU TO RIDE OUT TO MORGAN AND TELL HIM.

HUH?! WHY IN HELL YOU WANT ME TO DO THAT?

AH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, LI'L BROTHER! I ALREADY WARNED WALKER; HE JUST NEEDS TO KNOW WHEN I CAN'T GO MYSELF; THE ABOLITIONISTS EXPECT ME TO BE HERE.

THERE'S FIVE DOLLARS IN IT FOR YOU IF YOU GO, AND WE'LL TEACH THESE DAMN ABOLITIONISTS A LESSON, WON'T WE?

HEH. YEAH, SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD JOKE.

OKAY, I'M IN. TELL ME HOW TO FIND WALKER'S FARM.

"Deer Lucy--Well, I have got myself in deep. I told this friend of mine, Charlie Hart, I'd warn this other friend of his, Morgan Walker, that Charlie was leading some abolitionists to his doorstep.

"Well, I done it and then I hid myself to watch the fun.

"Sure enough an hour or so after dark Charlie comes up with some other fellers all masked.

OUR INTENTION, WALKER, IS TO FREE YOUR SLAVES--ALONG WITH YOUR HORSES AND YOUR CASH!

AH SPOZE AH AIN'T MUCH CHOICE AS TO TH' CASH AN' TH' HORSES--BUT MEBBE YOU'D BEST ASK THEM SLAVES IF THEY WANT T'GO!

PRETTY MUCH OUR INTENTION, WALKER. MY FRIENDS WILL GO WHILE I KEEP AN EYE ON YOU.

COME ON, FOLKS! WE GONNA HITCH UP A WAGON AN' TAKE YOU ALL TO FREEDOM!

"I was off sniggering by the side of the barn on account I knew what these boys was gettin' into or so I thot.

"Walker had some neighbors off in the bushes and I thot that these fools was gonna get their hands caught in the cookie jar. I swear I dint know what they was really planning to do!

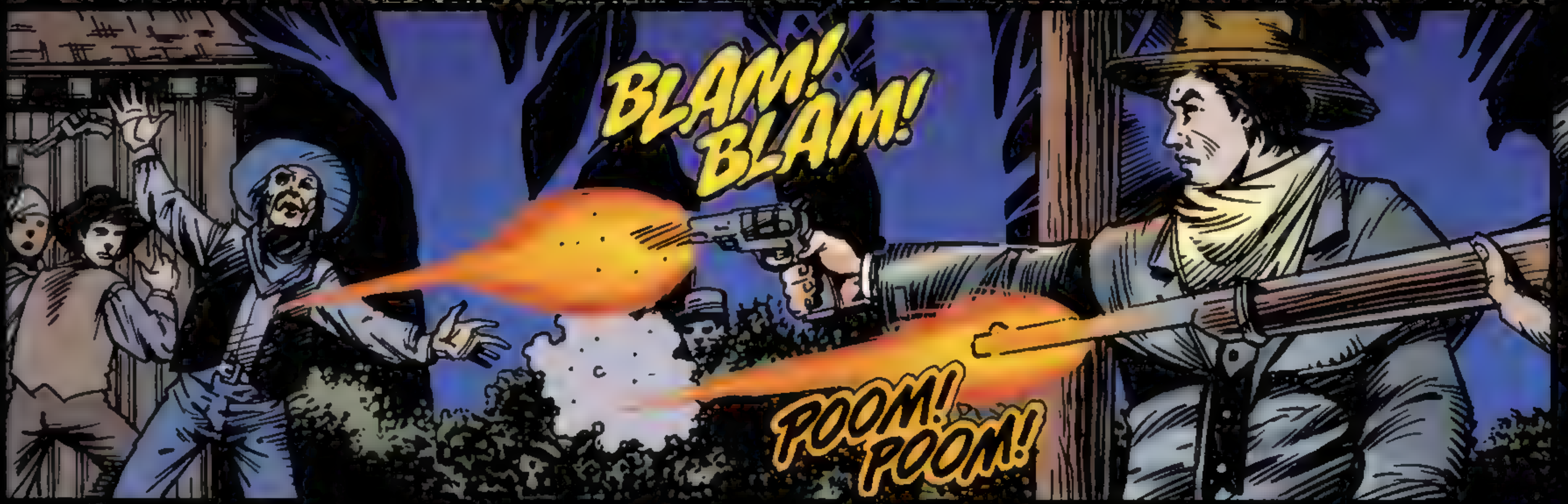


YOU
BOYS ABOUT
READY?

I FIGURE
BY THE TIME YOU
GOT EVERYTHING IN
HAND, WE'LL BE
SET.

I FIGURE
I GOT EVERYTHING
RIGHT AS I WANT
IT RIGHT NOW.

OPEN FIRE,
BOYS.



BLAM!
BLAM!

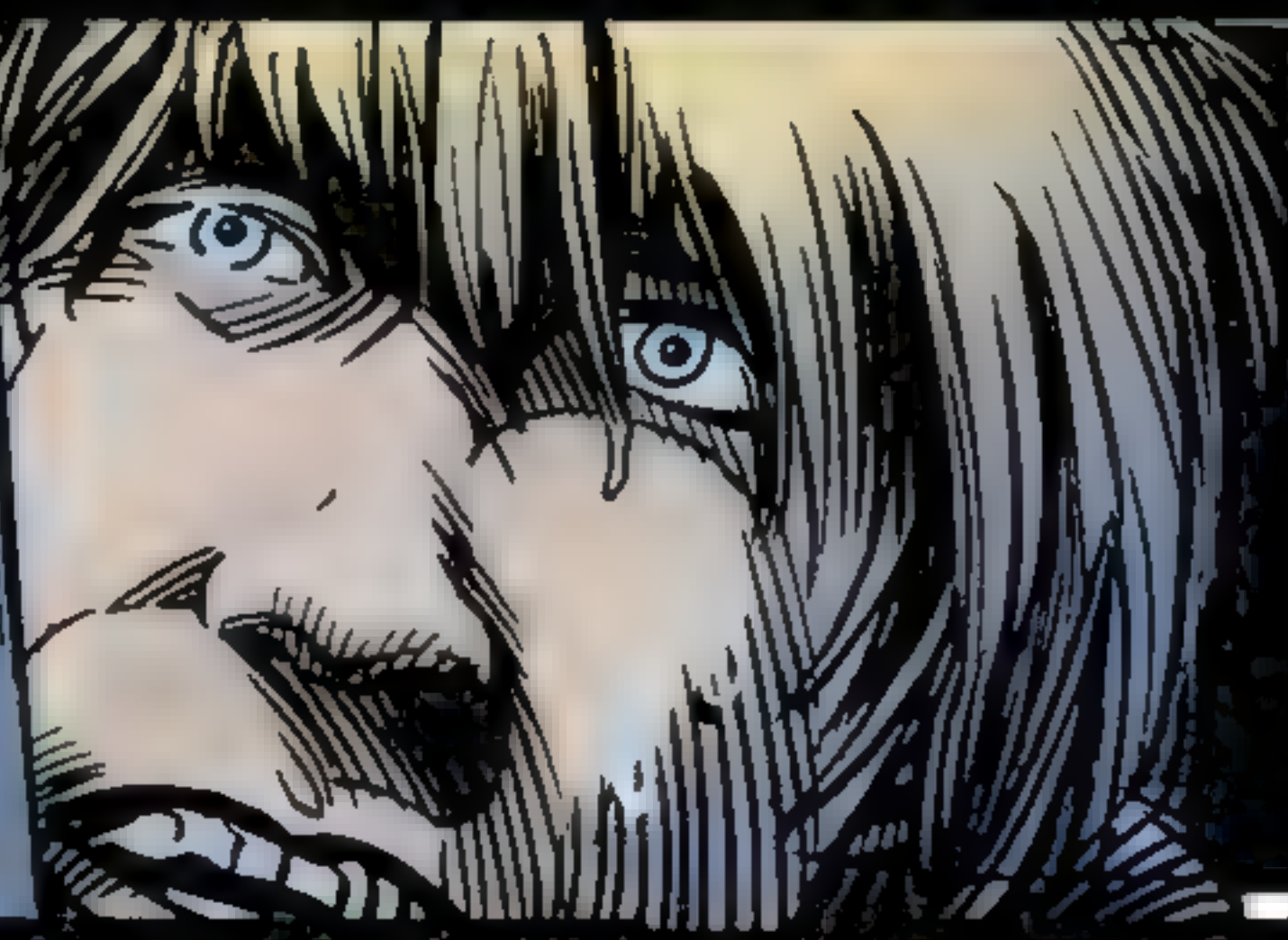
POOM!
POOM!



BLAM!

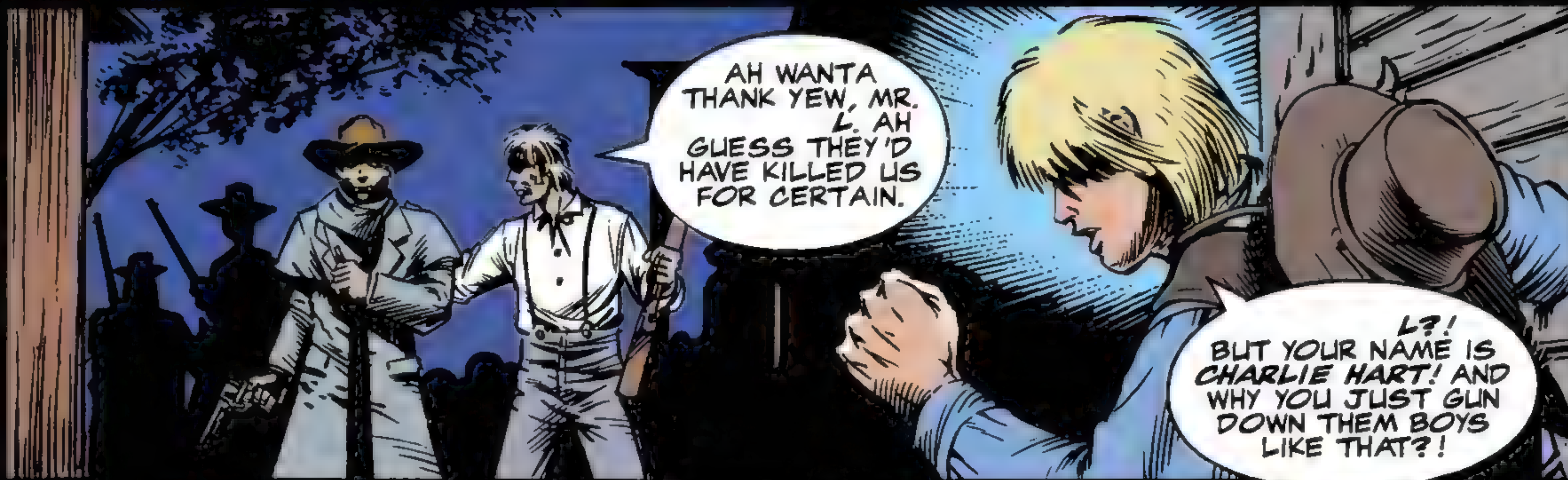
BLAM!
BLAM!

"They had them boys in a crossfire
and they dint stop 'til they was all
layed out, and Hart he dint stop
until his gun was empty!"



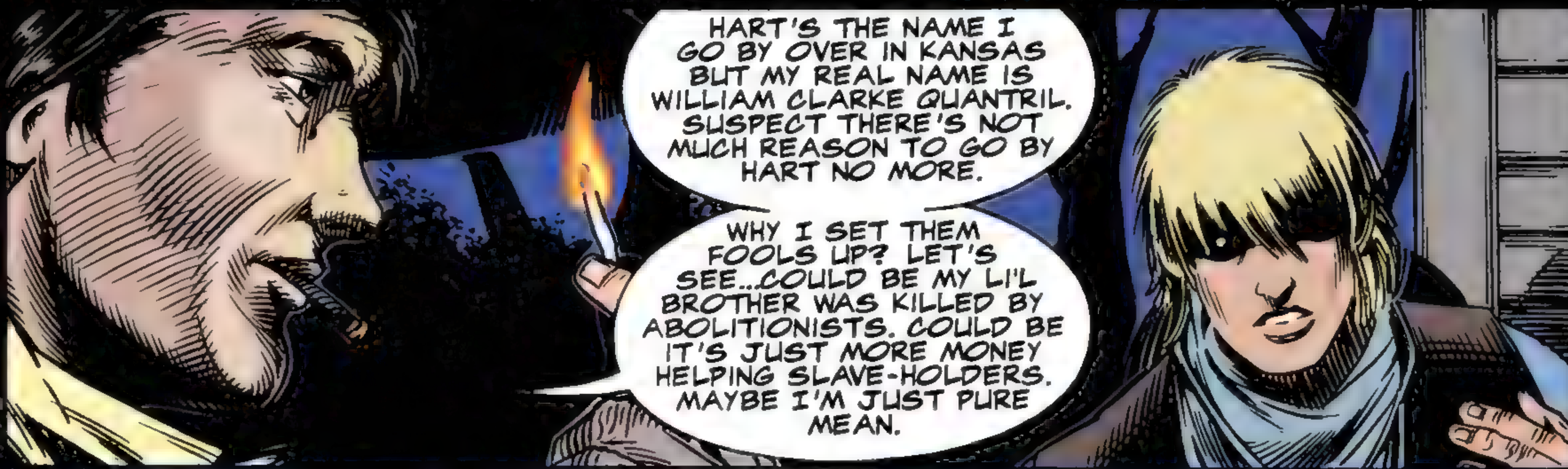
"And the nigra and the abolitionists
alike were just dead."





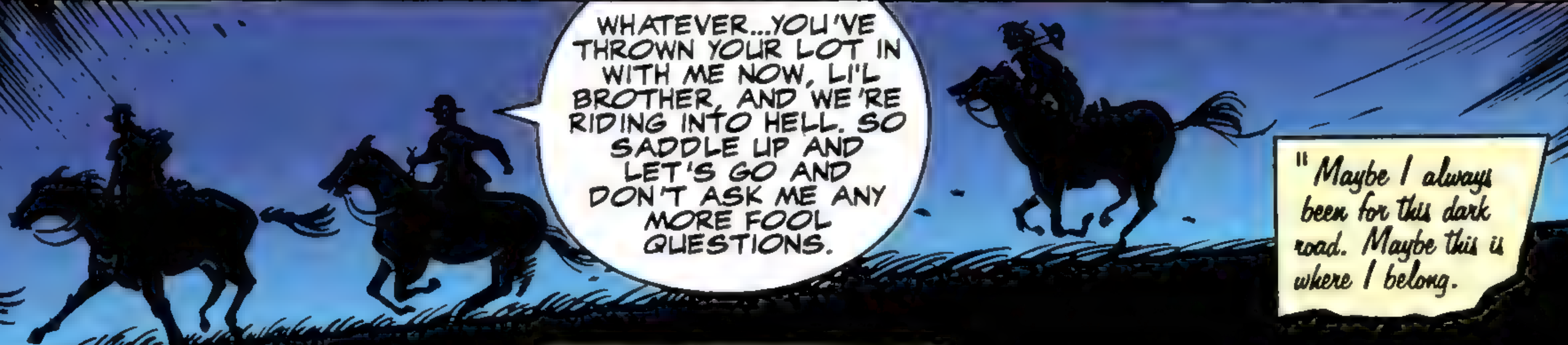
AH WANTA
THANK YEW, MR.
L. AH
GUESS THEY'D
HAVE KILLED US
FOR CERTAIN.

L?!
BUT YOUR NAME IS
CHARLIE HART! AND
WHY YOU JUST GUN
DOWN THEM BOYS
LIKE THAT?!



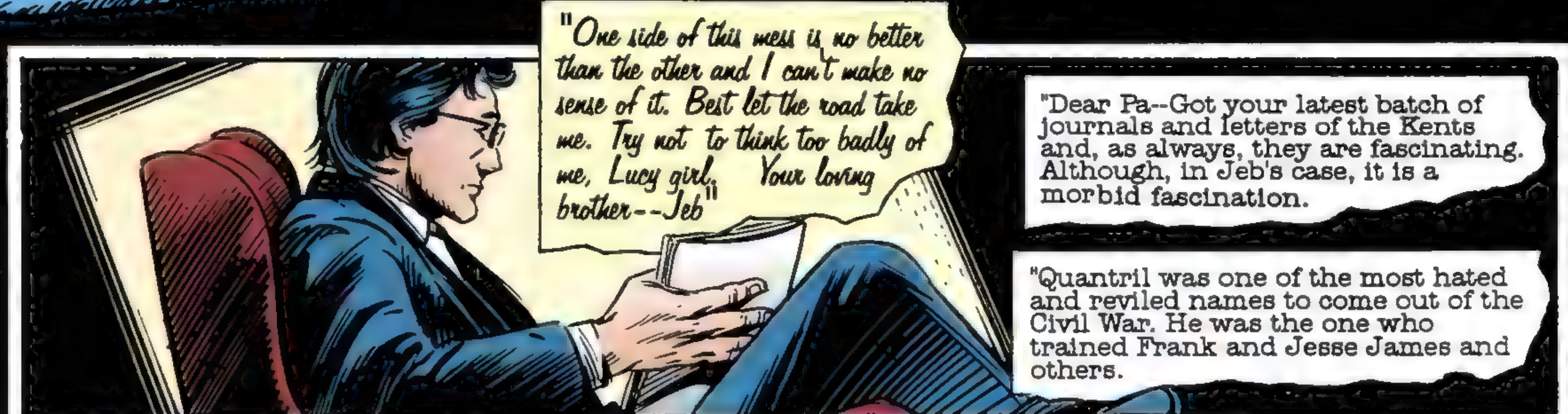
HART'S THE NAME I
GO BY OVER IN KANSAS
BUT MY REAL NAME IS
WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRIL.
SUSPECT THERE'S NOT
MUCH REASON TO GO BY
HART NO MORE.

WHY I SET THEM
FOOLS UP? LET'S
SEE...COULD BE MY LI'L
BROTHER WAS KILLED BY
ABOLITIONISTS. COULD BE
IT'S JUST MORE MONEY
HELPING SLAVE-HOLDERS.
MAYBE I'M JUST PURE
MEAN.



WHATEVER...YOU'VE
THROWN YOUR LOT IN
WITH ME NOW, LI'L
BROTHER, AND WE'RE
RIDING INTO HELL. SO
SADDLE UP AND
LET'S GO AND
DON'T ASK ME ANY
MORE FOOL
QUESTIONS.

"Maybe I always
been for this dark
road. Maybe this is
where I belong."



"One side of this mess is no better
than the other and I can't make no
sense of it. Best let the road take
me. Try not to think too badly of
me, Lucy girl. Your loving
brother--Jeb"

"Dear Pa--Got your latest batch of
journals and letters of the Kents
and, as always, they are fascinating.
Although, in Jeb's case, it is a
morbid fascination."

"Quantril was one of the most hated
and reviled names to come out of the
Civil War. He was the one who
trained Frank and Jesse James and
others."



"Funny. I'm worried for Jeb and he is long
dead. Whatever path he took is long since
over, yet I wish I could take him by his
shirtfront and shake some sense into him.
He seems less bad than misguided."



"Dear Clark--I have just finished
arranging the next packet of letters
and journal entries for you, and you
are right to fear for Jeb."

"It gets worse. Much
worse."

CONTINUED...

"Dear Clark--
I am sending you more of the
letters and journals I found
buried in the strongbox
out back.

"I've noticed large gaps between 1857
and 1860. Either they're missing or
(more likely) my ancestors didn't have
as much time to write. You know how
that can get.

"Now, I'm not wagging my fingers but your
mother would appreciate it if you would call
a little more often. You know how mothers
are. Anyway, I can fill in a little background
for you.

"Robert J. Walker replaced Geary as
territorial governor of Kansas. The
tide of settlers turned in favor of the
free-staters; more than 100,000 of
them arrived in 1857 alone.

"The southerners in control of the
state legislature tried to get a
pro-slavery state constitution
ratified by Congress without
submitting it to the approval
of the Kansas voters.

BLEEDING KANSAS

PART
FOUR

JOHN OSTRANDER : writer
TIM TRUMAN : penciller
MICHAEL BAIR : inks
OAKLEY/N.J.Q. : letters
CARLA FEENY : colors
DIGITAL CHAMELEON :
color separations
PETER TOMASI :
editor and head wrangler

"And President Buchanan, trying to
keep the southerners in the party,
refused to side against them.
Anyway the first letter we have
is from Nate back to his sister,
Belinda."

"Dearest sister--
I have told you, in my previous letter, about
Jeb's words and how they stung--about how I
wish to free the Negro but know none myself.
I have undertaken to remedy this fault."



PA,
LOOK! RIDER
COMIN'!

"There's a colored family
about half way betwixt me and
the Glenowen place. I have
determined to try and make
their acquaintance."

HE A
SLAVE-CATCHER,
YOU THINK,
TOBIAS?

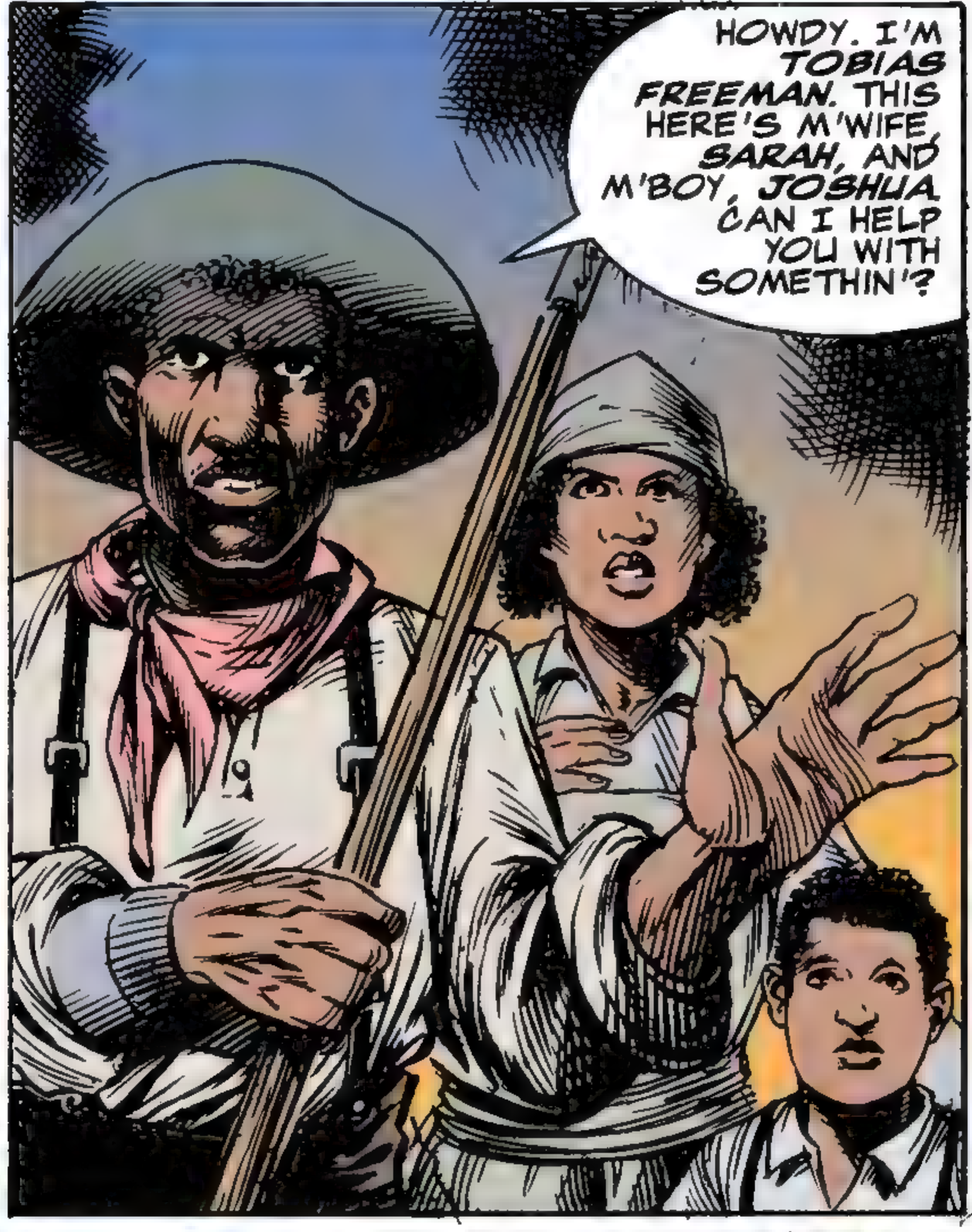
I DOUBT
IT, SARAH;
HE'S ONLY ONE.
'SIDES, I GOT M'
PAPERS T'SHOW WE
ALL FREE, DON'T
GET YO' BACK UP.
NOT YET.

"Truth to tell, I hope they know more
about farming than I. It has been hard
making the farm go. As you know, I
am little experienced in this area."



"I feel guilty
sometimes.
Belinda--not coming
back east to take
care of all of you.
It's just I can't give
up yet on Pa's
dream."

HOWDY.
THE NAME'S
NATHANIEL KENT AND
I'M YOUR NEIGHBOR
DOWN THE ROAD A
PIECE.



HOWDY. I'M
TOBIAS
FREEMAN. THIS
HERE'S M'WIFE,
SARAH, AND
M'BOY, JOSHUA.
CAN I HELP
YOU WITH
SOMETHIN'?



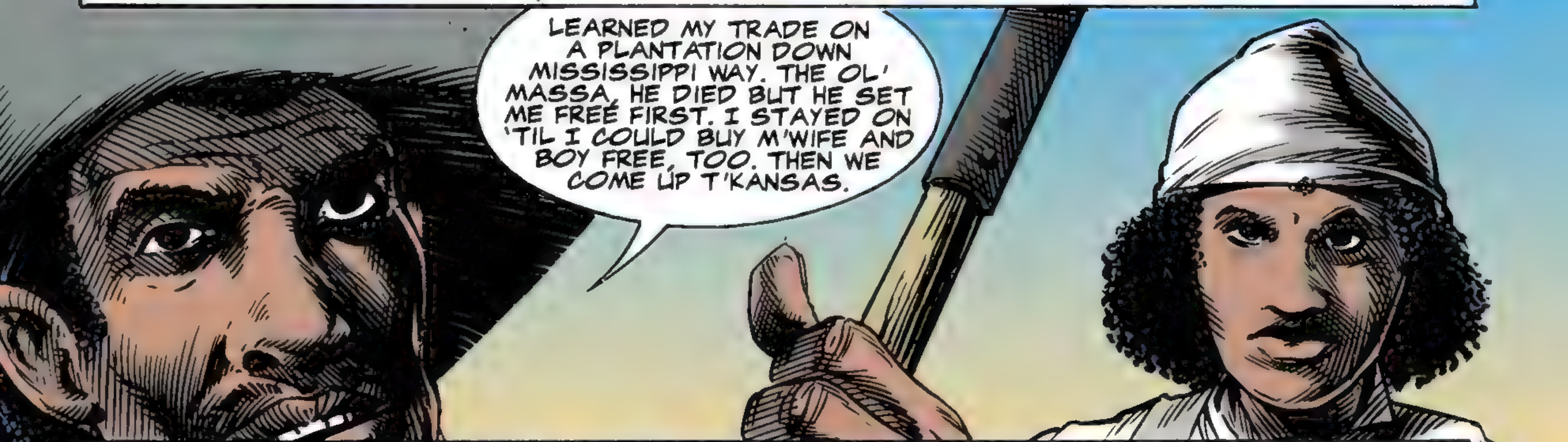
I
SURELY HOPE
SO.



YOU SEEM TO BE RAISING A FAIR MESS OF BEANS AND ALL I SEEM TO BE RAISING IS DUST.

I GOT A FARM BUT I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT FARMING. COULD BE YOU COULD TEACH ME. I'D BE MOST APPRECIATIVE.

WELL, FIRST OFF, YOU AIN'T GONNA LEARN MUCH SETTIN' UP ON THAT HORSE, MISTA KENT. BEST COME DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK.



LEARNED MY TRADE ON A PLANTATION DOWN MISSISSIPPI WAY. THE OL' MASSA, HE DIED BUT HE SET ME FREE FIRST. I STAYED ON 'TIL I COULD BUY M'WIFE AND BOY FREE, TOO. THEN WE COME UP T' KANSAS.

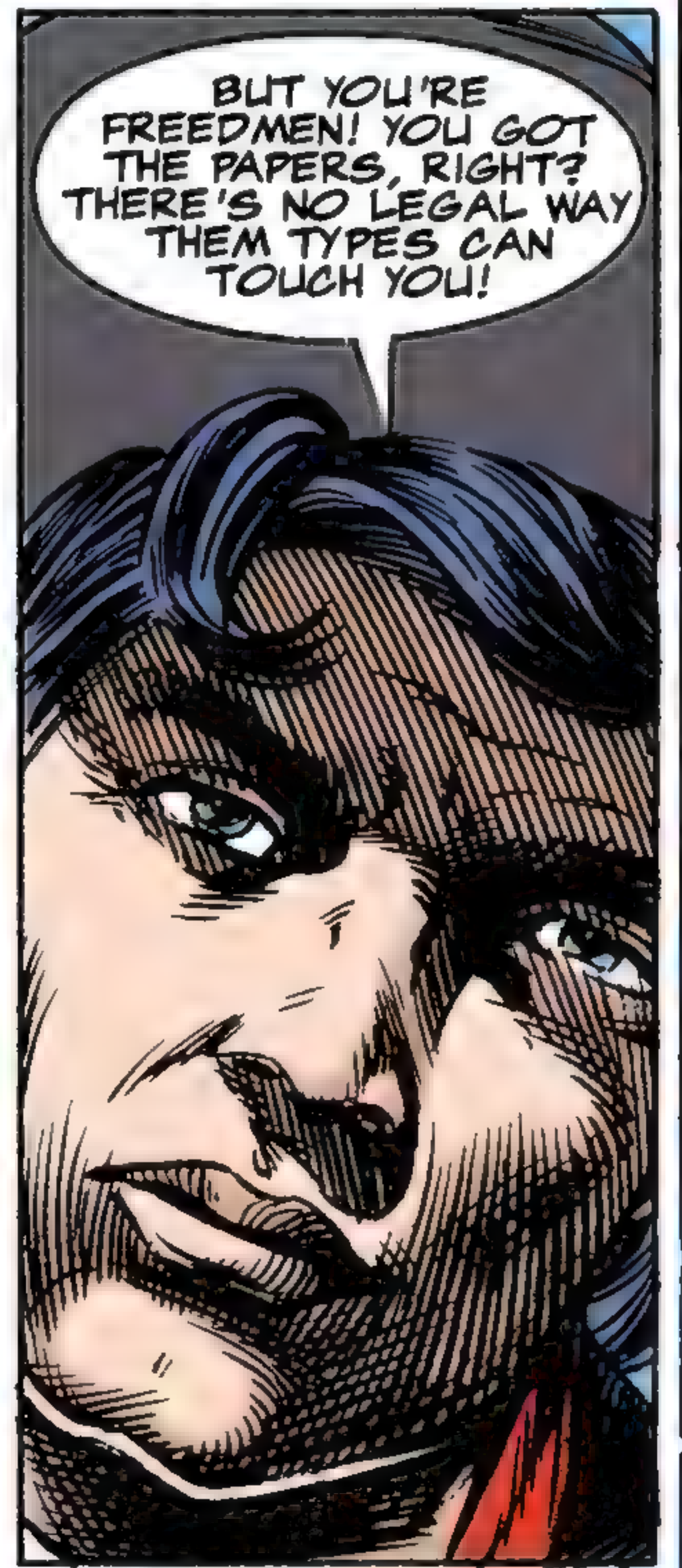


MY PA BROUGHT ME AND MY BROTHER OUT FROM BOSTON, HELP MAKE IT A FREE STATE.

BY THE WAY, YOU BEST JUST CALL ME NATE. WHEN I HEAR "MR. KENT" I START LOOKING FOR MY PA AND HE'S DEAD.



I FIGGERED YOU FOR ONE OF THEM SLAVECATCHERS AN' I STILL AIN'T SO SLURE! I AIN'T NEVER GONNA GO BACK TO SLAVERY AGAIN, YOU HEAR ME?



BUT YOU'RE FREEDMEN! YOU GOT THE PAPERS, RIGHT? THERE'S NO LEGAL WAY THEM TYPES CAN TOUCH YOU!



WHEN THOSE CATCHERS COME AFTER YOU, THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN 'BOUT NO PAPERS! PERSONALLY, I B' LIEVE WE SHOULDA KEPT GOIN' UP TO CANADA BUT TOBIAS, HE'S STUBBORN.

I TELL YOU STRAIGHT UP MISTA KENT--NO WAY I TRUST NO WHITE MAN NO HOW!



HUH! HOW ABOUT YOU, BOY? YOU NOT TRUST WHITE FOLK, EITHER?

DUNNO.



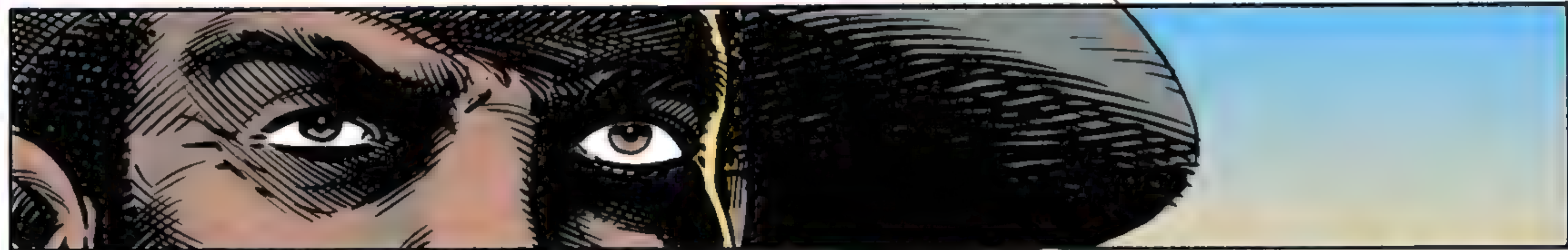
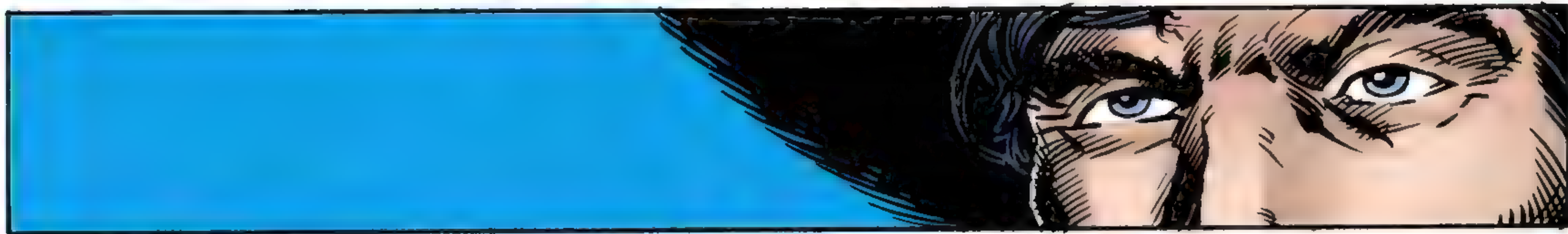
DON'T KNOW ANY.



WELL, TO BE HONEST, I DON'T KNOW ANY COLORED FOLK, EITHER.

I KNOW PLENTY OF FOLKS HERE-ABOUTS WHO ARE ANTI-SLAVERY BUT DON'T LIKE NEGROES. IT'S EASY TO BE AGAINST SOMETHING AND NOT TO BE FOR SOMETHING.

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT JUST FOR A CAUSE; I WANT TO FIGHT FOR PEOPLE. AND THAT'S HARD TO DO IF YOU DON'T KNOW ANY. I WANT TO LEARN. WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I SAY-- "HOWDY, NEIGHBOR."

"I spent most of the day with the Freemans, Belinda, and came away impressed with their strength of character, their intelligence, their good humor and their down-to-earth levelheadedness. They're good folk. More, I think we are going to be friends."

"Write to me soon; perhaps I can bring you all out before too long. Your loving brother, Nathaniel."

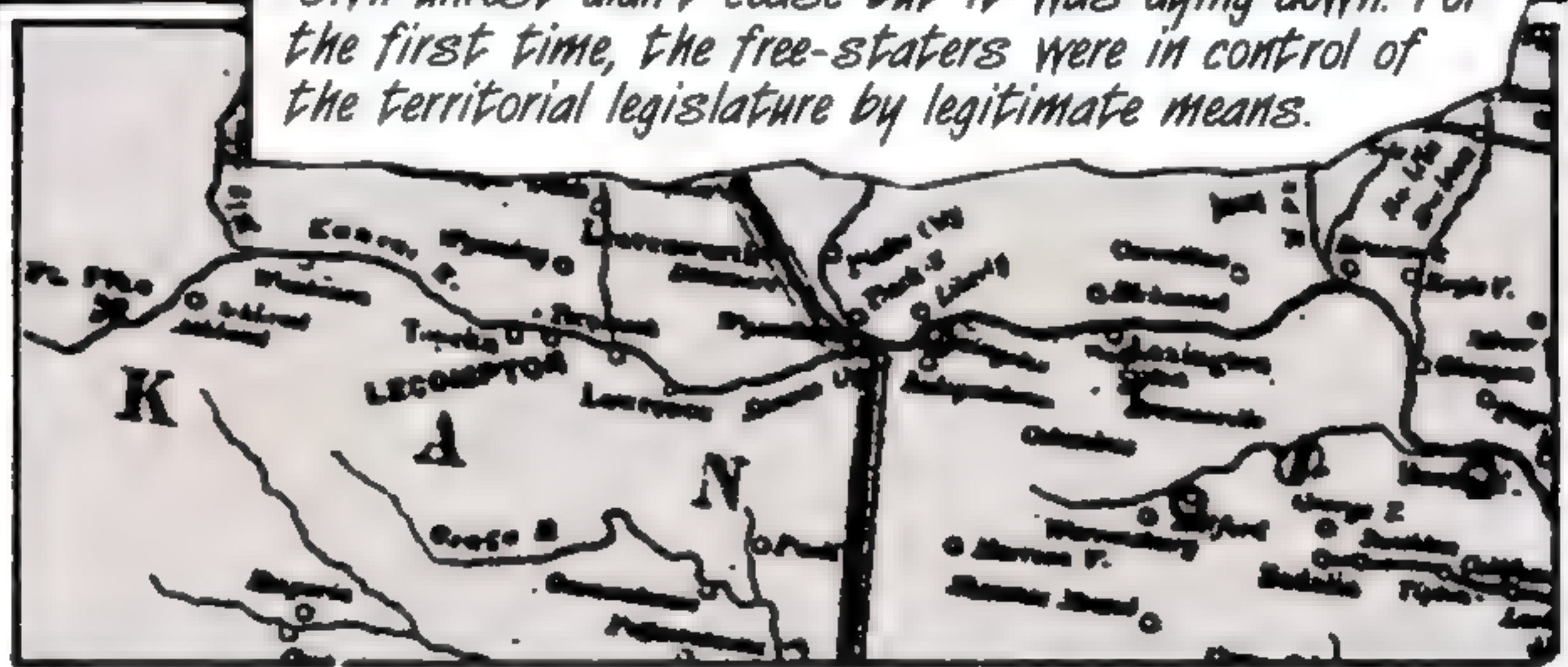


"Clark, the nearest I can figure is that this all happened summer or fall in 1857. Territorial elections were held again. The Missourians didn't cross the border this time but the pro-southern faction took to stuffing ballot boxes.

"Governor Walker had promised to throw out fraudulent returns and was as good as his word. The Southerners were outraged and demanded the election be ratified.

"Sheriff Sam Jones, who we have seen before, was one of the disqualified candidates. He demanded his ratification at gunpoint. Walker not only threw him out but loaded his own 'pepperbox' pistol and went through the dives of LeCompton haranguing the politicians.

"Civil unrest didn't cease but it was dying down. For the first time, the free-staters were in control of the territorial legislature by legitimate means.



"Jim Lane was among the new territorial legislators sworn in. However, President Buchanan was not pleased with Walker and replaced him with James W. Denver.

"What actually started to quiet the territory some in the spring of 1858 was the discovery of gold out around Pike's Peak. More than a few of the most restless troublemakers on both sides lit out to find gold."



"The next letter we have is not from Jeb or Nate but from their sister, Belinda, who had been taking care of the younger Kent siblings back in Boston since the death of their mother."

"Dearest Nathaniel -- I wanted you to know that I have had a proposal of marriage from David Bowes. I don't know as you remember Mr. Bowes; he was father's chief clerk and bought the printing company when you all went west."

"I have decided to accept his proposal, Nathaniel. David is a good man and he has agreed that the younger ones can live with us so we needn't depend on the charity of our uncles anymore."

"Joel William has been accepted into West Point and is going into the army. Owen now is almost 14 and can take over most of Joel William's jobs."

"Lucy has just turned 15 and is turning into a rare beauty but she knows it and is stuck-up, I'm afraid, and not much use around the house. She also likes boys a little too much, if you know what I mean."

"You would scarcely know the twins, Nathaniel--they are almost ten and so tall! Anyway, I know you will be happy for me. I think it is for the best. Love, your sister, Belinda"

"Dearest Belinda--I am very happy for you and your good news. I remember David well; please send him my regards. I fear my own affairs of the heart do not go as well, nor my relationship with Jeb."

"Jeb joined me for another dinner over at the Glenowens the other night."

IF I WERE A YOUNGER MAN--LIKE SOME I COULD NAME SITTING AT THIS TABLE--I'D BE OFF AS WELL TO PIKE'S PEAK AND GET ME A POCKET FULL OF GOLD, SO I WOULD.

DON'T KNOW AS I CREDIT THE REPORTS MYSELF, SIR.

OCH, I DO. T'WAS FALL LEAF BROUGHT THE NEWS, LAD. I'D TRUST HIM FAIR. DID YOU KNOW HE'S MARY'S COUSIN, ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE?

I...I GUESS I KNEW BUT...SORTA FORGOT.

STRANGE. BILL LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE...

"The trouble between me and Jeb started to roll up on the ride home afterwards. He knew how I felt about Mary and seemed determined to ride me hard about it for some reason."

THAT MARY SHE SURE IS PRETTY, EVEN IF SHE IS A HALF-BREED. IF N IT WERE ME? I'D MAKE A PLAY FOR HER, YOU BET YOU!

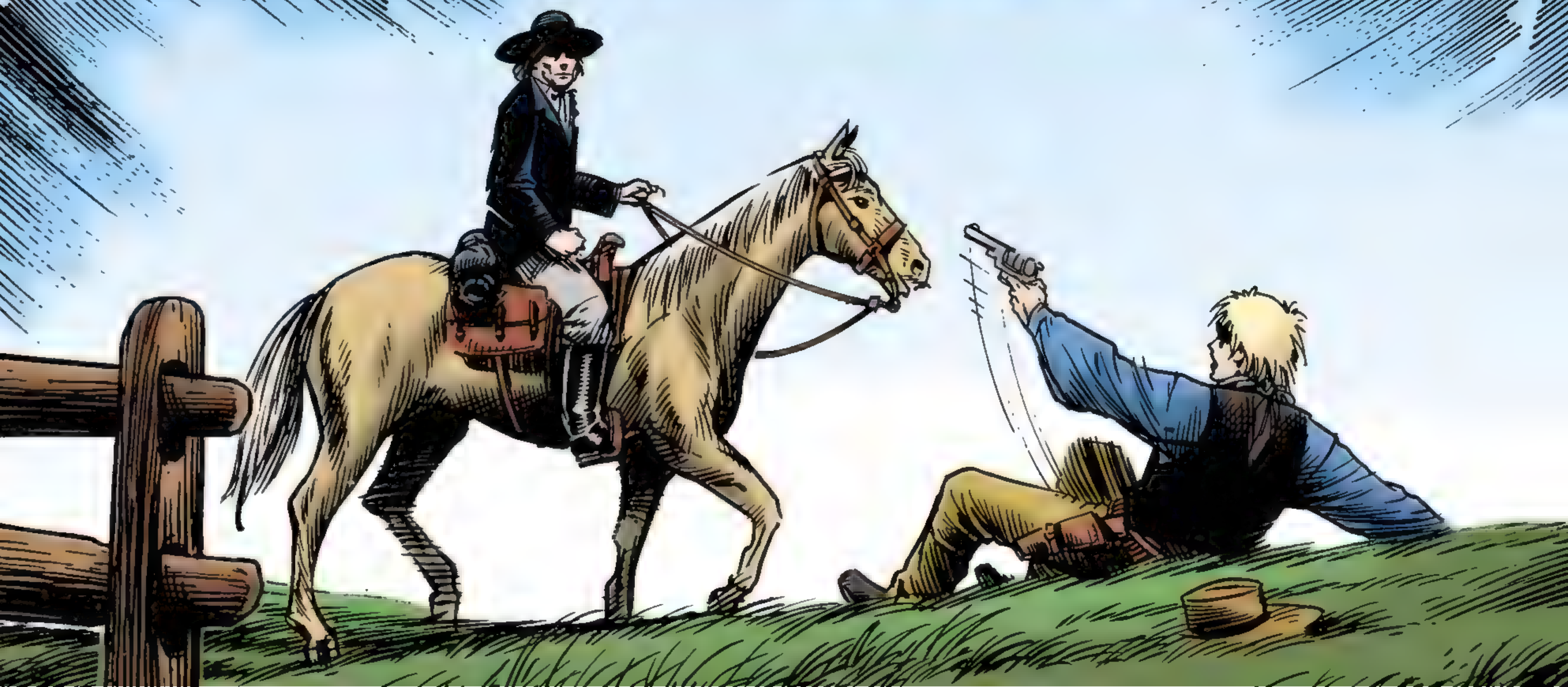
SHE'S BILL'S GIRL AND HE'S MY BEST FRIEND SO IT DON'T WASH. ANYWAY SHE LOVES HIM. WOULDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD TO PUT MY OAR IN.

LET'S JUST DROP IT, JEB.

THEY SAY ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, BIG BROTHER.

I GUESS YOU JUST DON'T HAVE THE CAHONES TO GO UP AGAINST HICKOK IS ALL. NOT EVEN FOR A HALF-BREED GIRL.

WHOK!



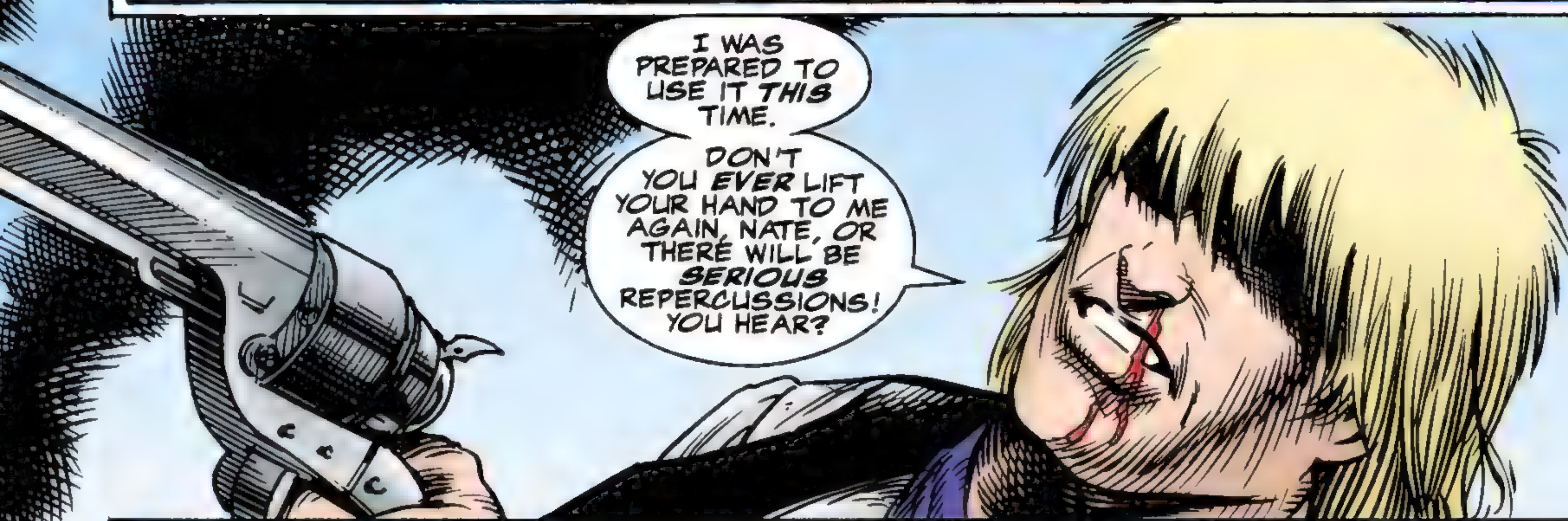


BOY, DON'T
YOU EVER PULL A
GUN ON ME UNLESS
YOU'RE PREPARED
TO USE IT.



I WAS
PREPARED TO
USE IT THIS
TIME.

DON'T
YOU EVER LIFT
YOUR HAND TO ME
AGAIN, NATE, OR
THERE WILL BE
SERIOUS
REPERCUSSIONS!
YOU HEAR?



I
HEAR.

I
ALSO KNOW
THAT I DON'T
LIKE THE
COMPANY YOU
BEEN KEEPING,
JEB. NOW I
KNOW WHY.



"Thing is, Belinda, I don't know
what to do about it. I fear Jeb is
going to get in worse and worse
trouble and there seems nothing I
can do to stop it. Please pray for
us both. Your loving brother,
Nathaniel."



"Dear Sister Lucy-- I ain't writ you in a while and I should but things been strange. Me and Nate is about at war these days mostly cause he's a stuck-up jackass.

"I am involved in things that don't make me proud but I don't know what to do.

"I was riding with Charlie Quantrill and some others including that skunk Luther Reid who I swear I will kill dead one of these days.

"Anyway we rounded up some free state men and drove them into a gulch near the Marais de Cygnes. I dint know what was coming, Lucy, I swear that!"

I KNOW YOU. EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU. YOU THINK ANY OF US ARE GONNA BEG, YOU'RE MISTAKEN.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT, TAKE GOOD AIM.

YOU HEARD THE MAN, BOYS.

I CAN'T... I WON'T... BE A PARTY TO THIS! THIS IS WRONG!

READY... AIM...

BLAM BLAM BAM KPOW BAM BDAM
POW BDAM BLAM BAM KPOW BLAM

FIRE!



PAPER'S BEEN FULL ABOUT THAT MASSACRE OVER T' MARAIS DE CYGNES. TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE DAYS, NATE.

I GOT A FEELING JEB MAY HAVE BEEN PART OF IT, TOBIAS. HE'S BEEN JUMPY AS A CAT SINCE THAT NIGHT AND TAKES OFFENSE WHENEVER I MENTION IT.

TRUTH IS-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIM ANYMORE. HE'S MY BROTHER AND I GUESS I LOVE HIM BUT..

YOU CAN LOVE A PERSON AND NOT LIKE 'EM, NATE. PRETTY MUCH LIKE TH' WHOLE NATION.

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE GONNA SPILL OUT OVER TH' ENTIRE COUNTRY AND SOON--THIS WAR THAT'S COMIN'--YOU CAIN'T STOP IT, NATE. JUST HOPE FOLKS LIKE US CAN RIDE IT OUT.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, TOBIAS.

I JUST CAN'T STOP TRYING IS ALL--WITH THE COUNTRY OR JEB.

I'LL CATCH YOU UP LATER. I'M HEADED OVER TO HICKOK'S. SOMEONE SAID THEY HEARD HE WAS LEAVING!

LATER...

HO, BILL! WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOING ON?! FOLKS SAY YOU'RE HEADED OUT!

YUP. GOT ME A JOB DRIVING WAGONS FOR RUSSEL, MAJORS, AND WADDELL.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR FARM? WHAT ABOUT MARY?!

BROKE IT OFF.

MY BROTHER LORENZO CAME OUT. TALKED TO ME. FAMILY WASN'T HAPPY, MARY BEING A HALF-BREED AND ALL. APPEALED TO MY PRIDE OF RACE. MADE ME SEE SENSE. THAT'S ALL.

BILL HICKOK, YOU'RE A DAMN FOOL!



"From the journal of Nathaniel Kent--June 3, 1858-- I can scarcely put together what my thoughts were as I rode towards Mary Glenowen. A multitude of emotions swept over me.

"I was appalled at Bill and his callousness. She was as much white as Indian. Indeed, how could you tell where one part left off and the other begun?"



"One part of me, I am ashamed to say, was elated. Bill had stepped aside, not knowing my feelings. My way seemed clear. Yet, Mary had loved him so plainly, so deeply. How could I rejoice in what must be terrible sorrow to her?"

"I'm not even sure I knew why I rode to her--only that I must. I had to see her!"



MARY...
MARY, I SAW...
I TALKED WITH BILL...
HE TOLD ME...I
RODE STRAIGHT
OVER...



DID HE
TELL YOU WHY?
DID HE TELL YOU
ABOUT HIS
FAMILY?



HE TOLD
ME.



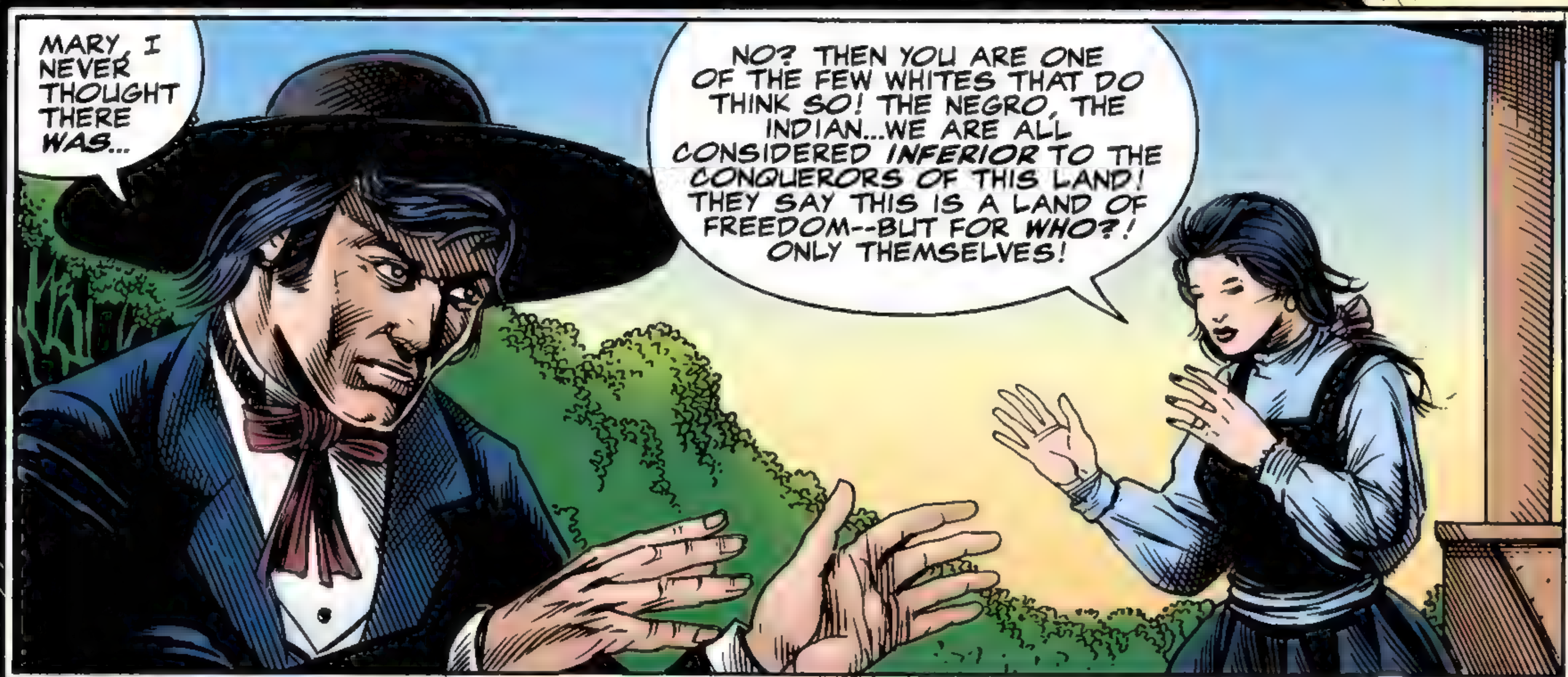
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT,
NATE. THOSE PEOPLE...
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW
ME BUT THEY'VE ALREADY
DECIDED I'M NOT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR THEIR BILL!
AND WHY? BECAUSE
MY MOTHER WAS A
DELAWARE INDIAN!

DAMN
THEM!



MY MOTHER'S
PEOPLE ARE A PROUD,
CIVILIZED PEOPLE!
THEY'RE ONE OF THE
FIVE TRIBES OF THE
ORIGINAL IROQUOIS
CONFEDERACY!

THERE
IS NOTHING
WRONG WITH
MY MOTHER'S
PEOPLE!



MARY, I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WAS...

NO? THEN YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW WHITES THAT DO THINK SO! THE NEGRO, THE INDIAN...WE ARE ALL CONSIDERED INFERIOR TO THE CONQUERORS OF THIS LAND! THEY SAY THIS IS A LAND OF FREEDOM--BUT FOR WHO?! ONLY THEMSELVES!

I WAS BROUGHT UP TO THINK OF MYSELF AS WHITE! TO ACT WHITE, TO DRESS WHITE, TO BE WHITE! AND TO WHAT PURPOSE?

I WAS ONLY FOOLING MYSELF.



THE MAN I LOVED AND WHO I THOUGHT LOVED ME SEES ME AS TAINTED. AND NO WHITE MAN IS EVER GOING TO SEE ME ANY DIFFERENTLY.



I NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD, MARY GLENOWEN.



BILL HICKOK'S A FOOL AND IF IT HAD BEEN ME YOU HAD HONORED WITH YOUR LOVE, I WOULD'VE TAKEN HOLD OF IT AND NEVER LET YOU GO.

OH... NATHANIEL...!





DEAR
FRIEND...I...
I'M SORRY. MY
HEART'S TOO
FULL RIGHT NOW...
I WISH THAT
I...

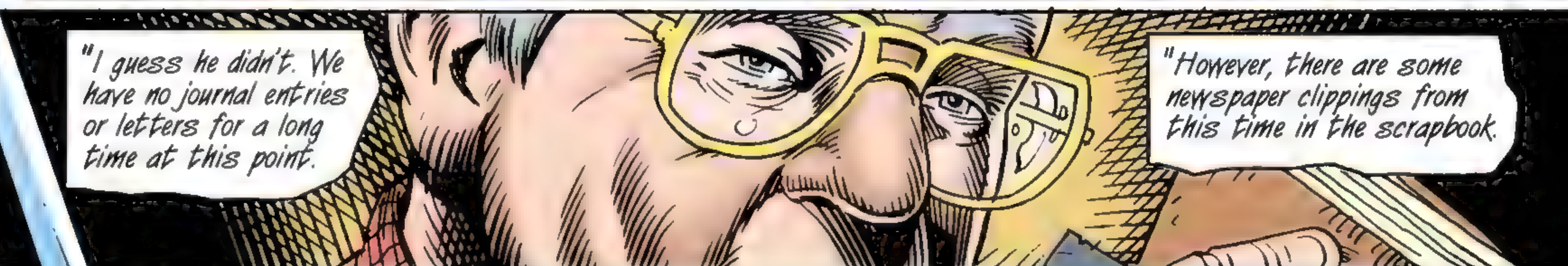


NATE, I'M
SORRY...! I
CAN'T...!



IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT, MARY. IT WAS
THE WRONG TIME TO
SPEAK UP. I'M AFRAID
I'M NOT BEING A VERY
GOOD FRIEND TO
YOU.

YOU NEED
ME, I'LL BE THERE.
AND I WON'T SAY
ANOTHER WORD.



"I guess he didn't. We
have no journal entries
or letters for a long
time at this point.

"However, there are some
newspaper clippings from
this time in the scrapbook.



"John Brown was much in the news at
this time, raiding into Missouri and
returning with slaves he had stolen off
from farms. He attained such notoriety
that he grew a beard to disguise himself.

"It's amazing when you think
that the image we know old John
Brown best by is with his Old
Testament beard. Then at one
point, he just disappears and
no one at the time knew where he
and his sons went off to."



"There is an article on the Missourians, who, in retaliation seized a wagon full of blacks driven by one Dr. John Doy. They claimed it was an 'underground railroad train'."

"The blacks were sent back to Missouri to be sold, and Dr. Doy and the other whites with him were arrested and sent to Missouri to stand trial. Could Jeb have been a part of this?"

"Another article was about Doy's daring rescue by some hard-riding Kansas men. Nate isn't mentioned by name but my instincts say he was there."



"Jim Lane and Charles Robinson put aside their political differences long enough to form a branch of the Republican Party in Kansas"

"On October 16, 1859, John Brown and his sons re-emerged--in Harper's Ferry, Virginia where they seized the arsenal and tried to incite the slave population to revolt."

"The operation was a fiasco and Brown was captured and later hanged for treason, achieving with his death far more than he ever did with his life."



"September 3, 1860--Kansas.
Dear Belinda, I was glad
of your recent letter. It sounds
as if married life suits you
well. Things here are not so
good.



"We're in the middle of a
terrible drought. Not a drop
of rain has fallen since last
year.

"There wasn't even any snow
last winter.



"The rivers have
all dried up and
are little more
than mudholes.



"If it were not for the kindness and
financial support some of us have gotten
from back East, I suspect we'd have all
dried up and blown off like dust. As it is,
many have moved back or further west.



"This week a plague of grasshoppers
have descended and eaten what little
crops I managed to raise.

"They were like some great
cloud, filling the sky as far
as I could see. At first I
thought it might be rain.
Some joke, huh?



"Jeb is hardly ever around but
I cannot say as I blame him.
I'd quit too, if I had any
sense.

"But this is where our folks are
buried. I cannot walk away.



"I have come to rely on Tobias Freeman's help and advice a great deal. We are at each other's farms almost the whole livelong day, helping each other.

"Tobias is a deep source of wisdom and, in many ways, reminds me of Pa. He says the South will split the Democratic ticket in the upcoming election and Mr. Lincoln will be elected. He is also certain that, if that happens, the South will secede.

"Sarah has finally come to accept me. Little Josh and me have become real close. As I told you, I've been teaching him his letters and you never saw anyone take to learning like Joshua.

"He's already gone through those books you sent out so if you have any others they would be appreciated. Even Tobias is starting to make noises about learning to read! Please remember me in your prayers as I remember you in mine. Your loving brother, Nathaniel."

"P.S. I have not seen Jeb in the past three weeks and, as of this writing, have no idea what he is doing. Has he written to Lucy?"

TOBIAS?
RIDERS
COMIN'...

NIGRA!

LOOK
AT HIM, BOYS.
STANDIN' THERE, HOE'IN
TH' GROUND, FREE AS
A JAYBIRD.

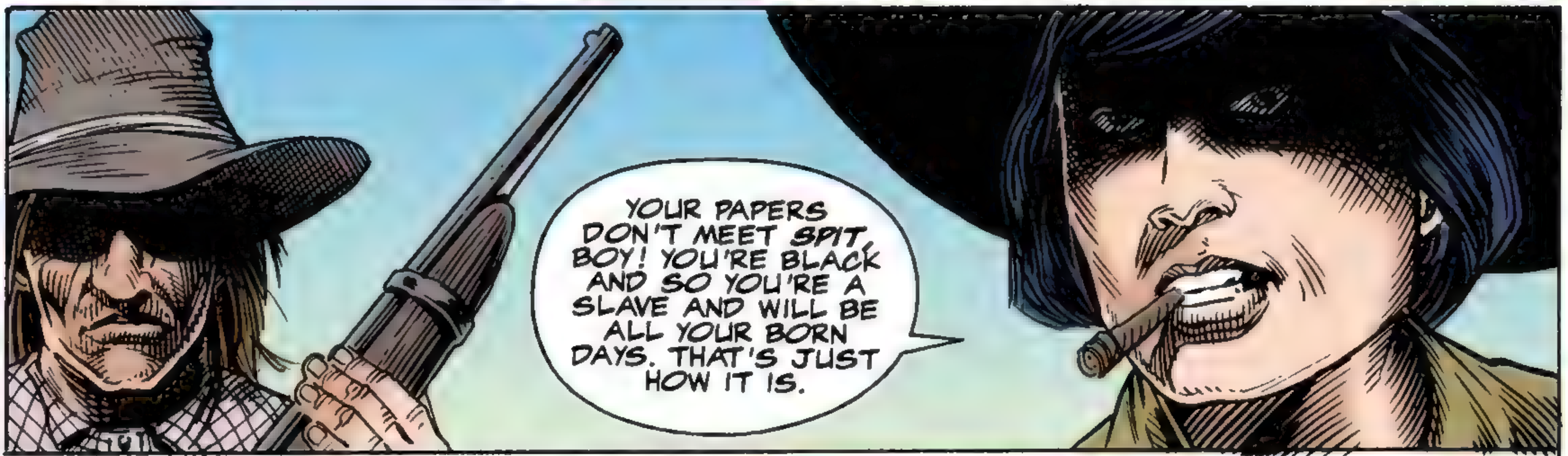
YASSAH.
THAT'S WHAT
I AM--
FREE.

NO
YOU ARE
NOT, BOY.

YOU ARE AN
ESCAPED SLAVE,
AND YOU AND THAT
WOMAN ARE GOIN'
BACK TO
MISSOURI AND GET
SOLD OR MY NAME
AIN'T WILLIAM
CLARKE
QUANTRILL.



NOSSUH. I
AIN'T NO SLAVE AND
I AIN'T NO RUNAWAY. I'M
A FREED MAN AND I GOT
THE PAPERS T' PROVE IT.
ME AND MY WHOLE
FAMILY ARE FREE!



YOUR PAPERS
DON'T MEET SPIT
BOY! YOU'RE BLACK
AND SO YOU'RE A
SLAVE AND WILL BE
ALL YOUR BORN
DAYS. THAT'S JUST
HOW IT IS.



JOSH, WHEN
I STEP OUT THE
FRONT DOOR I WANT
YOU TO STEP OUT THE
BACK AND HIDE IN THE
TALL GRASS OR
SCRUB. YOU HEAR?
NOW-- GO!

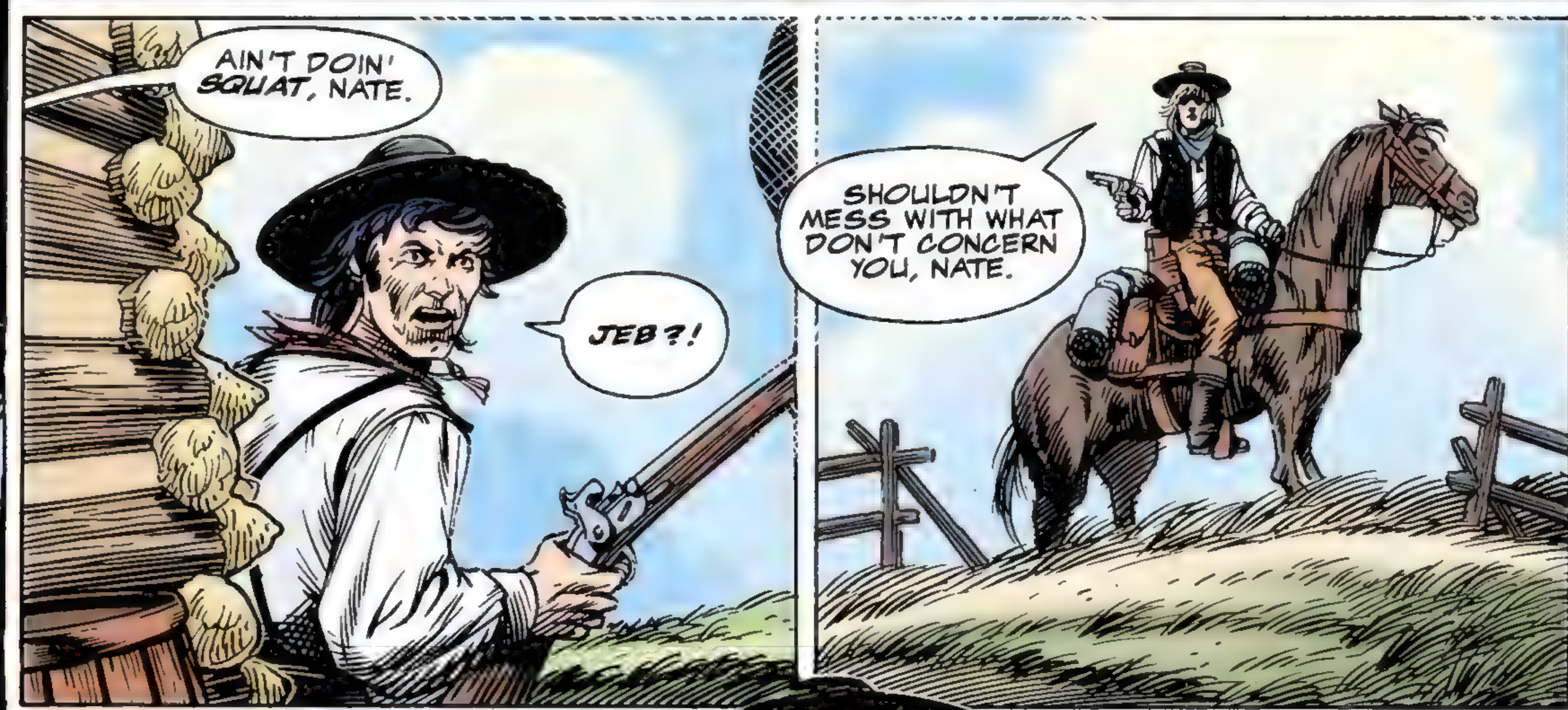


OFF THE HORSE
QUANTRILL! THE
REST OF YOU--RIDE
OFF OR I WILL BLOW
QUANTRILL'S HEAD
RIGHT OFF!



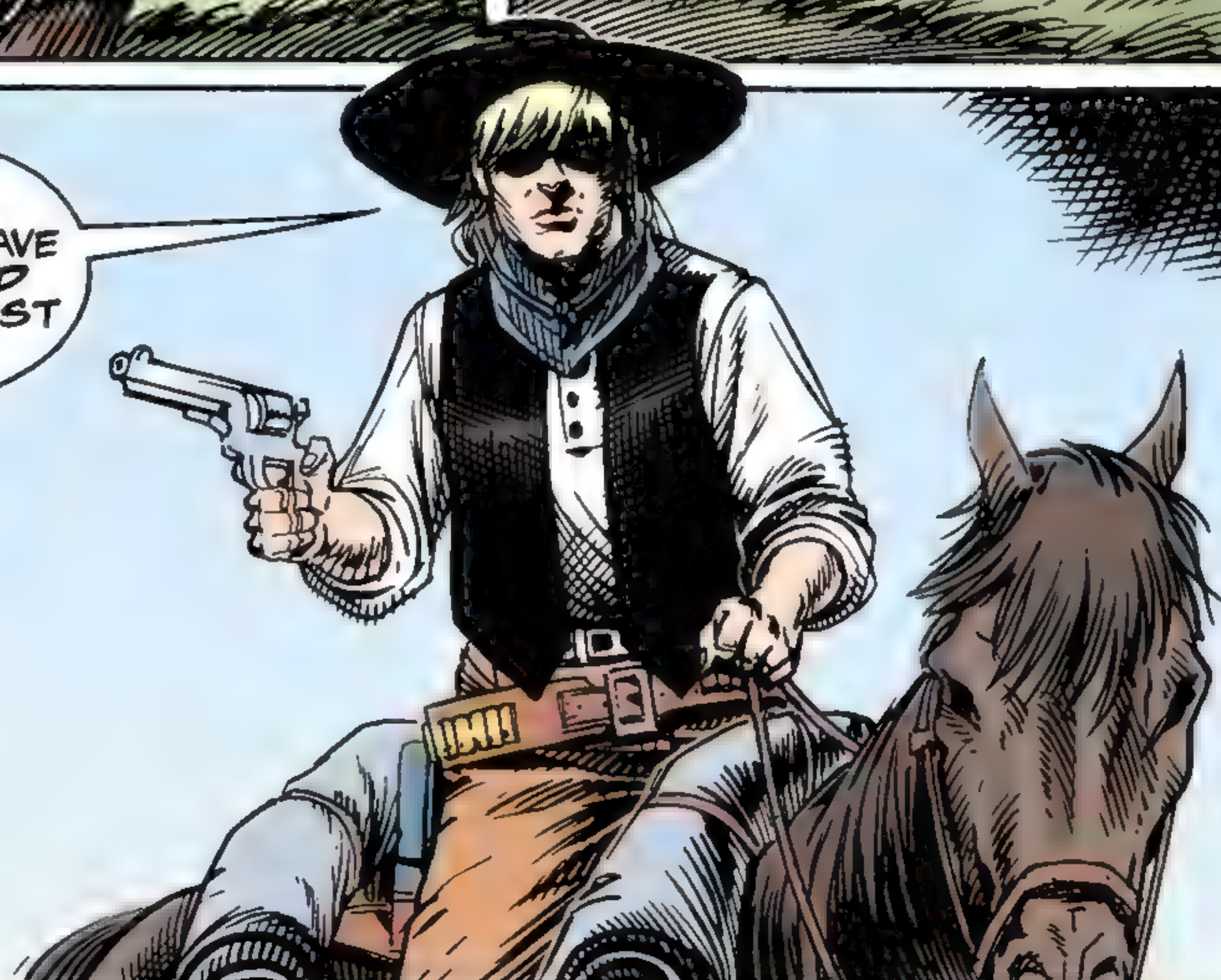
I'M TURNING YOU
OVER TO THE LOCAL
AUTHORITIES,
QUANTRILL. I AM SURE
THIS IS NOT THE FIRST
TIME YOU'VE PLAYED
THIS GAME.

GET OFF
YOUR HORSE OR
I WILL SURELY
PUT YOU IN
YOUR GRAVE.



YOU ALL
SET TO KILL A
WHITE MAN TO SAVE
SOME COLORED
FOLK? THAT'S JUST
WRONG, NATE.

WALK
AWAY. YOU'RE
MAKIN' ME
ASHAMED.



I'M ALREADY ASHAMED, JEB.
YOU'RE SPITTING ON
EVERYTHING OUR PA HELD
SACRED. AND IF YOU THINK I'M
WALKING AWAY, YOU DON'T
KNOW ME VERY WELL.

STEP OFF THAT
HORSE, QUANTRILL.
LAST TIME I'M TELLING
YOU. NEXT TIME, I'LL
JUST SHOOT YOU
OFF. GET DOWN
NOW.





NATE?

NATE, IT'S MARY. CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU AWAKE?

M-MARY? H-HOW...?

NATE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, MISS MARY?

I THINK SO, JOSHUA. I HOPE SO.

JOSHUA CAME AND GOT ME AND FATHER, NATHANIEL. AFTER THE ATTACK, WE BROUGHT YOU BACK HERE. IT'S BEEN THE BETTER PART OF A WEEK...

...TOBIAS... SARAH... ARE THEY...?

THEY... THEY WERE TAKEN OFF, NATHANIEL.

THE HOUSE WAS BURNT. I'M SORRY.

JOSHUA IS STAYING WITH US WHILE YOU RECOVER.

YOU SLEEP NOW, NATE. GET WELL. JOSHUA AND I WILL WATCH OVER YOU...

From the journal of Mary Glenowen--October 16, 1860-- "It is amazing how little I have known my friend Nathaniel Kent. The fever and delirium that has accompanied his terrible wounds has laid bare his soul as well.

"He calls out to his father and mother, both dead, and to his sister. The bullets his brother has put into him have wounded his soul as well as ravaged his body.

"Another man might have died but Nathaniel has an iron will that drives him on and slowly brings him back to us. His natural kindness and decency seem to war, however, with his sense of outrage and anger. Injustice is as a personal offense to him.



"The boy, Joshua, rarely leaves his room. I have rarely seen such loyalty or devotion in a human being of any race or either sex. In an odd way I see something of Nathaniel in him. In an odder way, I see something of myself in Joshua as well. He is an outcast as I am. Father does not entirely approve but I have assured Joshua he will always have a place to stay with us.



"October 23, 1860 -- Nathaniel has begun to wake up more and more and take notice of things around him. He has focused in on the Indian blanket I have covered him with."



THOUGHT I KNEW...A LOT OF THE SYMBOLS...BUT THIS ONE...GOT ME BEAT.

IROQUOIS SIGN. THE FIVE LINES REPRESENT EACH OF THE FIVE TRIBES IN THE CONFEDERACY; MY MOTHER'S PEOPLE, IS ONE OF THEM.

THE SYMBOL INSIDE IS A SNAKE--ONE OF THE MEDICINE ANIMALS. IT REPRESENTS HEALING AND MAKING WHOLE.



DEGANAWIDAH, THE LAWGIVER AND PROPHET WHO HELPED FORGE THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERACY, SPOKE OF A GREAT HERO TO COME FROM THE SKY WHO WOULD UNITE EAST AND WEST INTO ONE NATION.

I BELIEVE THIS WAS TO BE HIS SIGN.



I GUESS WE'RE STILL WAITING.

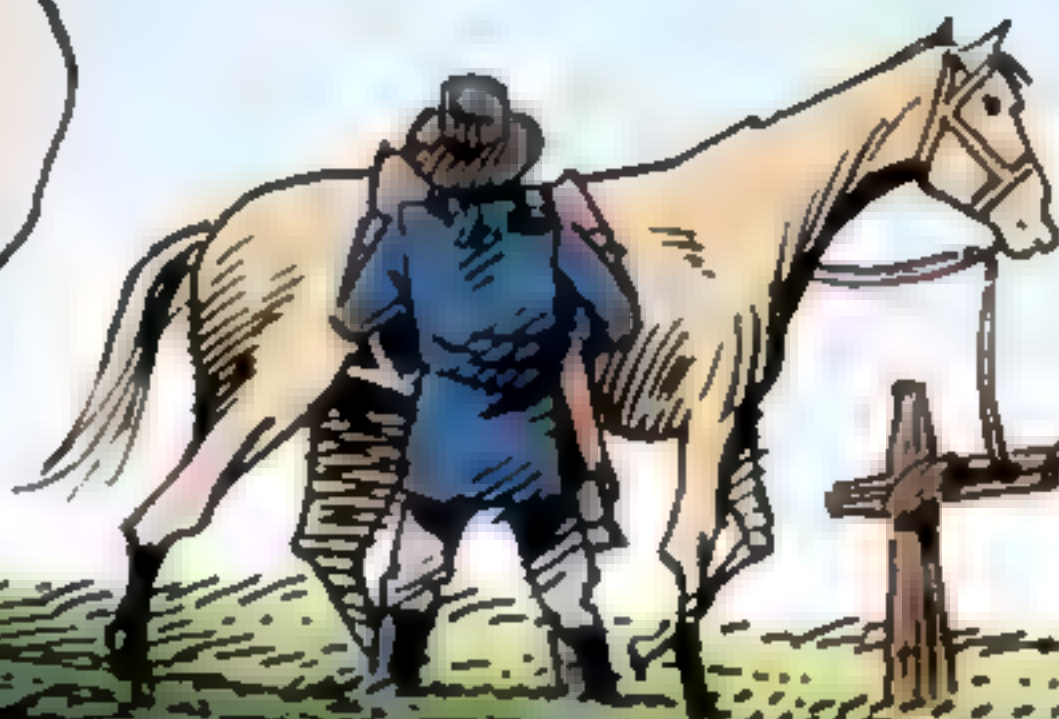
ANYWAY, FALL LEAF SAYS THIS IS A POWERFUL HEALING BLANKET AND THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED RIGHT NOW--REST AND HEALING.

YOU HAVE TO GET WELL, NATE! I...JOSHUA WOULD TAKE IT VERY BADLY IF YOU DIDN'T GET WELL.

WELL, I CAN'T DISAPPOINT JOSHUA, NOW CAN I?

'SIDES, HOW CAN I NOT GET BETTER WHEN I GOT AN ANGEL WATCHING OVER ME?

From the diary of Mary Glenowen--"December 13, 1860-- Nathaniel is much improved to the point where he insists on saddling his horse and riding out today!"



WHERE DO YOU INTEND TO GO, NATE? WHAT IS IT YOU NEED TO DO?

I'M GOING TO FIND SARAH AND TOBIAS AND FREE THEM. I'M ALSO GOING TO FIND JEB.

AND WHEN YOU'VE FOUND YOUR BROTHER? WHAT THEN?

NATE, YOU ONCE TRIED TO TELL ME HOW YOU FELT ABOUT ME. IN THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I'VE LOOKED INTO YOUR SOUL, AND IT HAS STIRRED MY HEART. WHAT IF I ASKED YOU NOT TO DO THIS?

ONCE THAT WOULD'VE MEANT THE WORLD TO ME, MARY. BUT THE WORLD HAS CHANGED AND SO HAVE I.

I'M GOING TO PUT SOME BULLETS INTO HIM LIKE HE DID TO ME.

PLEASE DON'T ASK ME. MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE AND HATE AND RIGHT NOW I MUST FIND JEB OR I WILL NEVER KNOW PEACE.



THEN...PLEASE
TAKE THIS WITH
YOU. MY GIFT.

WHAT IS
IT, MARY?



THE
IROQUOIS HEALING
BLANKET. I THINK
YOU STILL NEED
IT.



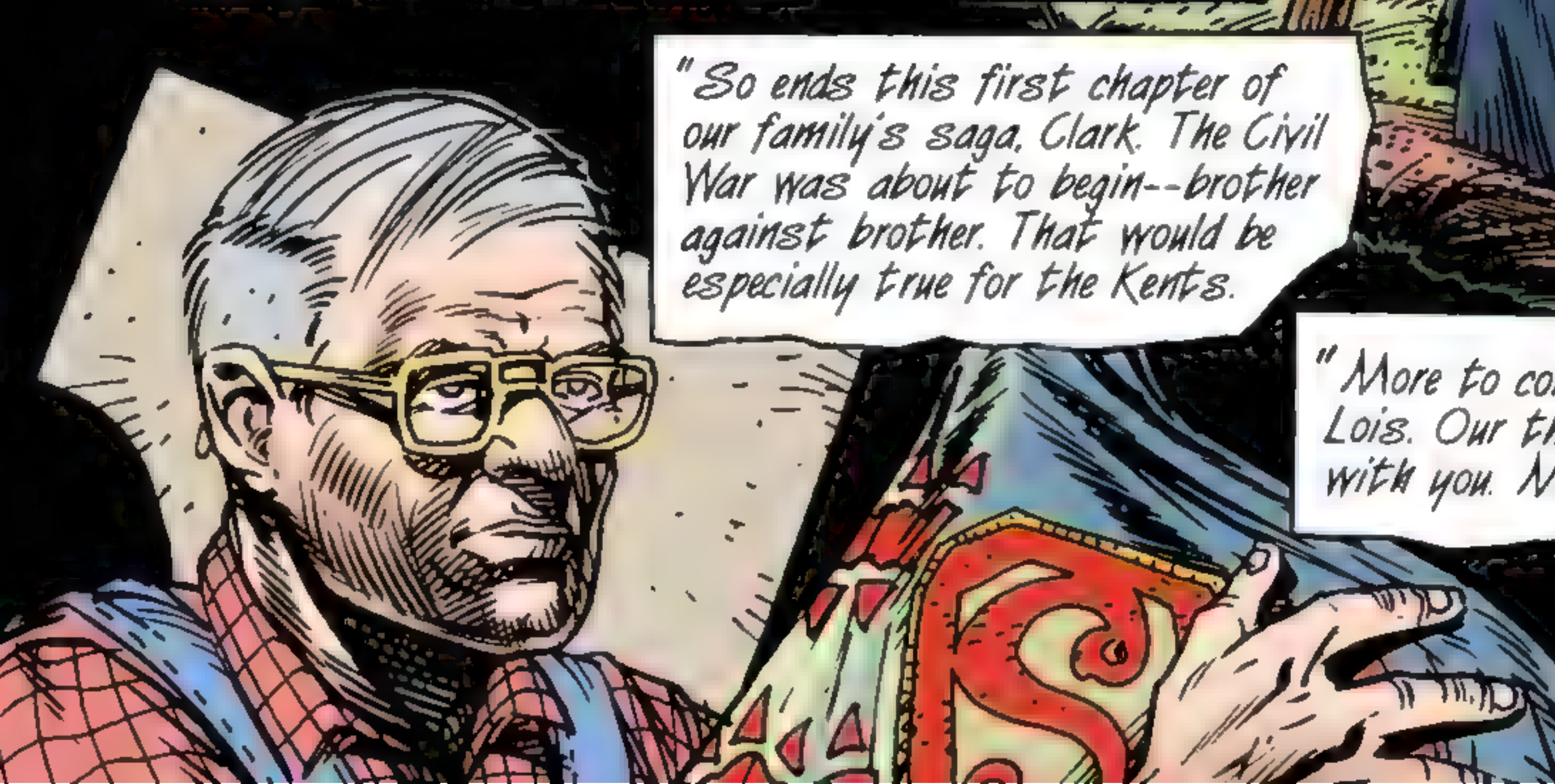
BUT I
AM HEALED,
MARY.



NOT COMPLETELY.
WHEN LOVE IS
GREATER IN YOUR
HEART THAN HATE,
THEN YOU WILL BE
HEALED.

From the diary of Mary Glenowen-- "Nate was correct in one aspect; the world truly has changed. Mr. Lincoln is president-elect and the South stands ready to secede. Kansas is about to become a free state at last, yet our violence seems ready to engulf the nation."

"We are broken as a people and we are all in need of healing. Most of all, what we now need is heroes."



"So ends this first chapter of our family's saga, Clark. The Civil War was about to begin--brother against brother. That would be especially true for the Kents."

"More to come soon. Our love to Lois. Our thoughts are always with you. Much love--Pa."

**Next:
BROTHER VERSUS
BROTHER!**

BROTHER VERSUS BROTHER

PART 1

"Deer Sister Lucy--

"Well I have done it. I have set the mark of Cain upon my brow and I fear there is no forgiveness for me anywhere. I doubt you yourself will be able to forgive me, still I must tell you.

"Our brother Nathaniel is dead and it were at my hand though I swear to you and to God not by my wish.

"Me and Bill Quantrill and some others was grabbing some nigras and selling 'em back in Missouri as runaways. Nobody got hurt and it put some money in our pockets.

"I thought it would be a good laugh on Nate seeing as he liked to spend so much time with them rather than his own brother. I dint know he would be among them that night I swear!"

"The boys asked me if I knew any likely nigras to grab and I remembered the ones Nate been spending so much time with so I mentioned them.

JOHN OSTRANDER
writer

TIM TRUMAN
penciller

MICHAEL BAIR
inks

OAKLEY/N.J.Q.
letters

CARLA FEENY
colors

DIGITAL CHAMELEON - color separations PETER TOMASI - editor and head wrangler



"Lucy, Nate pulled a gun on us, on his own kind! He was going to shoot Bill Quantrill! He was going to shoot white men to save some damned nigras!"



"I warned him! I tole him not to do it but he just turned his back on me like I was nothing! He said terrible spiteful things to me!"

"I was so mad I wasn't much thinking. Next thing I knowed Nate was lying in the dust and I had put some bullets into him."



"You must believe me when I tell you I meant no harm to Nate! I just wanted him to stop is all! He shoudn't have made me so damn mad!"

GOOD LORD! NATHANIEL!

GIT INSIDE, SARAH! BAR THE DOOR! I'LL DEAL WITH THESE SCUM OUT HERE!



AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT GOIN' SOUTH, DARKIE! PUT A ROPE 'ROUND HIM, LUTHER REID.

"Bill Quantrill is the best friend I have ever had and he been more of a brother to me than Nathaniel! He ain't never put me down the way Nate did. Was I to let Nate kill him? Over some nigras?"

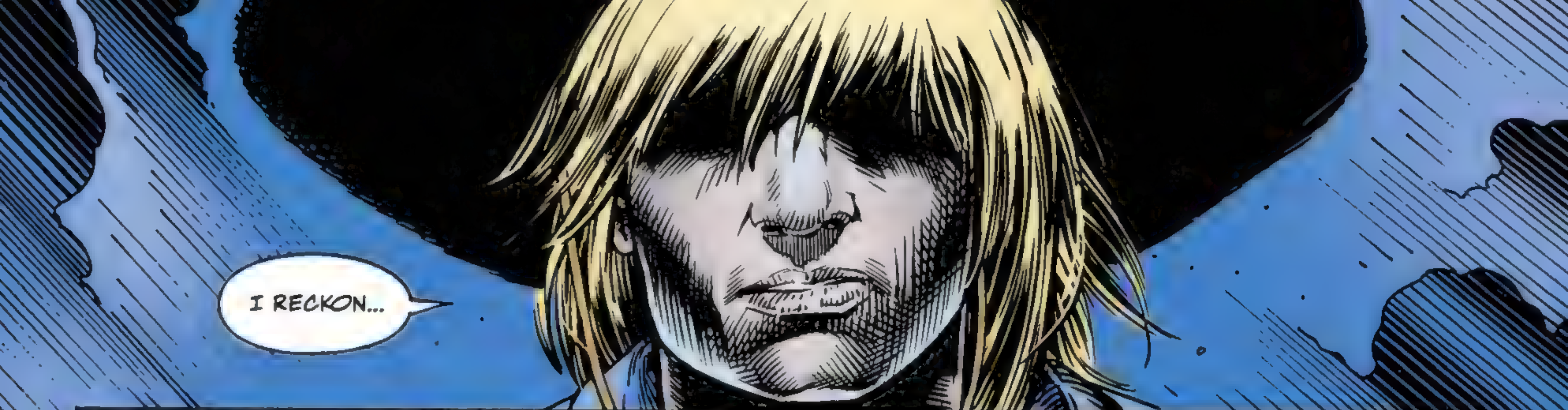


TOBIAS! TOBIAS!

ONE OF YOU GRAB TH' WOMAN. A DRAG AROUND THE YARD WILL TAKE SOME FIGHT OUTTA THIS ONE!







I RECKON...



"Now I know I shouldn't have rode off like that. I should have seen to Nate's body. I know that. I weren't thinking right. I weren't thinking at all."



"Truth is--maybe I was a little scared what folks would do if I was caught."



MISTER NATHANIEL?... NATHANIEL?



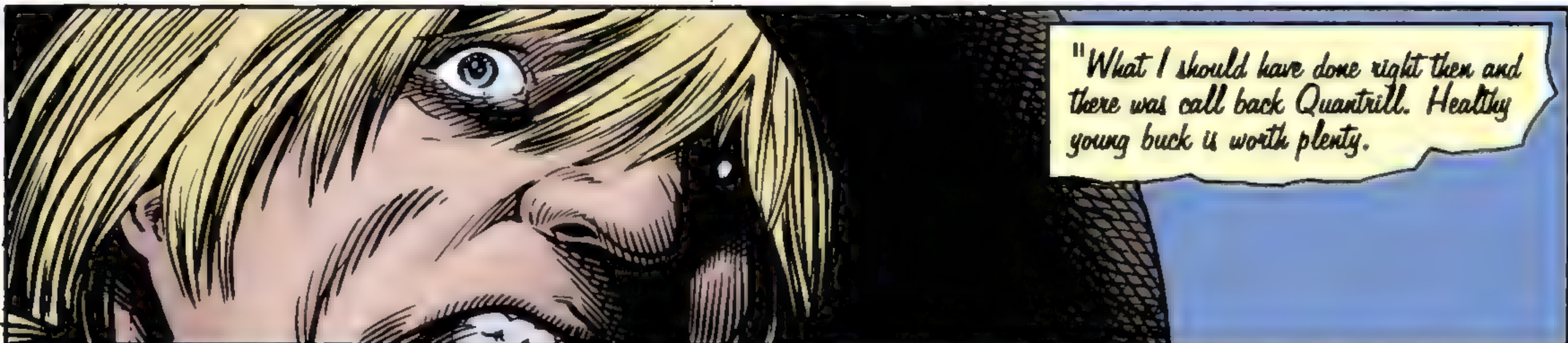
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MISTER NATHANIEL! I'LL GITCHA SOME HELP! YOU LIE STILL!



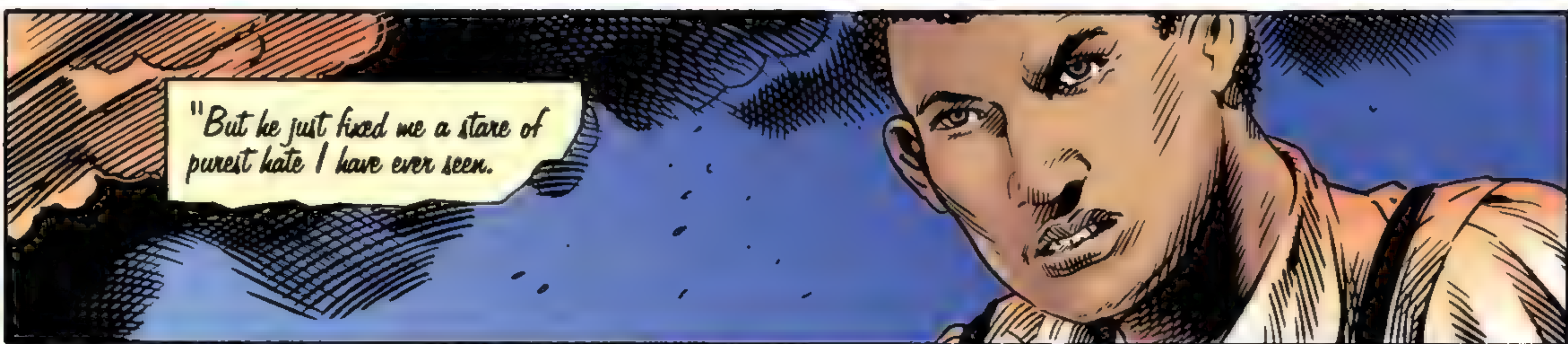
"I ain't quite sure what it was made me look back. A sound maybe."



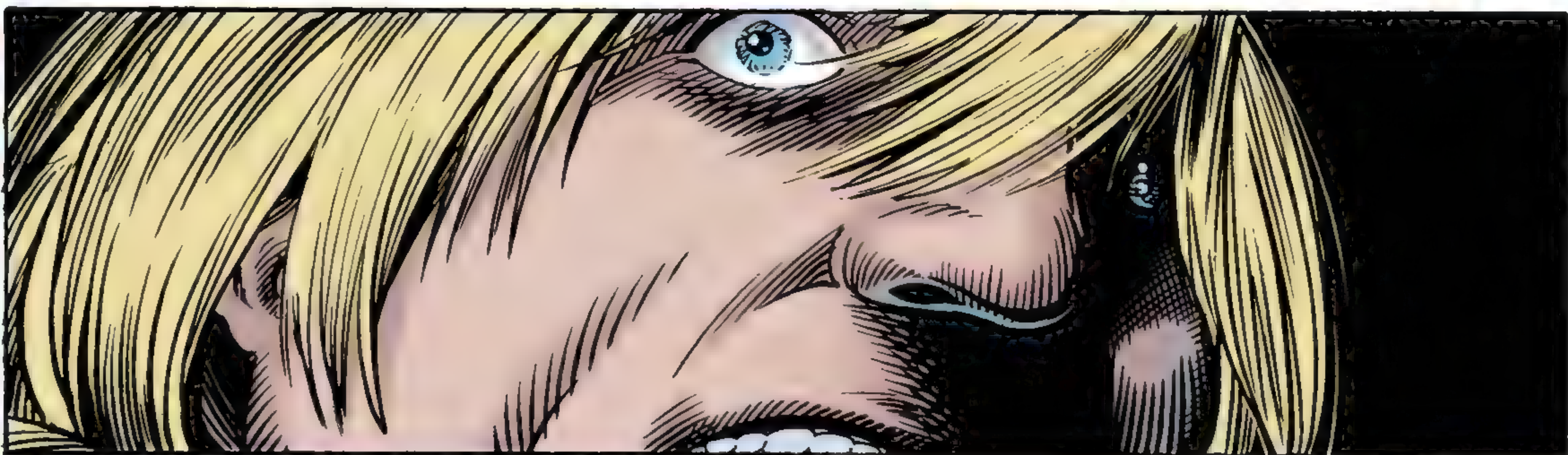
"But there was that little black kid come out of hiding and kneeling over Nate.



"What I should have done right then and there was call back Quantrill. Healthy young buck is worth plenty.



"But he just fixed me a stare of purest hate I have ever seen.

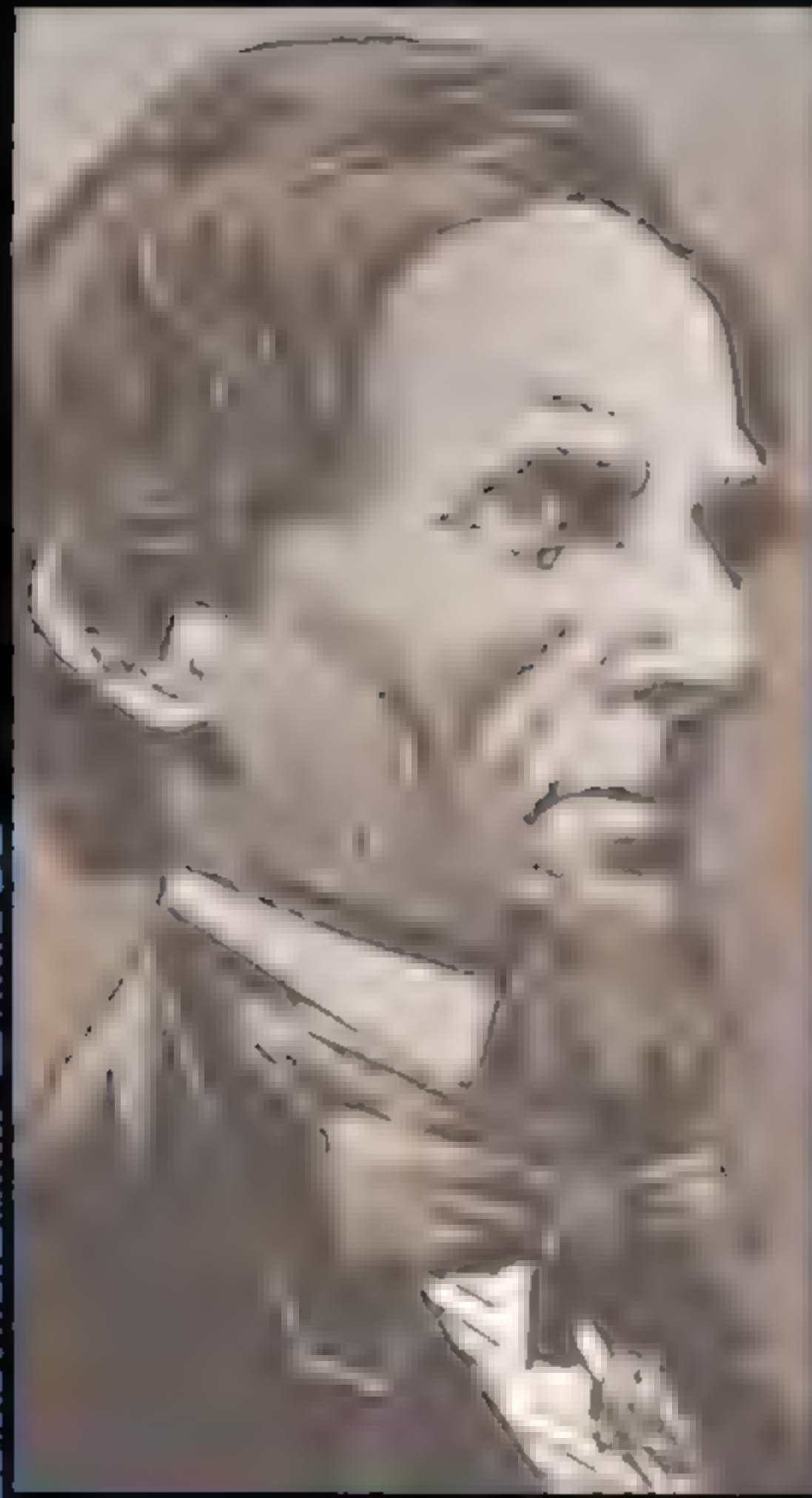


"I said nothing. I rode on. Maybe the boy would get folks to tend to Nate's body the way I couldn't.

"Anyway that is what happened and I that you should hear it from me direct and not some stranger. I wish to God I could undo what I have done but I cant so there it is.

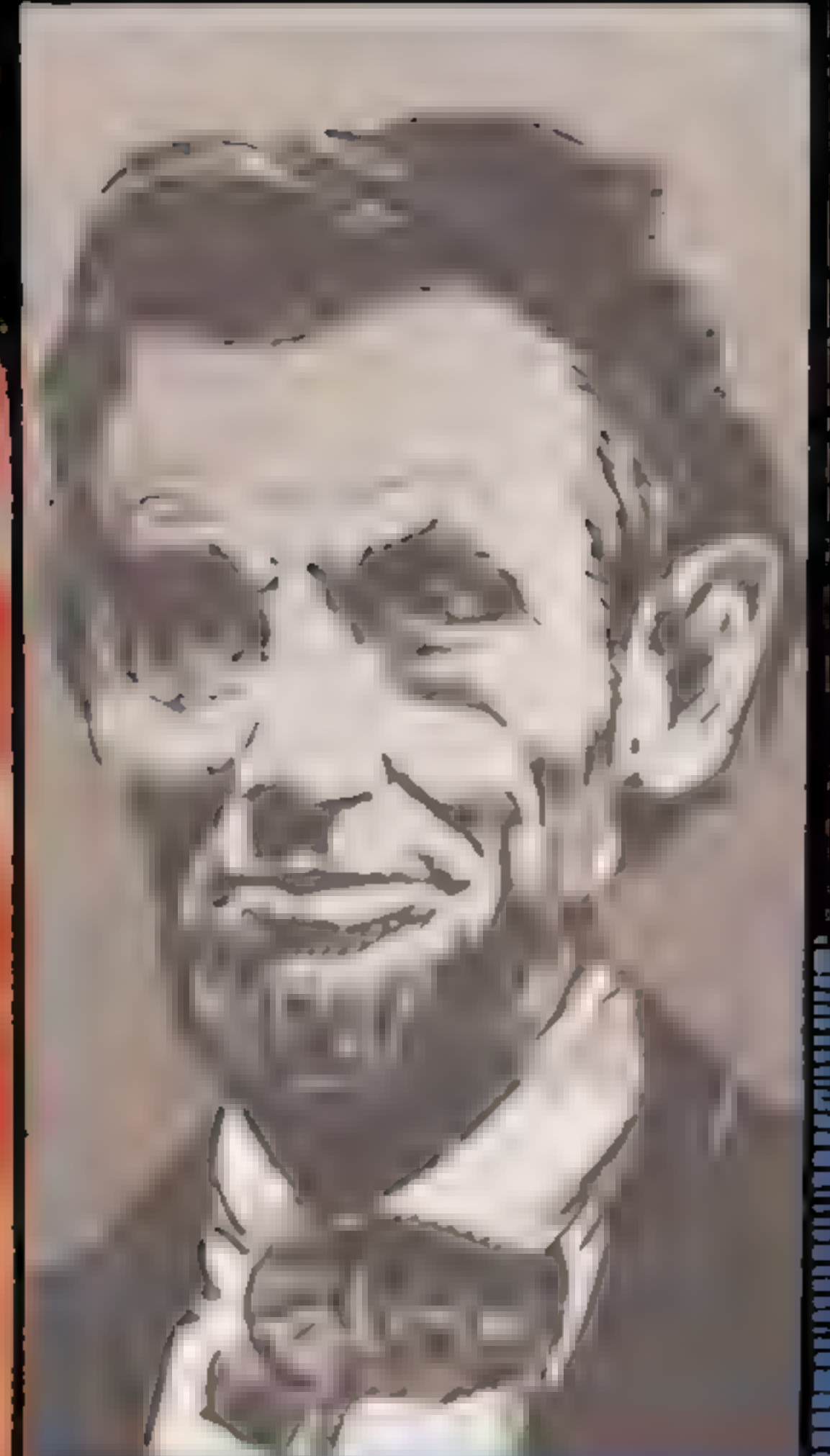
"Please do not hate me forever. I will not trouble you no more.
Your brother -- Jeb"





"Dear Clark, Enclosed you'll find the latest packet of papers I found in the old trunk I dug up out back. It carries the story of my ancestors and yours, into the Civil War.

"Lincoln's election as president spurred the Southern states into open secession with Jefferson Davis, who was elected president of the newly organized Confederacy. On April 12, 1861, the war began in earnest with the shelling of Fort Sumter.



VOLUNTEERS WANTED!

"On April 15, Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to put down the insurrection. Four days later he called for a blockade of southern ports.

"That very day the Confederates seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the same arsenal that John Brown had tried to seize only 18 months earlier.

"The civilians ran back to Washington in a panic with the remnants of the Northern army when the South showed just how determined they were. So much for having a picnic.

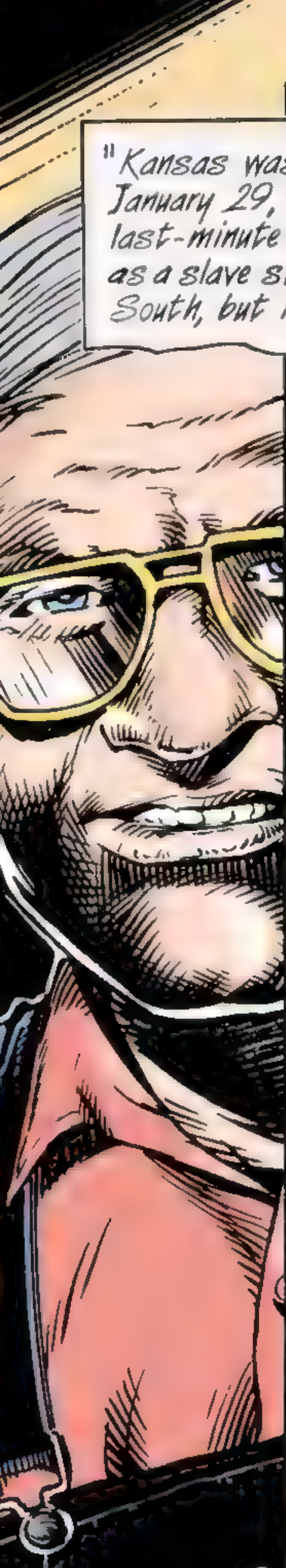
"There were those who thought the war would be quickly over. When the Federal troops met the Confederate ones for the first time at Bull Run (or Manassas, if you ask southern sources), civilians came out for the day to enjoy the battle.

"It's funny, Clark. The Federals, though perceived as stronger, were not in great shape at the start of the war. President Lincoln's Secretary of War, John Buchanan Floyd, had sent the army of 16,000 men to distant parts of the country and had relocated many arsenals from northern states to southern.



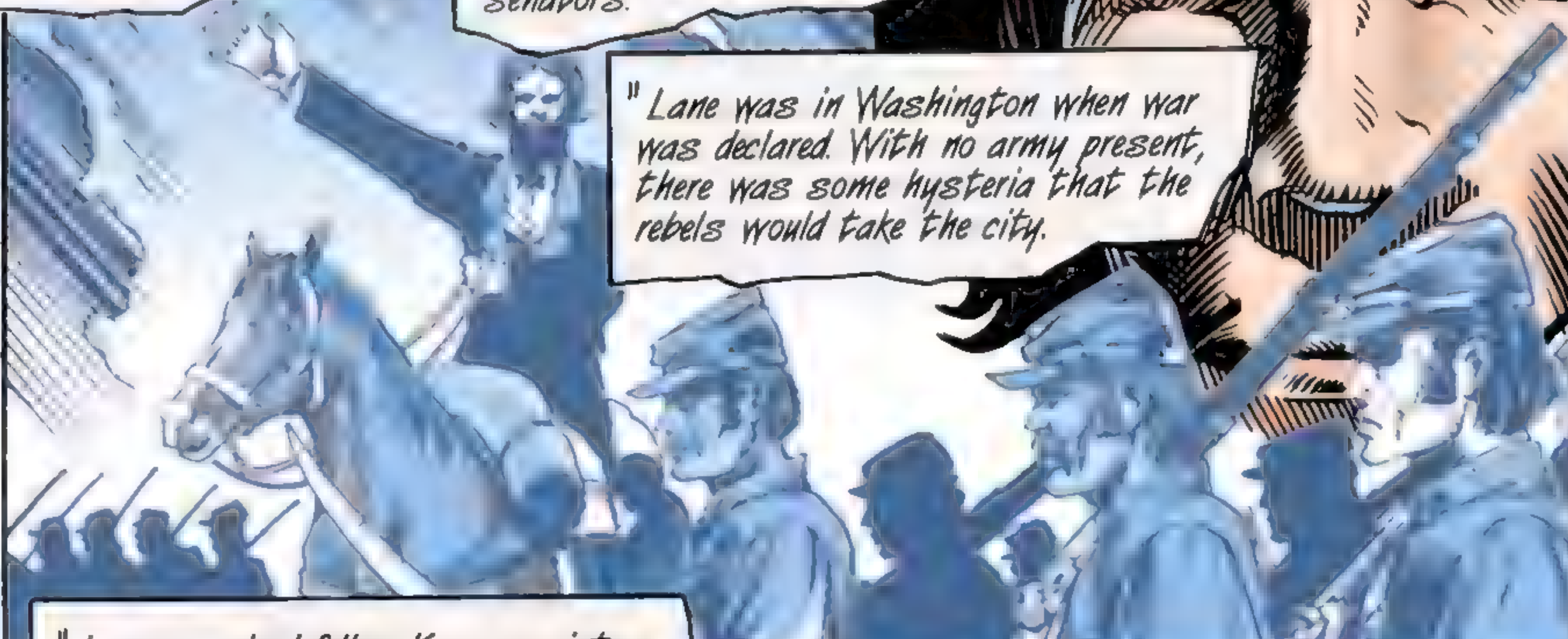
"The fleet had been sent to foreign ports and many of the army officers who were born in the south (some say the cream of the crop) resigned to fight for the Confederacy."





"Kansas was admitted as a state on January 29, 1861. There was a last-minute attempt to admit Kansas as a slave state, hoping to placate the South, but it was rejected."

"Our old friend, Dr. James Robinson, was named her first governor and his old political foe, Jim Lane, was named as one of the U.S. senators."



"Lane was in Washington when war was declared. With no army present, there was some hysteria that the rebels would take the city."

"Lane organized fellow Kansans into a 'Frontier Guard' and camped out in the East Room. Lincoln was grateful and would remember Lane."



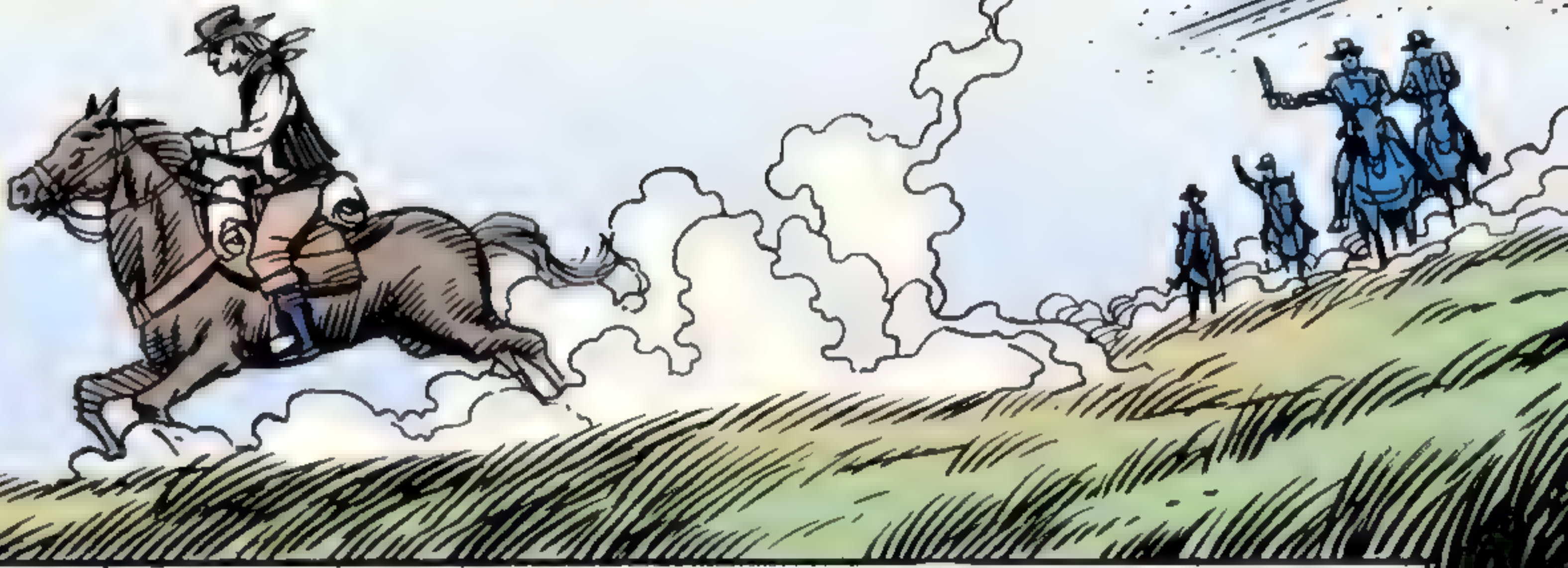
"Jeb, of course was unaware he had only wounded his brother. Joshua got him to Mary Glenowen, whom Nate loved. She nursed him back to health and then Nate rode off to find Josh's parents--and his brother."



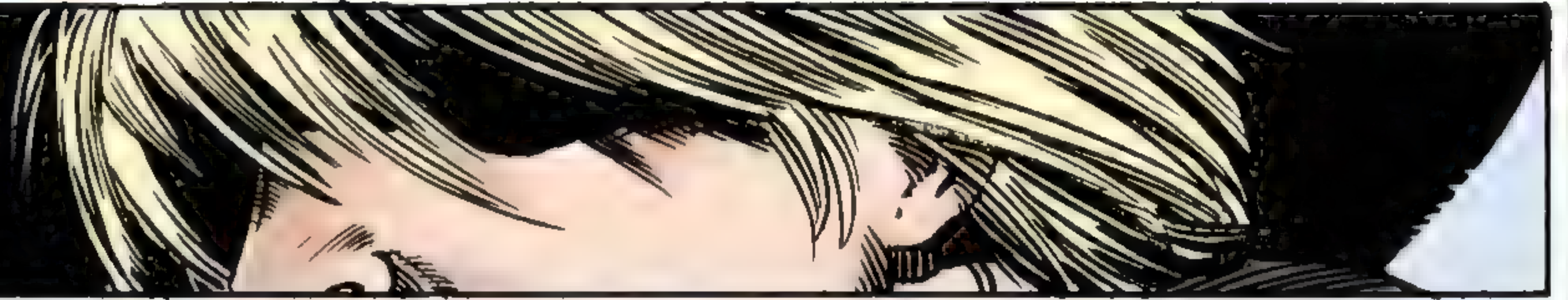
"We have no journals or letters from Nate at this time, but Jeb did write some more to his sister Lucy."

"Dear sister Lucy-- I am writing you this although I don't know as I will send it or you will read it if I do but this past week has been amazing."

"Bill Quantrill got arrested by a Lawrence posse but a pro-southern posse took him over to Paola instead of Lawrence. Paola being more sympathetic to us."



"I kept watch outside of town and sure enough, I saw them boys from Lawrence coming back. I lit out for Paola."



"Bill and Frank James and Bill Anderson were all over at the jail."

BAIL'S BEEN POSTED, BILL. JUDGE LECOMPTON RELEASED YOU ON YOUR GOOD NAME.



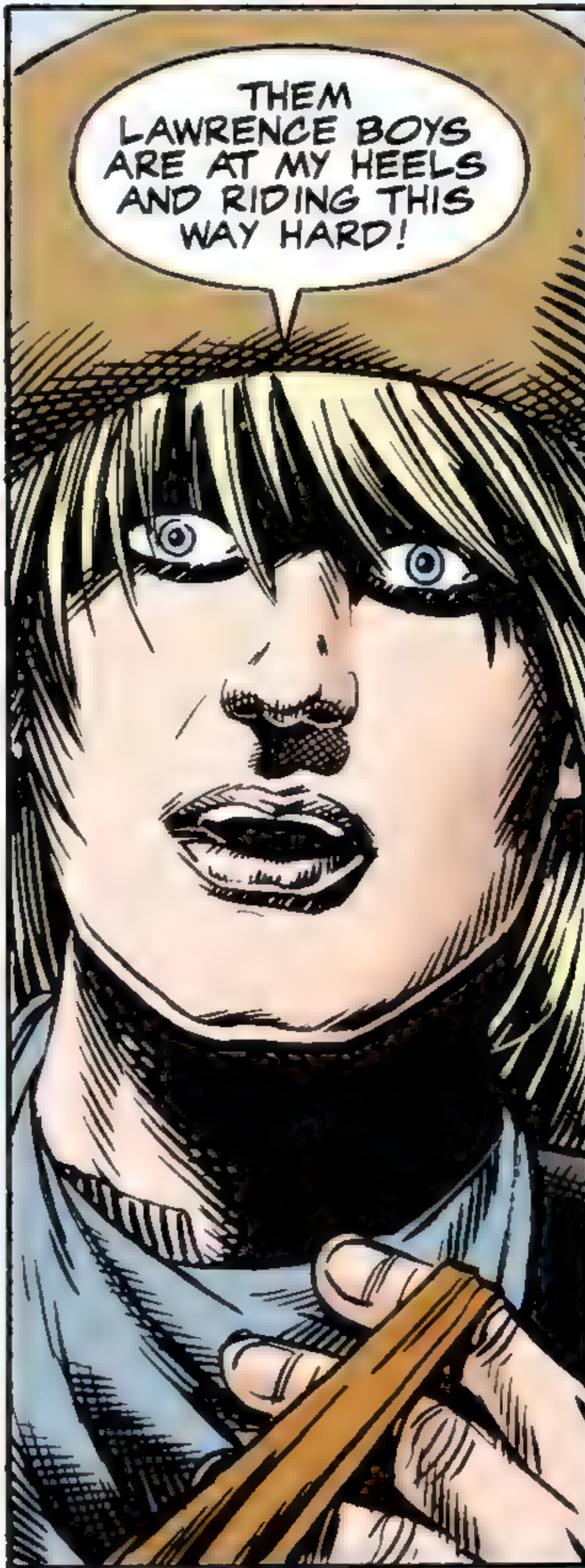
WELL, THANK HIM FOR ME. LET'S MOVE OUT, BOYS. JAILS NEVER SUIT ME NO HOW.



BILL!
BILL! SADDLE UP QUICK!

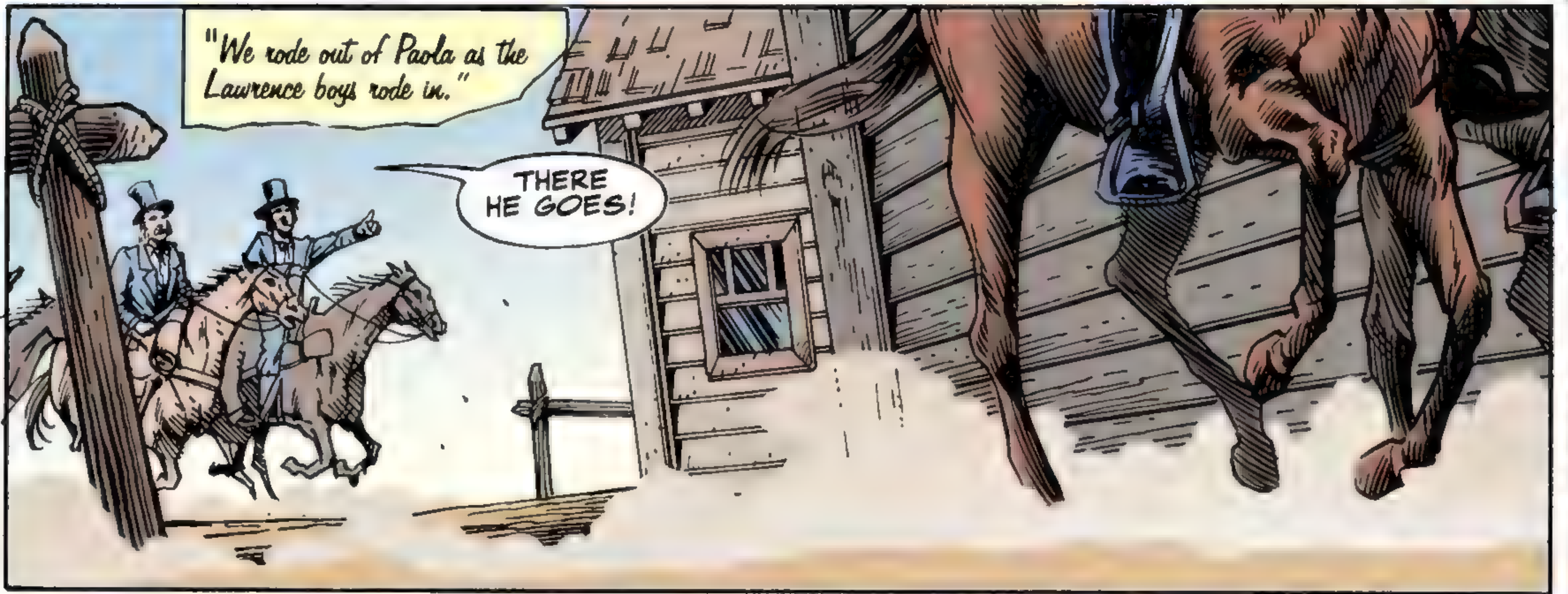


THEM LAWRENCE BOYS ARE AT MY HEELS AND RIDING THIS WAY HARD!



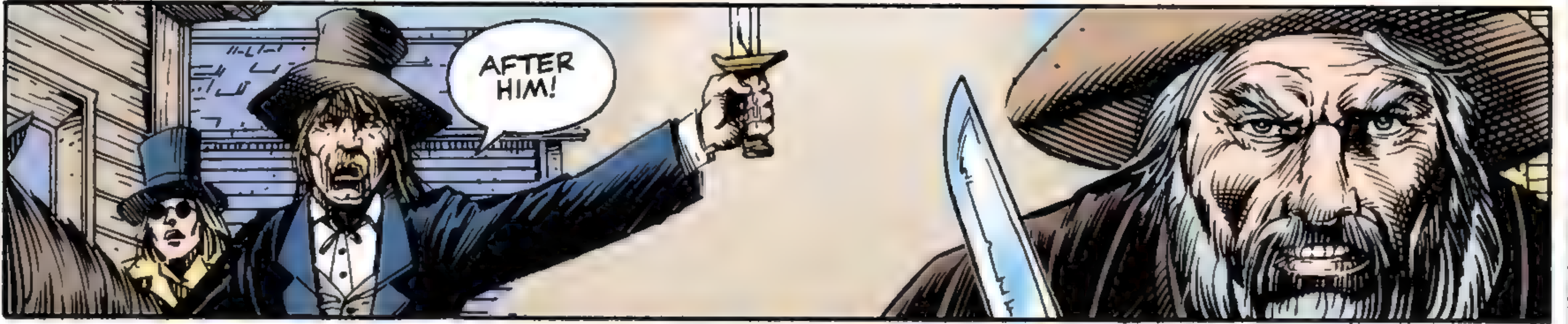
YOU HEARD JEB!
LET'S HIGH-TAIL IT!





"We rode out of Paola as the Lawrence boys rode in."

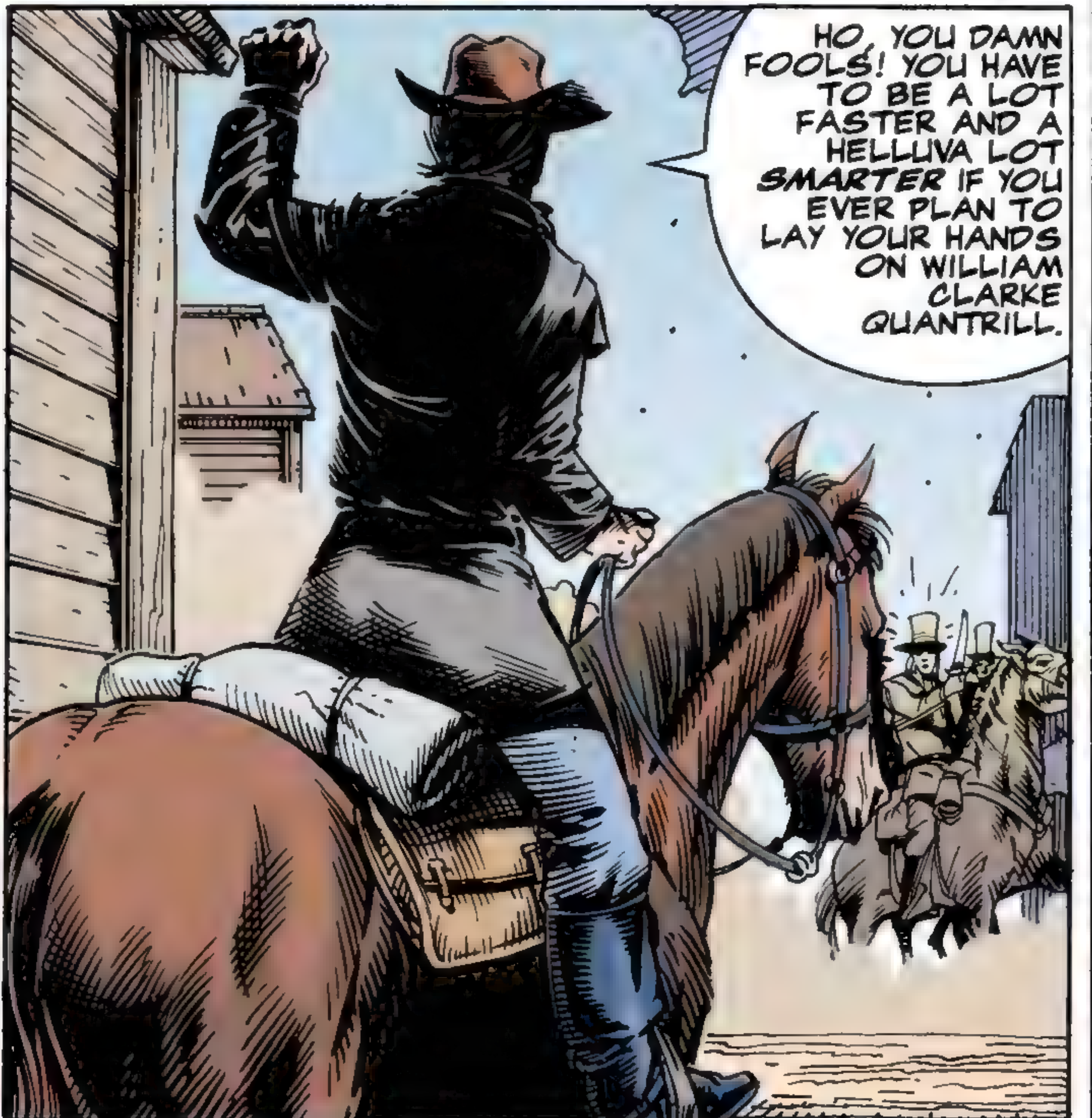
THERE HE GOES!



AFTER HIM!



REIN UP A SECOND, BOYS.



HO, YOU DAMN FOOLS! YOU HAVE TO BE A LOT FASTER AND A HELLIVA LOT SMARTER IF YOU EVER PLAN TO LAY YOUR HANDS ON WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL.



UH...BILL? MEBBE WE SHOULD JUST RIDE ON?



FRANK, YOU ALWAYS WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

"Well we gave them Lawrence boys the slip right enough and made camp that night. Frank James was still grouching about it all and Quantrill was riding him for it."

THERE WAS NO DANGER, FRANK. THE HORSES THEM LAWRENCE BOYS RODE IN ON WERE ALREADY SPENT AND OURS WERE FRESH.

AND IT'S LIKE I BEEN TELLING YOU BOYS--ALWAYS MAKE SURE YOU HAVE THE BEST, THE FASTEST, THE STRONGEST HORSES-- EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO STEAL 'EM. NO ONE'S GONNA CATCH YOU THAT WAY.

BULLET WILL IF YOU STOP T'GOOSE 'EM.

DON'T TAKE FRANK HERE SERIOUS, JEB. A GOOD MAN IF A TRIFLE CAUTIOUS. FACT O' TH' MATTER IS, LI'L BROTHER, THAT THEY WOULD'VE HAD US IF YOU HADN'T SLIPPED US WORD ABOUT THAT POSSE. THE WAY I FIGURE, WE ALL OWE OUR FREEDOM TO YOU.

AHHH...I WAS JUST DOIN' BY YOU AS YOU'D DO BY ME, BILL.

THAT'S A FACT AND THAT'S THE TRUTH, LI'L BROTHER. ANYTIME... ANYWHERE.

"I do believe that is the truth Lucy girl. Bill Quantrill has always treated me right and with respect like Nate never done. Maybe if he had I wouldn't have shot him.

"I don't say this to justify what I done but Bill Quantrill been more brother to me than Nate ever done. I had to choose betwixt them and I chose Quantrill. I ain't sorry for that tho I wish Nate weren't dead. there it is. You can think what you want, -- Jeb

JOURNAL

TALENT

A man in a dark coat and hat sits atop a dark horse, holding a long rifle. He is looking down at a letter in his hands. The background is a dark, stormy sky with swirling clouds.

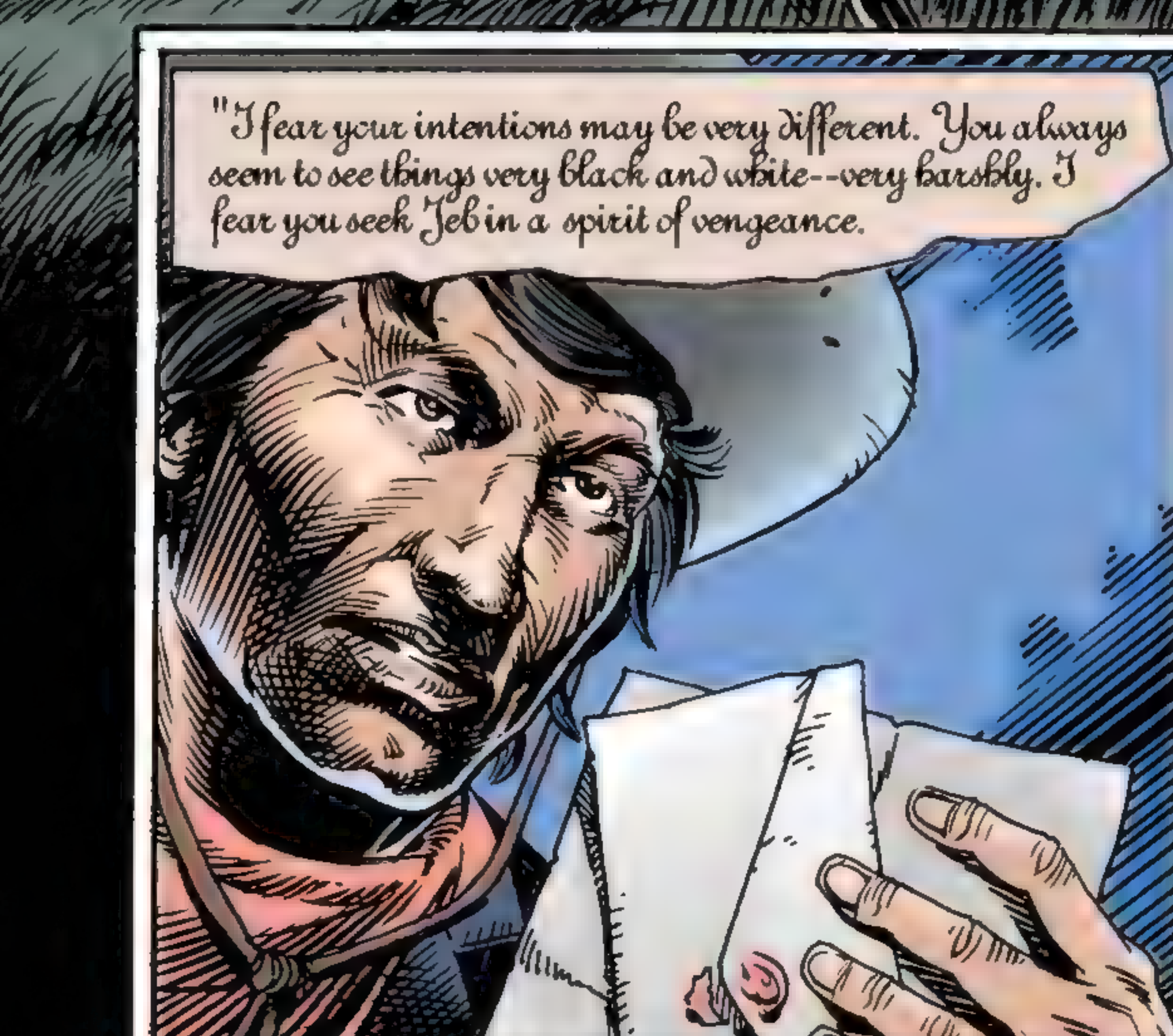
"Dearest Nate-- You cannot know what a joy it was to receive your note telling us how you are scouting in Missouri! Lucy had received letters from Jeb saying that he killed you! What a relief to know you still live!

"The news here at home is somewhat mixed. Lucy has gotten married, somewhat quickly to a peddler calling himself Jerusalem Brown. They are expecting their first child about mid July. It is something of a scandal.

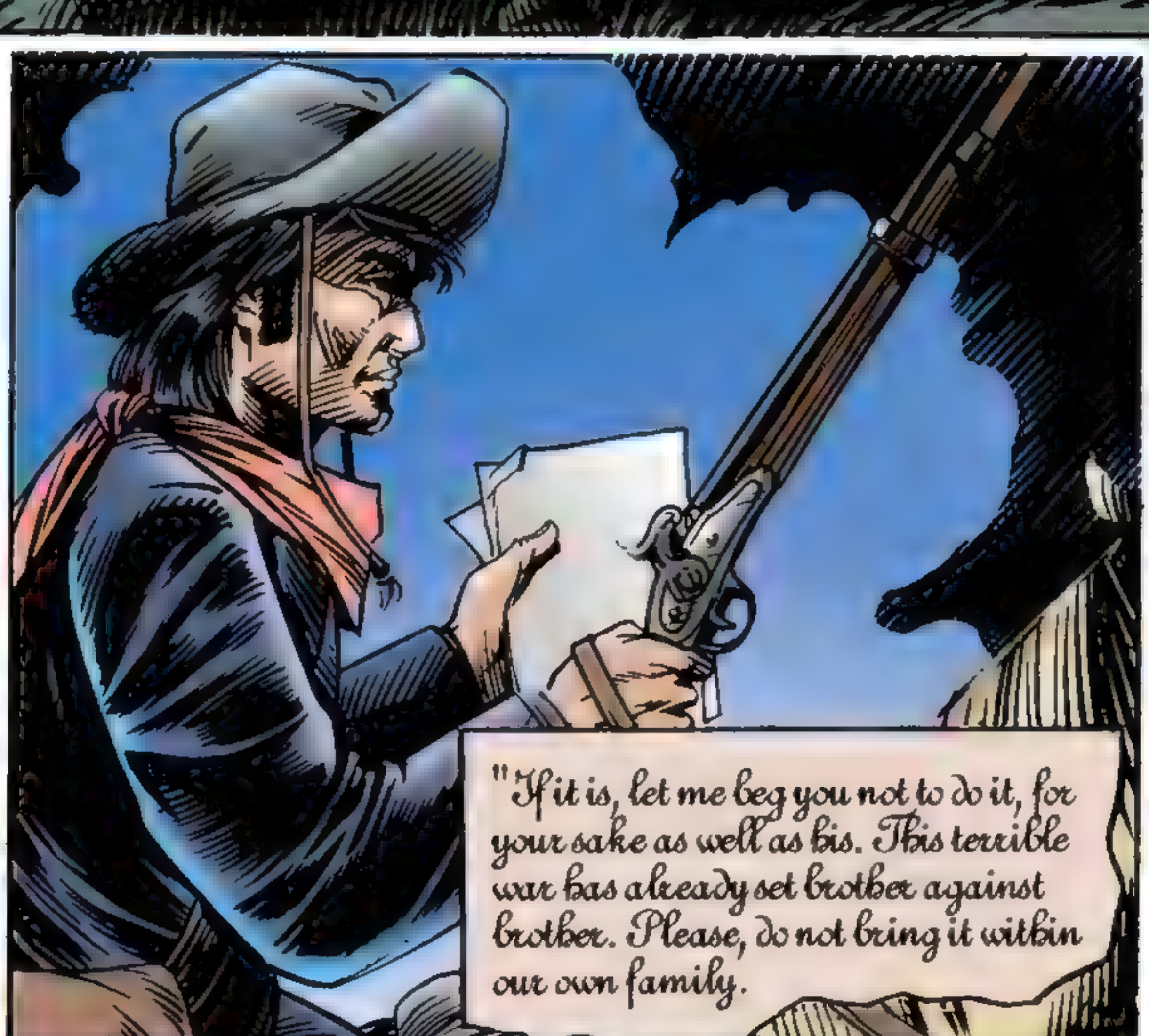
"Joel William has graduated early from West Point with much distinction and is going right into the Army. We are all so proud.

"Owen Tecumseh is itching to join his brother but we all feel he is a little young. With luck, this war will be over before he can get involved.

"The twins are lively, filled with passable mischief. I am well, as is David. Our little boy, young Silas, is now two and so big you wouldn't believe it. I wish you could come East to see him and us. I suspect why you do not.

A close-up of a man's face as he reads a letter. He has a serious, somewhat somber expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

"I fear your intentions may be very different. You always seem to see things very black and white--very harshly. I fear you seek Jeb in a spirit of vengeance.

A man wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a red scarf sits on the ground, reading a letter. He holds a revolver in his other hand. The background is dark and indistinct.

"If it is, let me beg you not to do it, for your sake as well as his. This terrible war has already set brother against brother. Please, do not bring it within our own family.

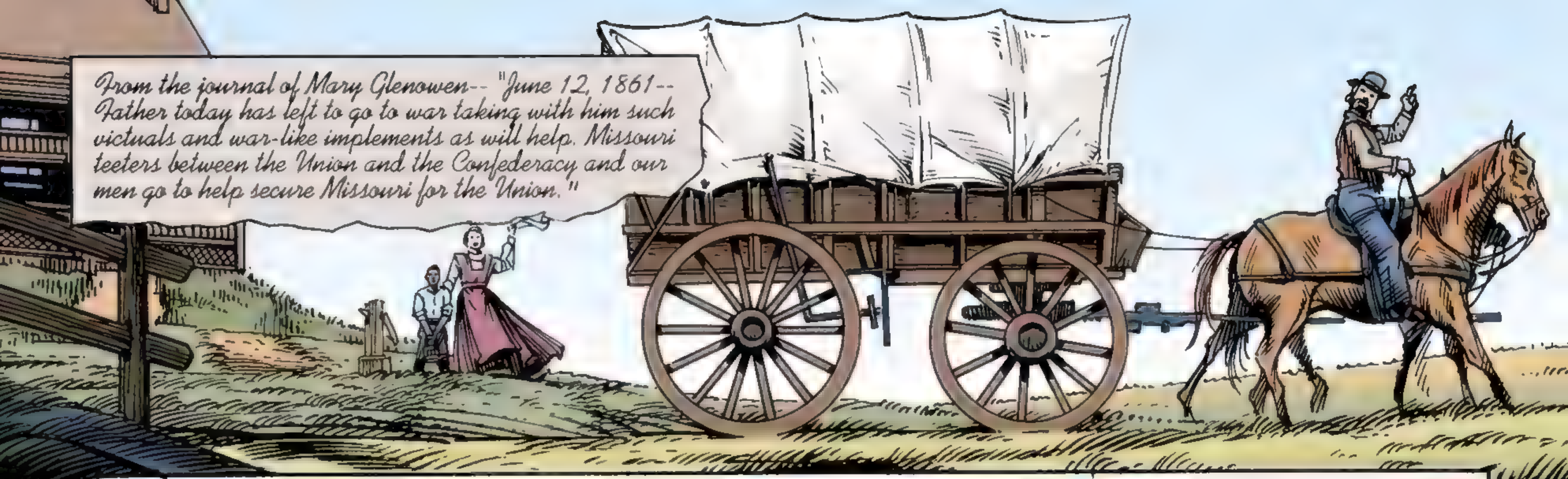
A close-up of a man's face, looking down with a pensive or sorrowful expression. His features are deeply shadowed.

"In the name of our parents who loved us, and him, please forgive Jeb. If ever I have had the power to move you, let it be now!

A small figure of a person on a horse stands in a dark, open landscape under a large, bright full moon. The scene is atmospheric and somber.

"Your loving sister, Belinda"

From the journal of Mary Glenowen-- "June 12, 1861--
Father today has left to go to war taking with him such
victuals and war-like implements as will help. Missouri
teeters between the Union and the Confederacy and our
men go to help secure Missouri for the Union."



WELL, THE MENFOLK HAVE ALL
HEADED OFF, JOSHUA--MY
FATHER, NATHANIEL, BILL
HICKOK... ALL GONE TO WAR.
IT WILL BE JUST YOU
AND I HERE.

DON'T
YOU WORRY
NONE, MIZ MARY!
THEY'LL BE
BACK!



MISTER NATHANIEL,
HE TOLD ME TO
STAND BY YOU AND
THAT'S WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO!



THEN I SUSPECT
WE'LL DO JUST
FINE, JOSHUA.



"Such a brave, hardy soul, is
young Joshua. We are, in some
ways, kindred souls. Both
outcasts, both considered
tainted--I because my mother
was a Delaware Indian and
he because he is a Negro.

"We shall stand together, he
and I, and defy them all!"

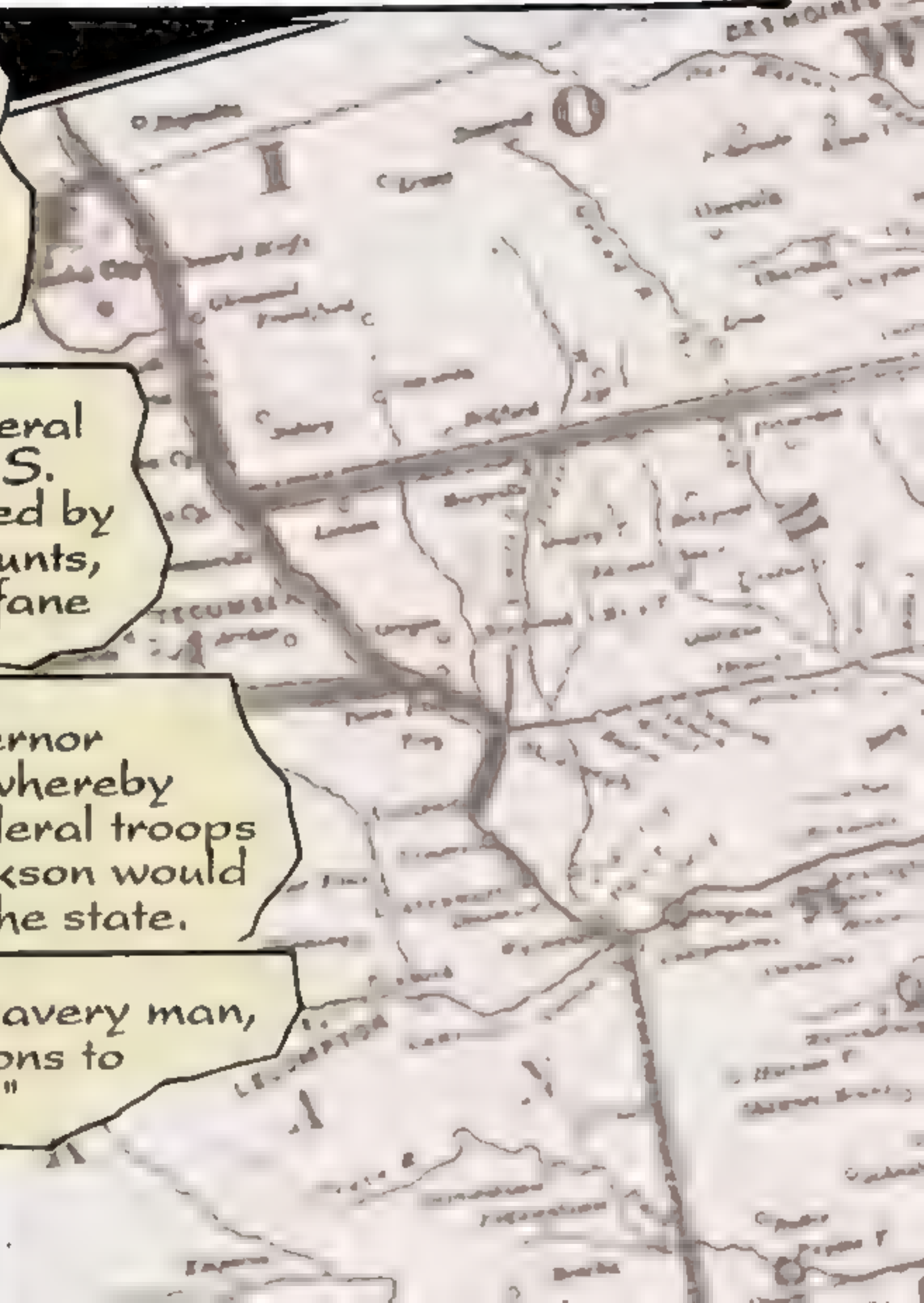


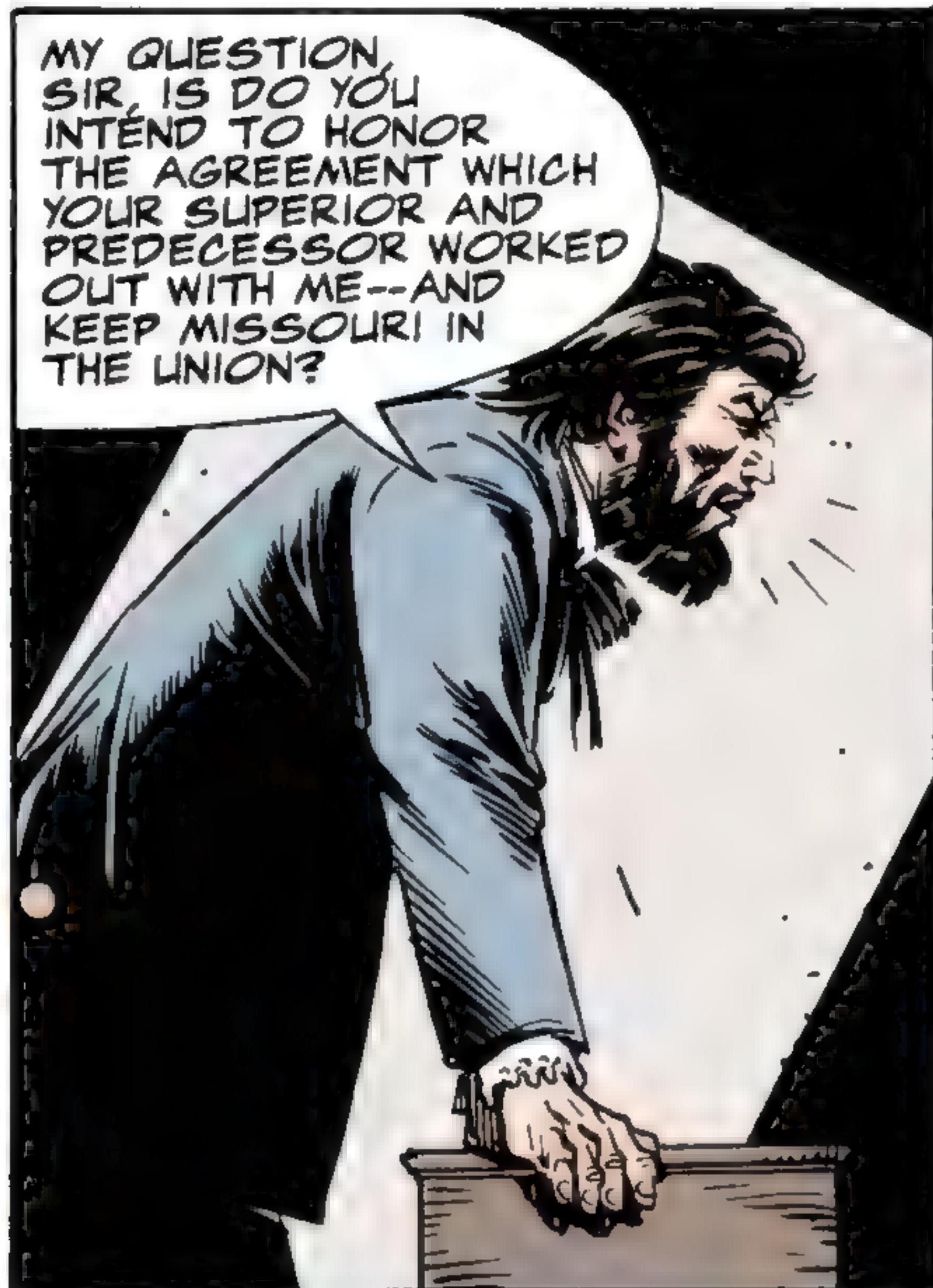
"My dearest daughter Mary--
Well, I have arrived here in
camp near St. Louis and it is
quite a stew! We have German
immigrants under the command
of John Schofield

"Until recently, the leading Federal
officer in this area was William S.
Harney but he has been replaced by
General Lyons who by all accounts,
is a small, red-haired, rude, profane
fighting bantam.

"Harney and Missouri Governor
Jackson had made a deal whereby
Harney would keep the Federal troops
around St. Louis while Jackson would
'keep peace' in the rest of the state.

"Jackson, a strong pro-slavery man,
sought a meeting with Lyons to
confirm this arrangement."





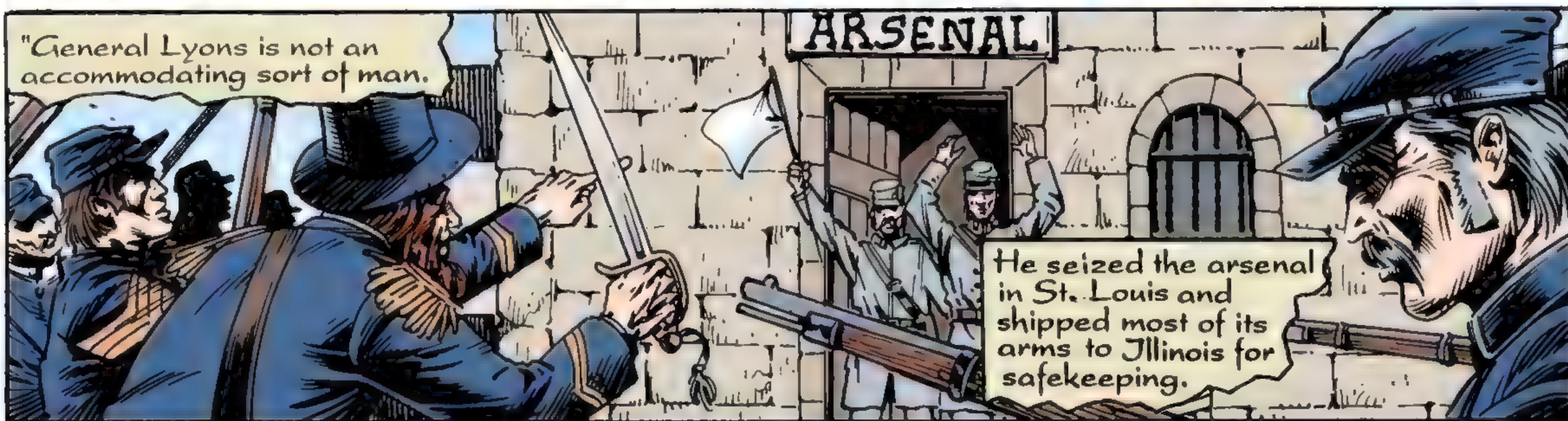
MY QUESTION, SIR, IS DO YOU INTEND TO HONOR THE AGREEMENT WHICH YOUR SUPERIOR AND PREDECESSOR WORKED OUT WITH ME--AND KEEP MISSOURI IN THE UNION?



GOVERNOR JACKSON, RATHER THAN CONCEDE TO THE STATE OF MISSOURI FOR ONE SINGLE INSTANT THE RIGHT TO DICTATE TO MY GOVERNMENT IN ANY MATTER, HOWEVER UNIMPORTANT...



...I WILL SEE YOU AND EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS STATE DEAD AND BURIED.



"General Lyons is not an accommodating sort of man."

He seized the arsenal in St. Louis and shipped most of its arms to Illinois for safekeeping.

"Then, on his own authority, he marched on the state capital of Springfield. He then busted up a camp of military rebel militia called Camp Jefferson at Linden Grove in St. Louis."

"Lyons is a terror sometimes as much on his own men as the enemy. Jackson has rallied troops and Lyons has us after them. At Boonville, we chased the rebels away and ate their breakfast!"



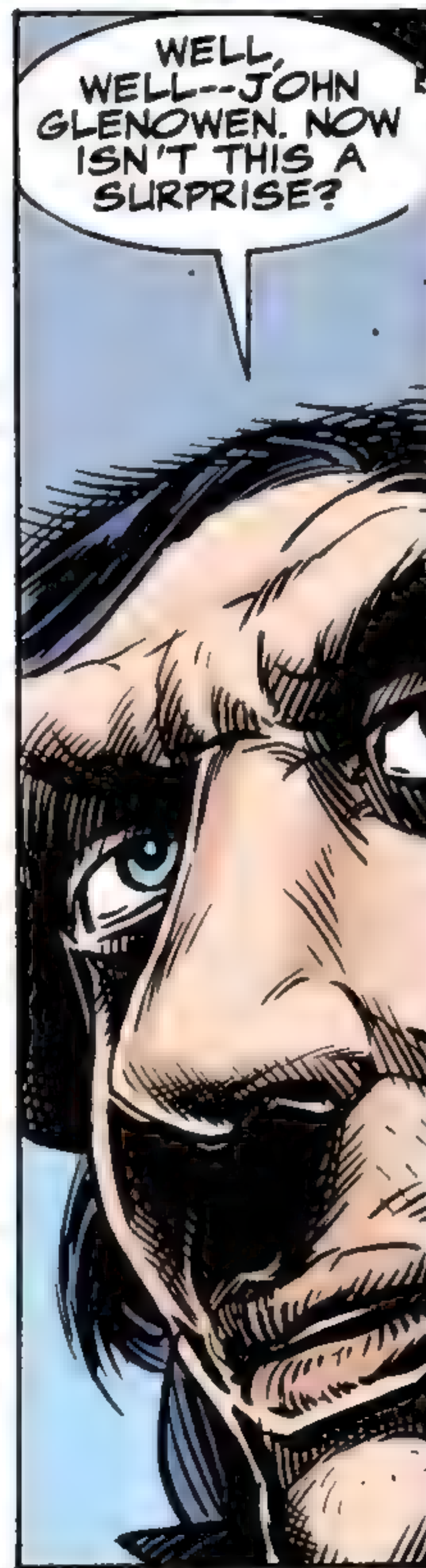
"On we went! Lyons split us into two columns. Franz Sigel's German artillery lay siege at Carthage. Rebels say they won, we say we did. Lyons has us moving at a clip to re-enforce Sigel."



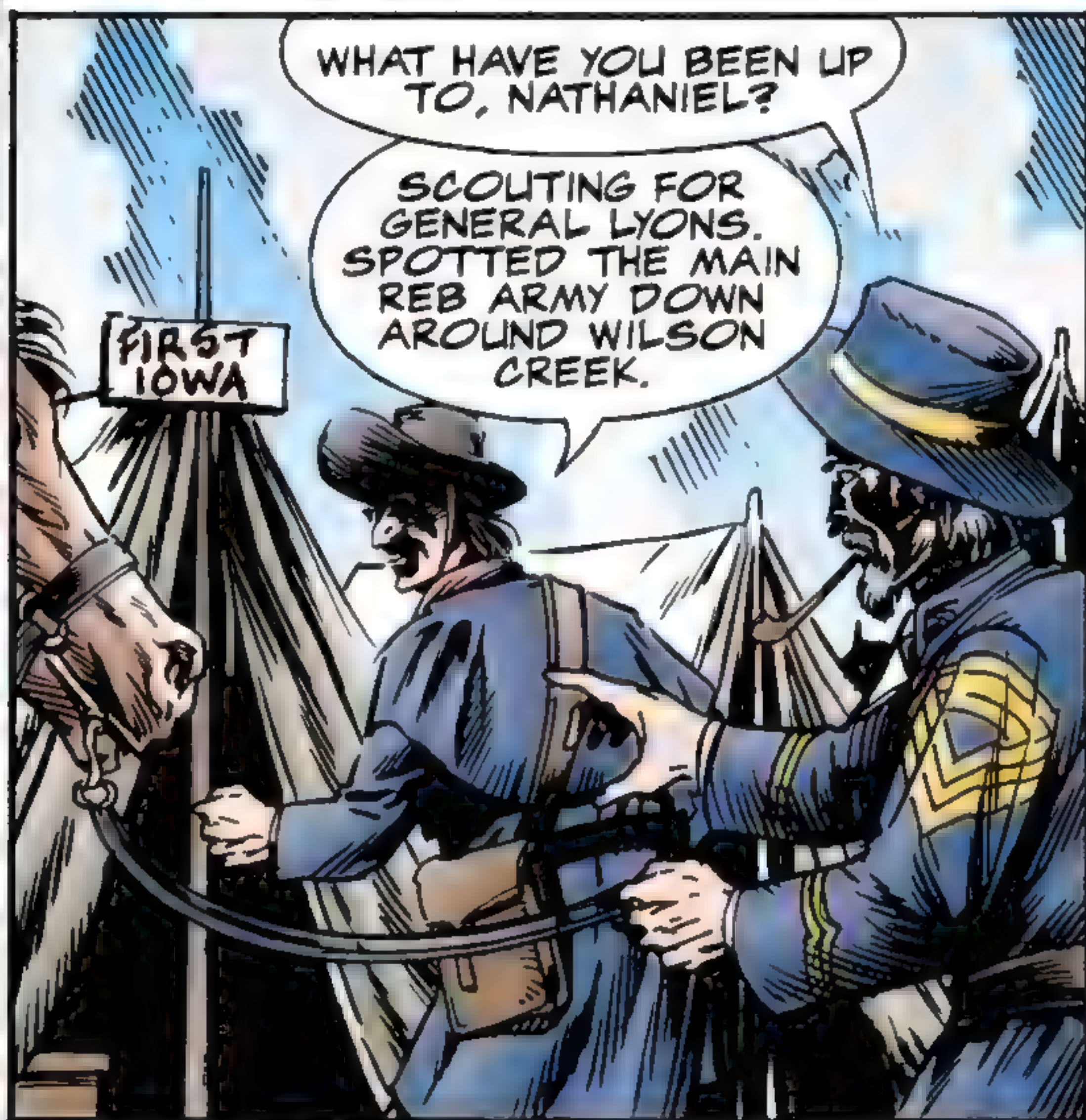
"The First Iowa joined us; a rowdy bunch of undisciplined volunteers. They march like a machine, always singing 'The Happy Land of Canaan.'"



"It was while we were camped at Springfield that I met up with an old friend of ours."



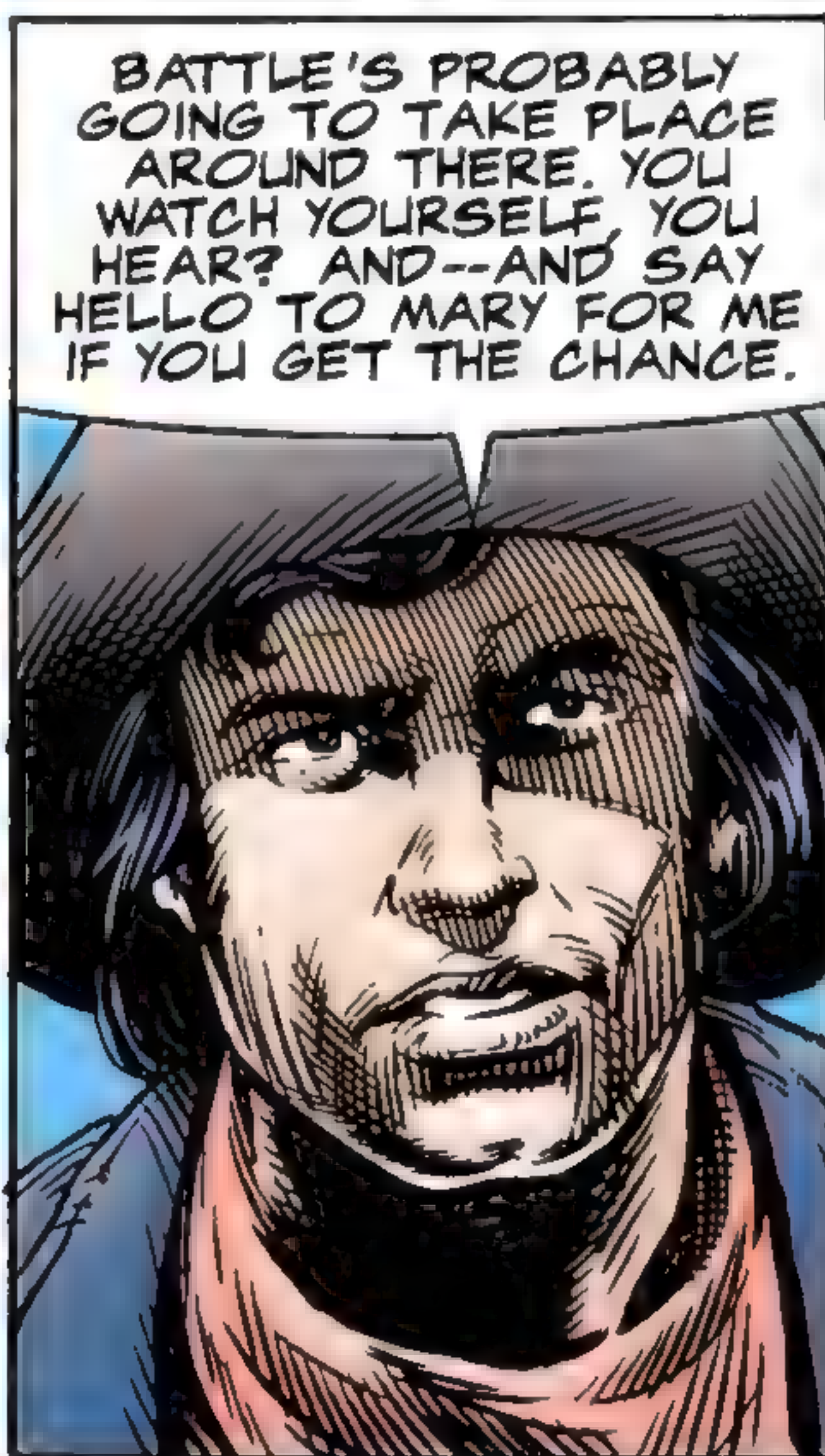
WELL, WELL--JOHN GLENOWEN. NOW ISN'T THIS A SURPRISE?



WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, NATHANIEL?

SCOUTING FOR GENERAL LYONS. SPOTTED THE MAIN REB ARMY DOWN AROUND WILSON CREEK.

FIRST IOWA



BATTLE'S PROBABLY GOING TO TAKE PLACE AROUND THERE. YOU WATCH YOURSELF, YOU HEAR? AND--AND SAY HELLO TO MARY FOR ME IF YOU GET THE CHANCE.

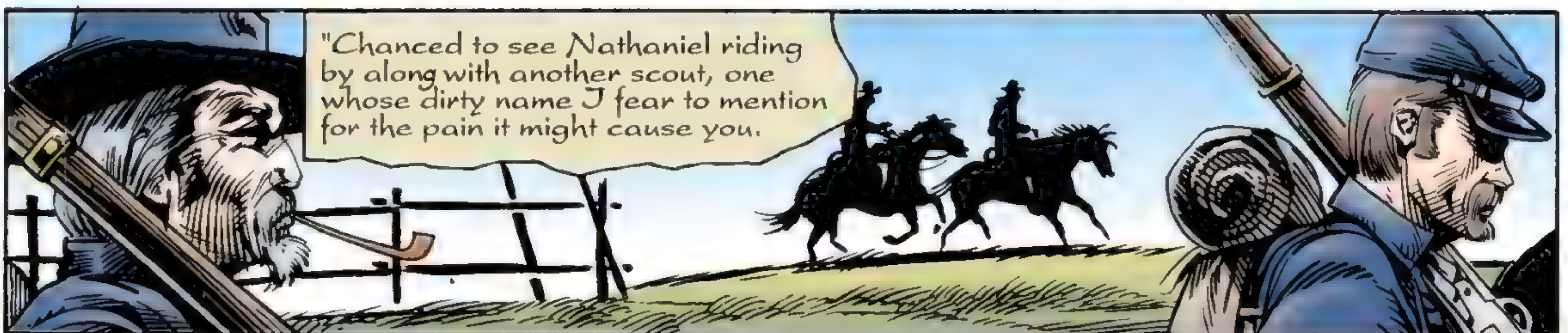


AYE. AND YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

AND COME SAY HELLO TO MARY YOURSELF WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE.



"August 9--We broke encampment at about 6PM last night and began marching south to meet the enemy. After five hours' march, we stopped to rest and I am adding these quick notes.



"Chanced to see Nathaniel riding by along with another scout, one whose dirty name I fear to mention for the pain it might cause you.

"Bill Hickok has joined the troop. There are wild stories going around camp how he fought a bear and later killed six men out at some place called Rock Creek, Nebraska, I think.

"Hickok is something of a braggart and I suspect started the tales himself.



"Why such a decent chap as Nathaniel consents to have Hickok as a friend I do not understand!



"In any case, I must close for now. Those slave-mongering sons of hell are camped not far off and we will fight them come dawn.



"I will add more after the fight, if I can. Your loving father, John Glenowen"





"Deer sister Lucy-- Well! have been in my first battle."

CHARGE!

"Let me say right off it is not my favrite way of fighting."

FIRE!

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM

WHOOM!

"I know I kilt a man for sure.
More than one.

"They kept on coming and drove
us up the hill towards the crest.



"It werent until cannonballs skipped near
General McCullochs breakfast that he
believed we was under attack for real
and sent us reinforcements.

"We never got no breakfast. They kept
charging us and we charged them and
hot lead poured all over the field.



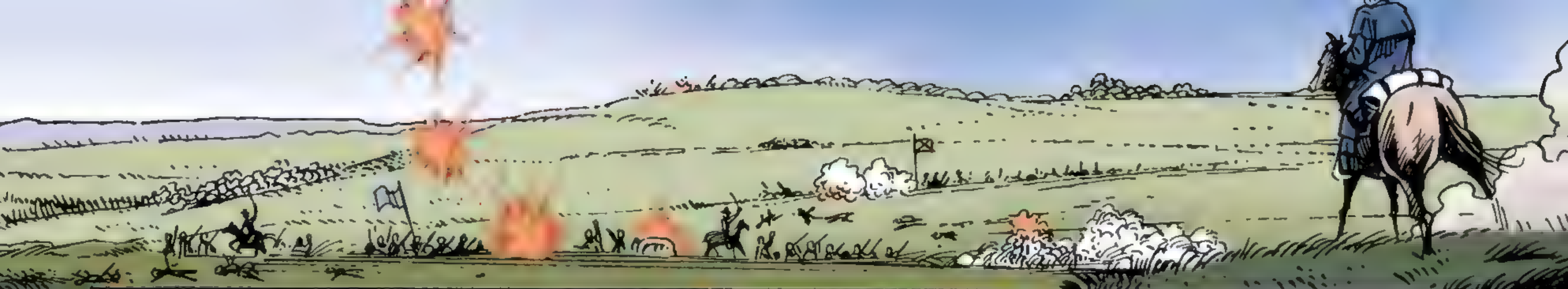
"I dont know much about the battle itself.
I only know we was shooting and running
or running and shooting and cannon was
all over the place it seemed like.



"The smoke and the stench rose with
the sun and made fair to blot it out.
Maybe God dint like looking down
and seeing all the mess.

"Then the smoke parted and
I seen a horseman riding
onto the field like thunder.





MR. GLENOWEN, WHERE IS GENERAL LYONS?! SIGEL'S ARTILLERY HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

HE'S DEAD, NATHANIEL! SHOT DOWN OVER BY THE FIRST IOWA!

STURGIS SEEMS TO BE IN CHARGE AND WE GOT ORDERS TO PULL BACK!

HE MUSTN'T! WE CAN STILL WIN IF...!

BLAM!
BLAMM!

SKLATCH!

STOK!

NATHANIEL! ARE YOU HURT, SON?

LHHNN!
NO, I DON'T THINK SO. JUST NEED...TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THIS HORSE...!

BLAM!

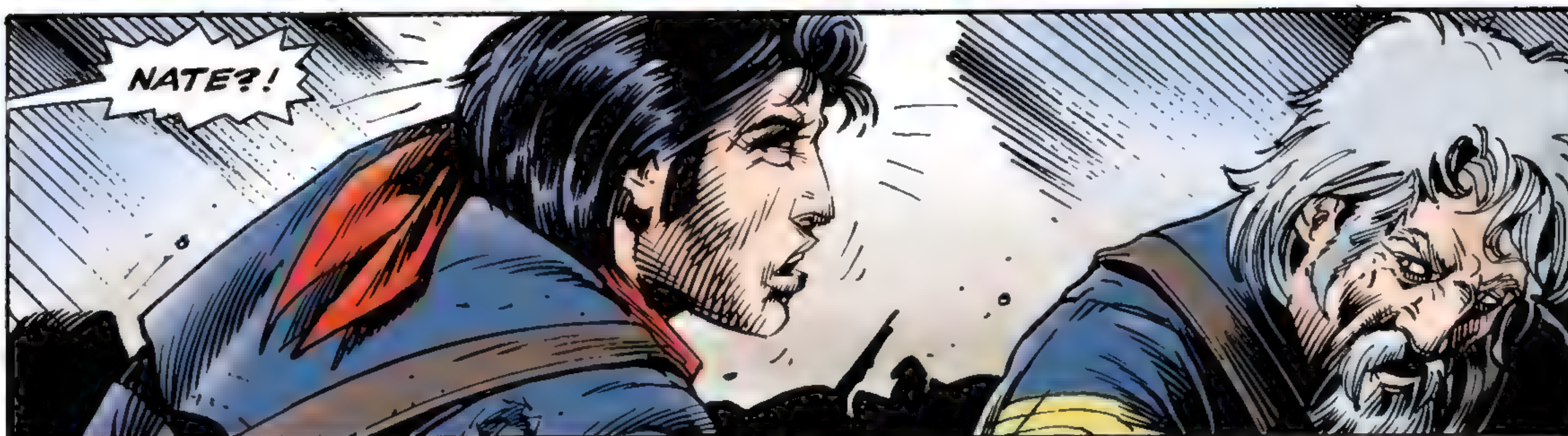
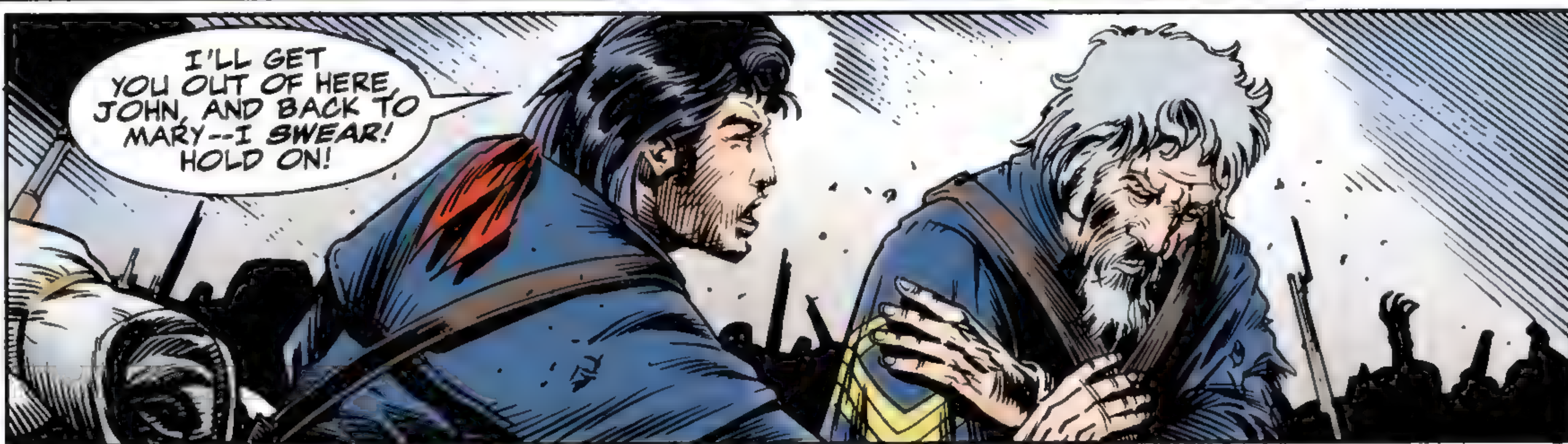
BLAM!

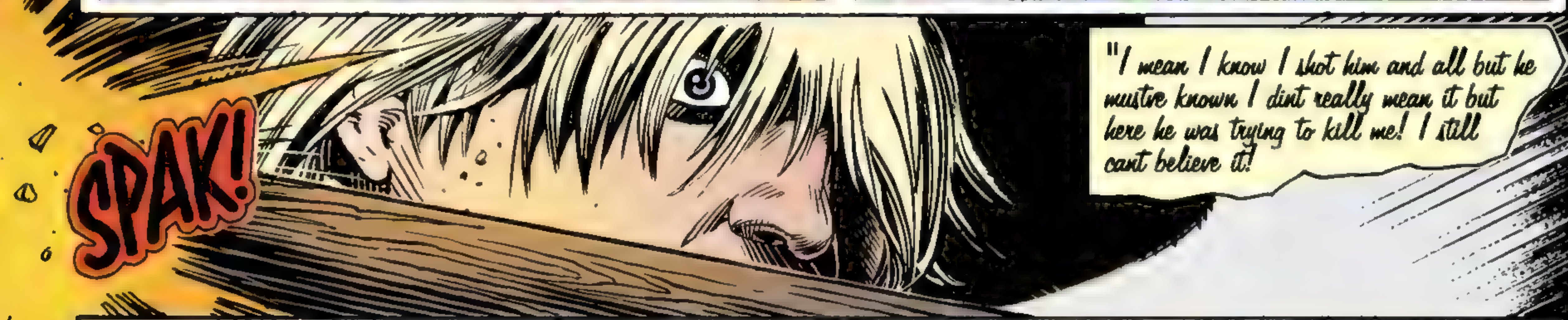
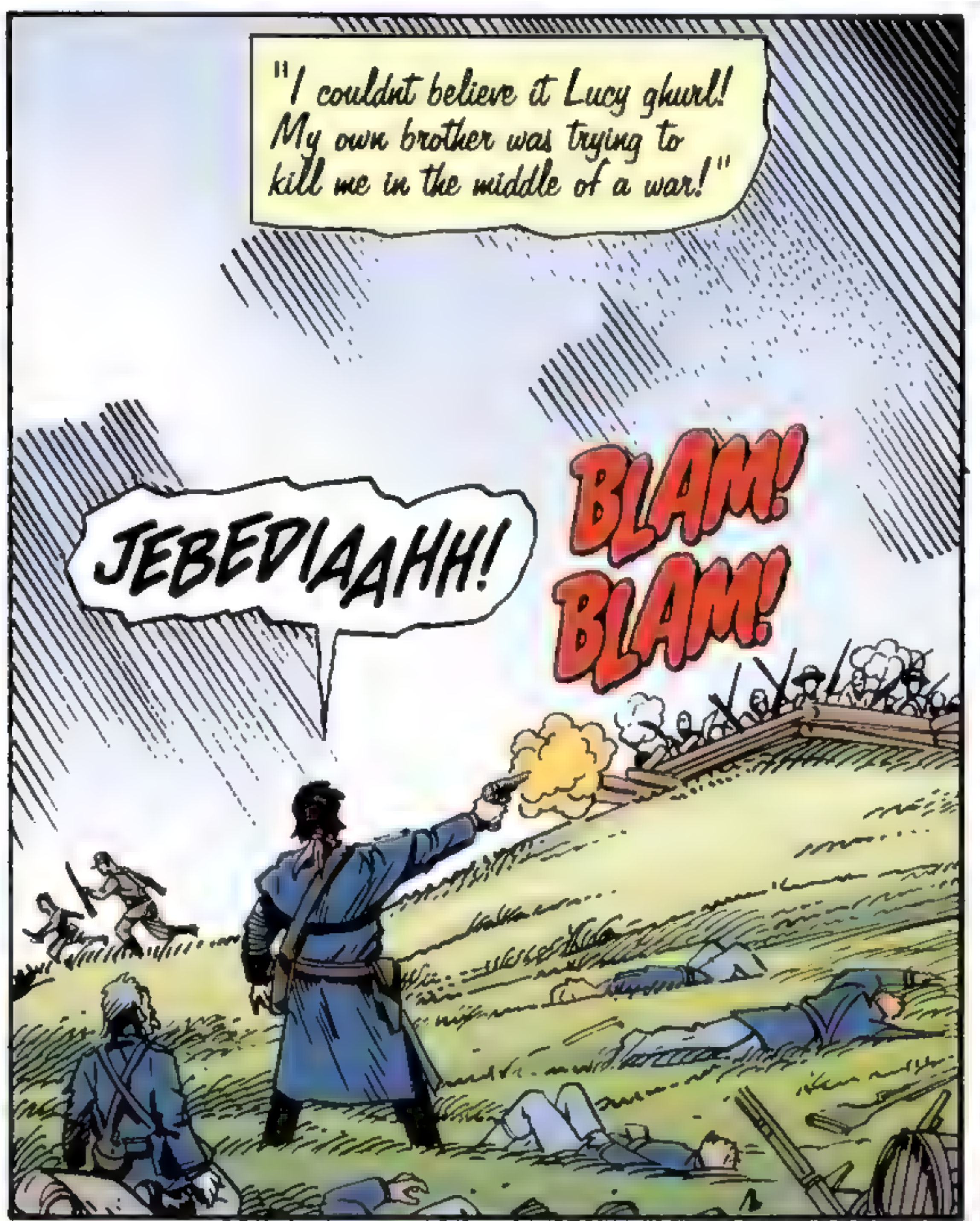
SKRAK!

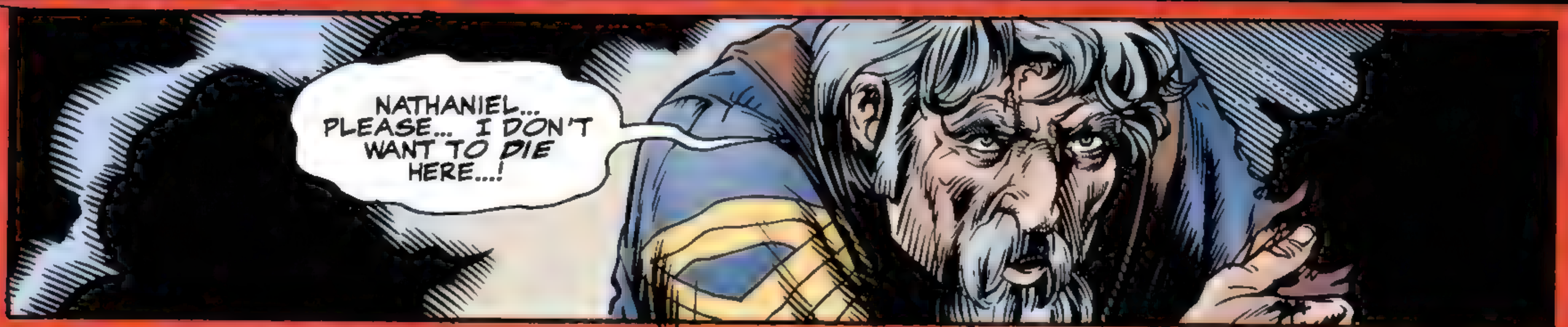
SKLATCH!

LET ME HEL... LHN!

JOHN!







NATHANIEL...
PLEASE... I DON'T
WANT TO DIE
HERE...



HE'S
OVER THERE! MY
BASTARD BROTHER
IS OVER THERE! I
HAVE HIM!

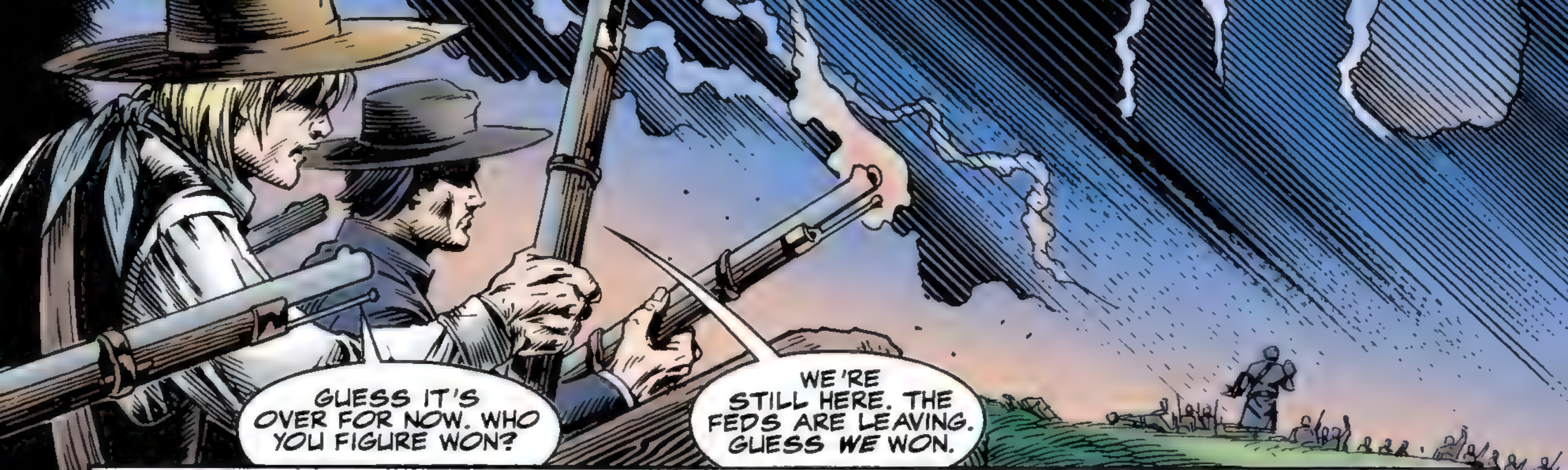


NATHANIEL...
IF WE BOTH DIE
HERE... WHO WILL
TAKE CARE OF
MARY?



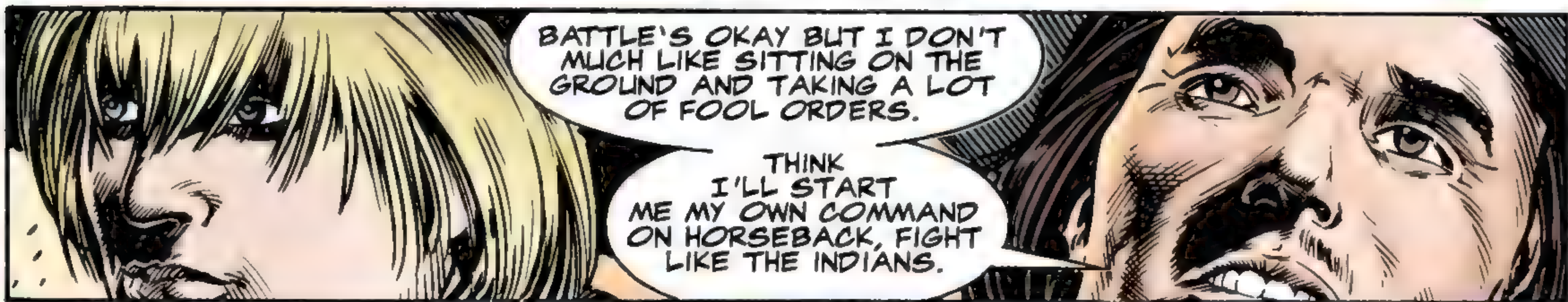
FORGIVE
ME, MY
FRIEND.

I'LL
GET YOU TO
SAFETY. I KEEP
MY WORD.



GUESS IT'S OVER FOR NOW. WHO YOU FIGURE WON?

WE'RE STILL HERE. THE FEDS ARE LEAVING. GUESS WE WON.



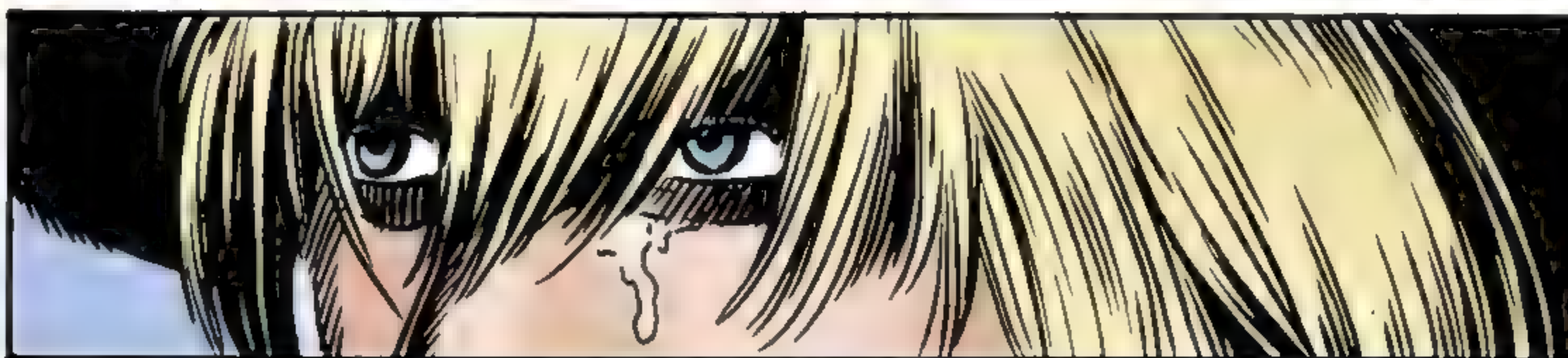
BATTLE'S OKAY BUT I DON'T MUCH LIKE SITTING ON THE GROUND AND TAKING A LOT OF FOOL ORDERS.

THINK I'LL START ME MY OWN COMMAND ON HORSEBACK, FIGHT LIKE THE INDIANS.



YOU GAME, LI'L BROTHER?

I GUESS...

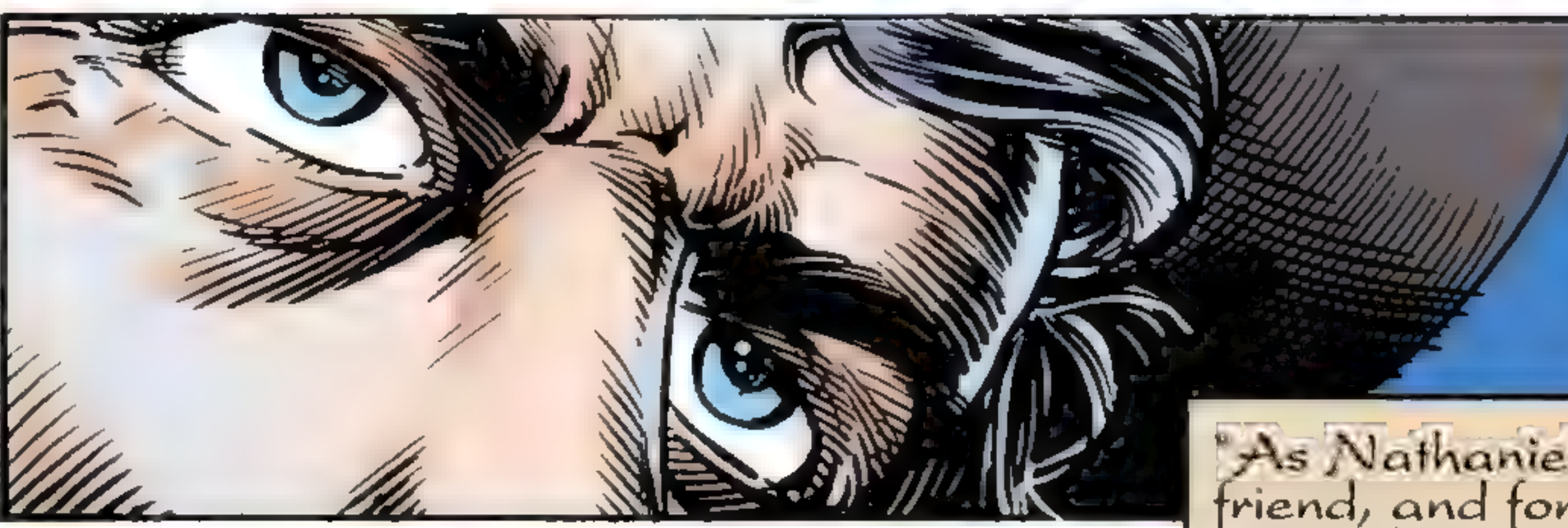


"I want to make it harder for Nate to find me, Lucy my ghurl. Otherwise he will kill me or I will kill him. I dont much care for neither choice. Your brother -- Jeb"

"Mary--well, I have survived the battle and am coming home to you, thanks to Nathaniel. I saw him again before he rode out."



THANK'EE FOR SAVING MY LIFE, NATHANIEL.



FORGET IT. A MAN STANDS BY HIS FRIENDS OR HE'S WORTH NOTHING. BESIDES, IT'LL BE A LONG WAR. I'LL FIND JEB AGAIN AND THEN WE'LL SETTLE UP.

"As Nathaniel's friend, and for his own sake, it is my hope he never finds his brother. I'll be home soon. Your loving father-- John Glenowen"



CONTINUED...

"Dear Clark--

"I've sorted out more of the journals and letters from the strongbox I dug up. There's some really dark patches in this packet.

"This takes us into 1862 and 1863. The Civil War was raging at its bloodiest with most of the battles we know about were taking place back east.

"But one of the most shocking incidents of the whole war would take place here in Kansas. However, I'm getting ahead of myself.

"We start with an entry from Mary Glenowen, Nathaniel's beloved."

"August 2, 1862-- The days are hard. Father has been very sick. Although his wounds appeared at first to be healing all right, there have been recurrent fevers and his strength ebbs. I fear he may never mend completely.

"If it were not for Joshua, I don't think I could tend the farm. As it is, I must give serious thought to moving into Lawrence--both for safety and for father's sake.

"Today, Joshua and I were most pleasantly distracted from our tasks by a visitor."

MISS MARY!
LOOK!

"Nathaniel Kent came riding home."

BROTHER VS. BROTHER

PART 2

JOHN OSTRANDER • TIM TRUMAN • MICHAEL BAIR
writer penciller inks
OAKLEY/N.J.Q. • CARLA FEENY
letters colors
DIGITAL CHAMELEON PETER TOMASI
color separations editor and trail boss

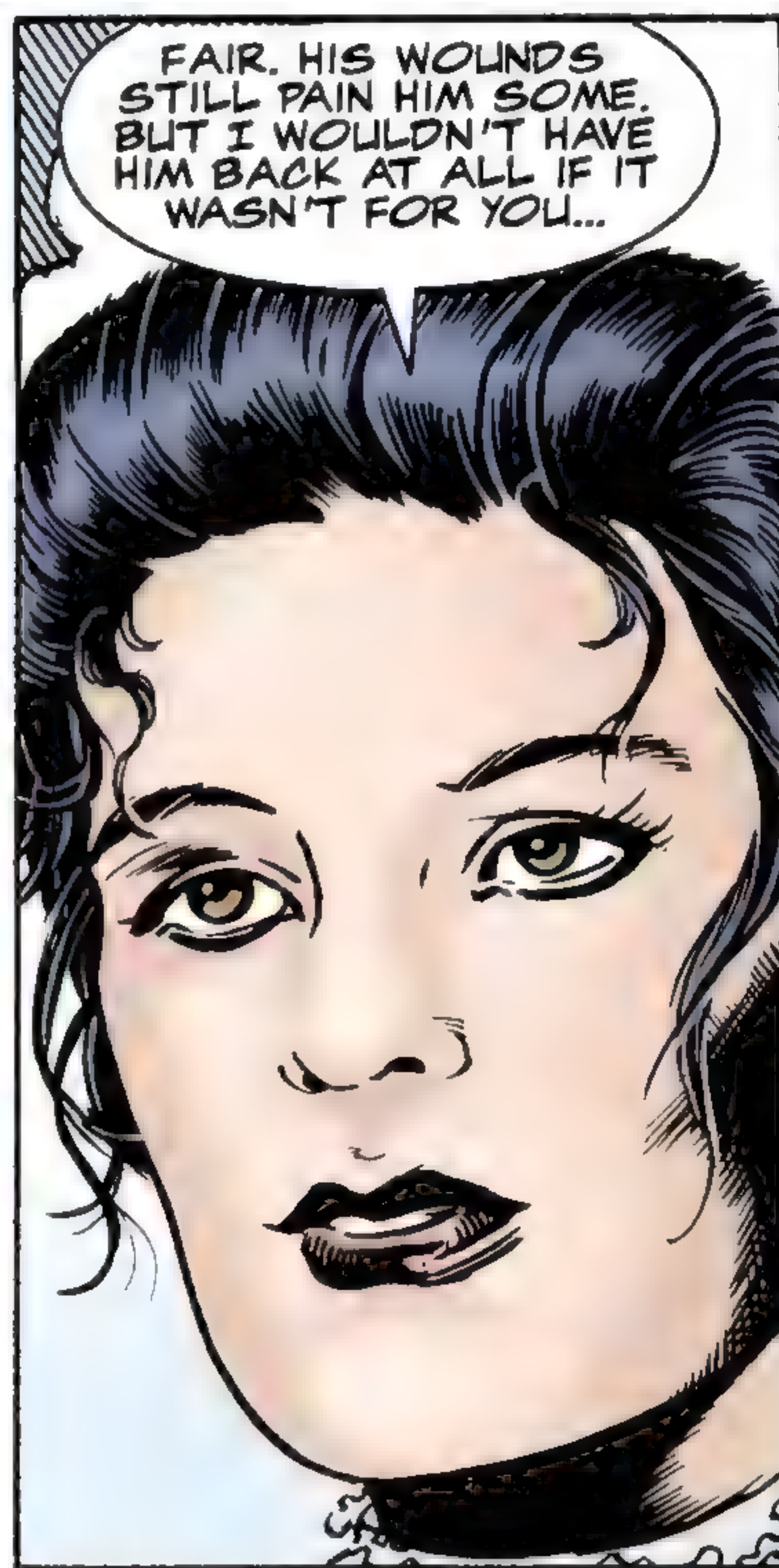


JOSH! MY LORD
YOU ARE GROWING
TALL AND FAST!

NATE! IT'S
SO GOOD TO
SEE YOU!



SAME HERE, MARY.
SEEING YOU IS LIKE
SEEING THE DAWN AFTER A
LONG COLD NIGHT. TELL
ME--HOW'S JOHN?



FAIR. HIS WOUNDS
STILL PAIN HIM SOME.
BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE
HIM BACK AT ALL IF IT
WASN'T FOR YOU...



NATE, YOU
FIND ANY SIGN OF
MY MAMA OR PA
ANYWHERE?!

WHOA!
SLOW DOWN,
SON!

LET ME
STRETCH MY LEGS
A MOMENT, I BEEN IN
THE SADDLE PRETTY
CONSTANT THIS
PAST MONTH.



TELL YOU
WHAT--WHY DON'T
YOU HELP JOHN GET
UP AND WE'LL ALL SIT
AND TALK.



YOU FOUND OUT
SOMETHING, HAVEN'T
YOU? AND IT'S NOT
GOOD, IS IT?



THE
ONLY NEWS I GOT
IS ABOUT AS BAD
AS IT GETS.

"I WAS PRETTY FAR BEHIND
REBEL LINES, ACTING AS A
SPY, TRYING TO GET WORD
ABOUT MY BROTHER OR
JOSH'S FOLKS.

"TO BE HONEST, I
DON'T MUCH CARE
FOR THIS WEARING
OF REBEL CLOTHES
AND PRETENDING TO
BE WHAT I'M NOT,
BUT SOME TIMES
THERE'S NO HELP
FOR IT.

"I GET WORD
THAT A SLAVE
ANSWERING TO
SARAH'S
DESCRIPTION
AND CONDITION
MIGHT BE FOUND
AT THIS ONE
PLANTATION.

"I SNUCK INTO THE
SLAVE QUARTERS THERE,
HALF EXPECTING A TRAP."

BOSS? PLEASE
BOSS--THIS GIRL CAN'T
DO NO MORE! SHE'S
DYING! PLEASE,
BOSS...!

SARAH?

SARAH
FREEMAN?

...NNNNNN...
NNNNATHANIEL
KENT? THAT
YOU?



CAN'T BE...YOU DEAD...I MUST BE DEAD TOO...

NO, SARAH! I'M ALIVE! SO ARE YOU! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!



I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME, SARAH. BACK TO KANSAS.



'FRAID... YOU A LI'L TOO LATE FOR THAT, NATHANIEL...!



TRIED...ESCAPIN'... ONCE TOO OFTEN. COULDN'T HELP IT. HAD TO. THE MASSA HERE... CUT OFF MY FOOT SO I COULDN'T RUN BUT IT'S GONE BAD...



MASSA HERE... COME BACK FROM THE WAR...CRIPPLED AND CRUEL. TIMES MADE HIM MEAN. NOT ONE OF US HAS ESCAPED A BEATING, NOT EVEN THE HOUSE NIGRAS.



BUT YOU GOT TO TELL ME, NATE...MY BOY...MY HUSBAND...HOW ARE THEY?



I HAVEN'T FOUND TOBIAS YET, SARAH. JOSHUA'S LIVING WITH SOME FRIENDS OF MINE, THE GLENOWENS. HE'S BEING WELL TAKEN CARE OF.

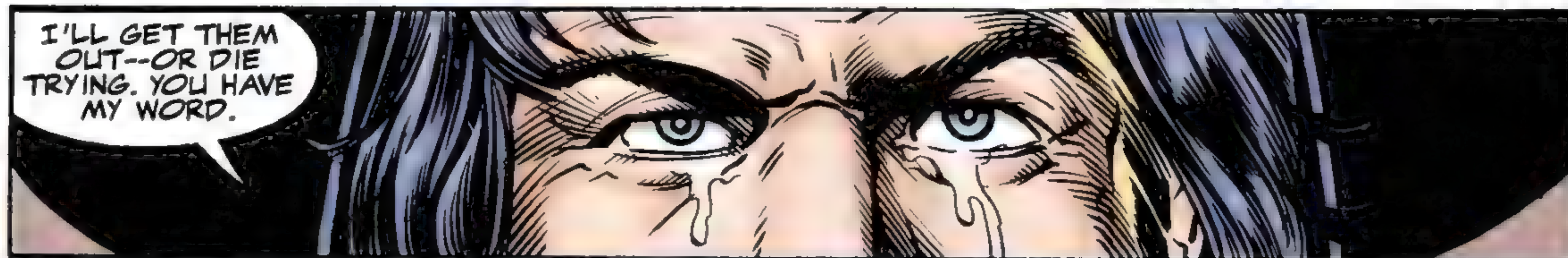
HE SAVED MY LIFE, SARAH, BACK WHEN... BACK WHEN MY BROTHER SHOT ME.



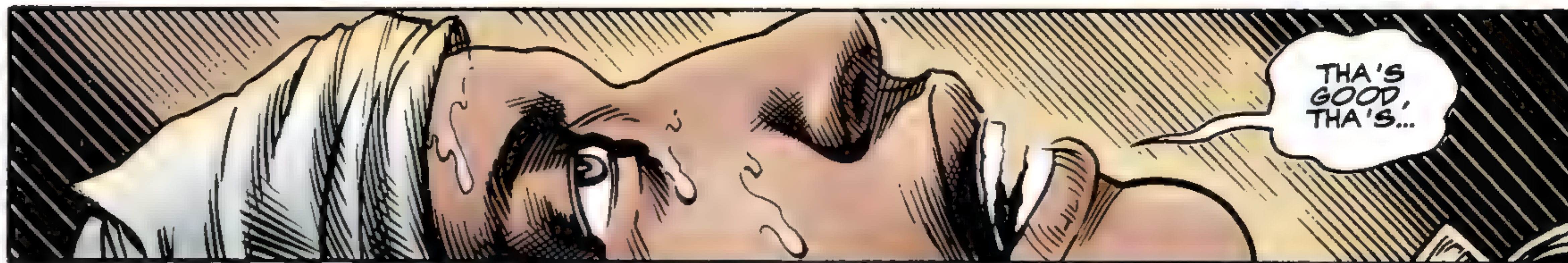
THA'S GOOD, THA'S GOOD. HE'S A GOOD BOY. AND YOU--YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, NATE KENT. GOT ONE LAST FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU.



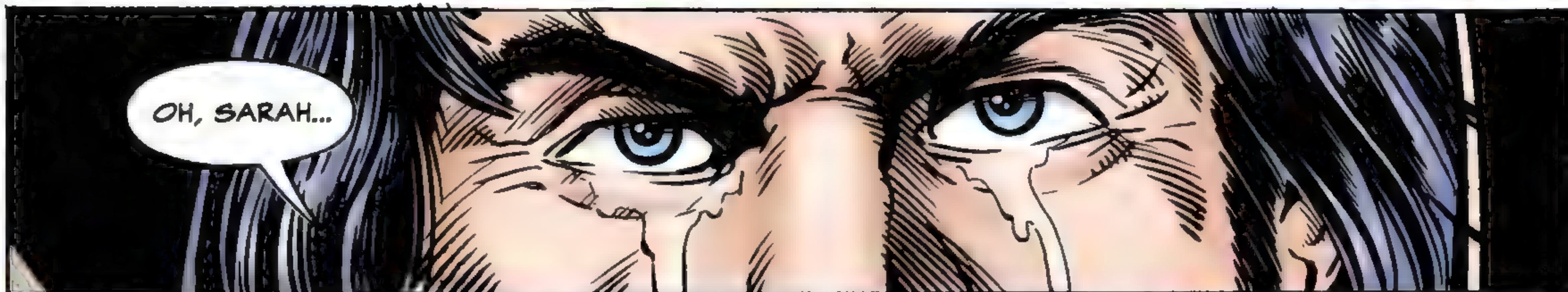
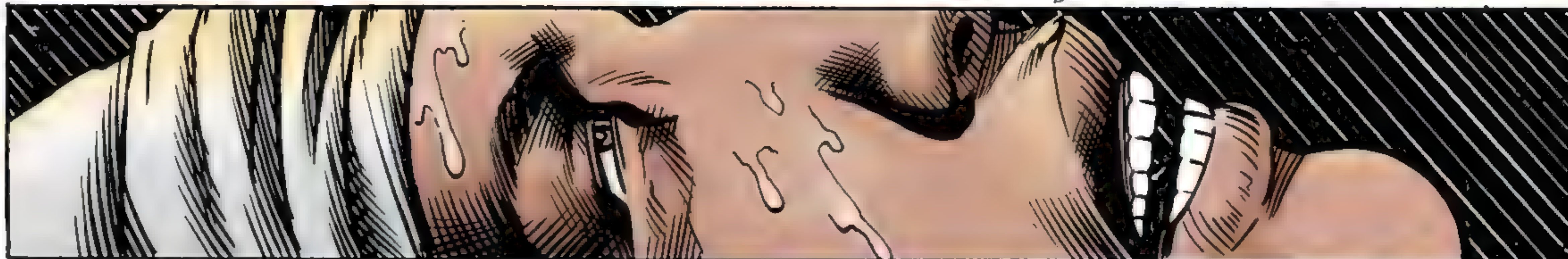
SOME FOLKS HERE... THEY WANT TO GET TO FREEDOM. I KNOW YOU WAS PART OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. MAKE THAT TRAIN PULL OUT ONE MORE TIME, NATE! GET THEM OUT FOR ME!



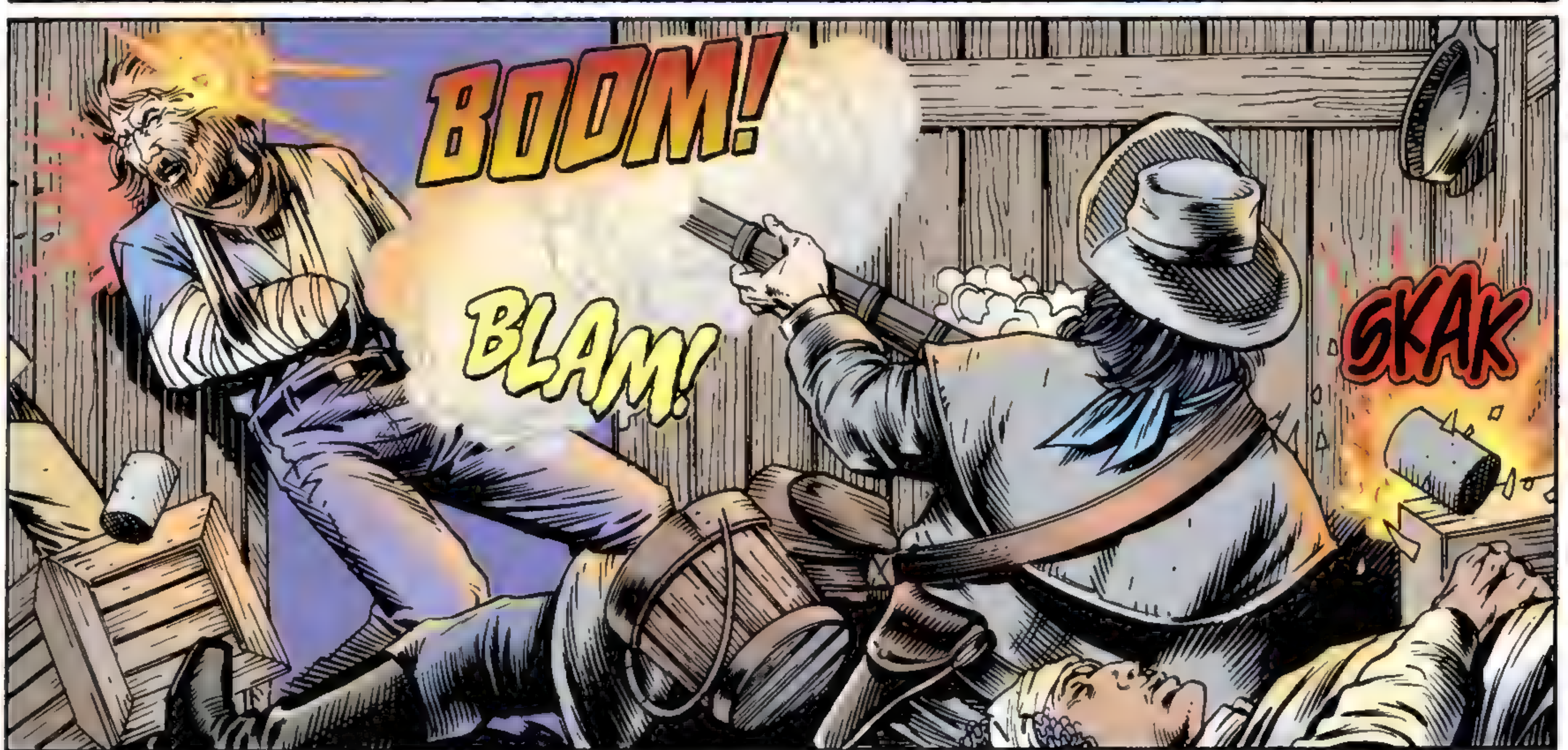
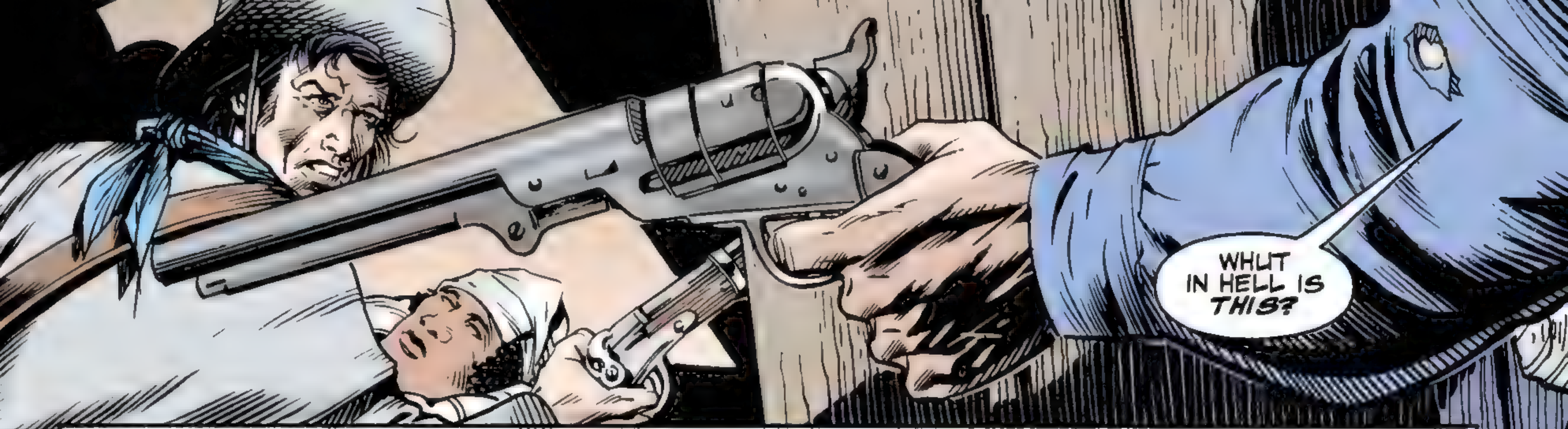
I'LL GET THEM OUT--OR DIE TRYING. YOU HAVE MY WORD.

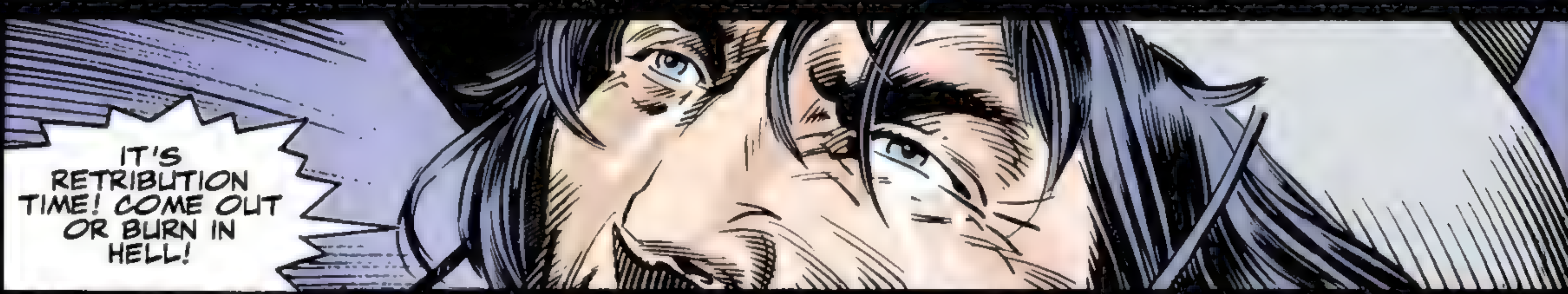
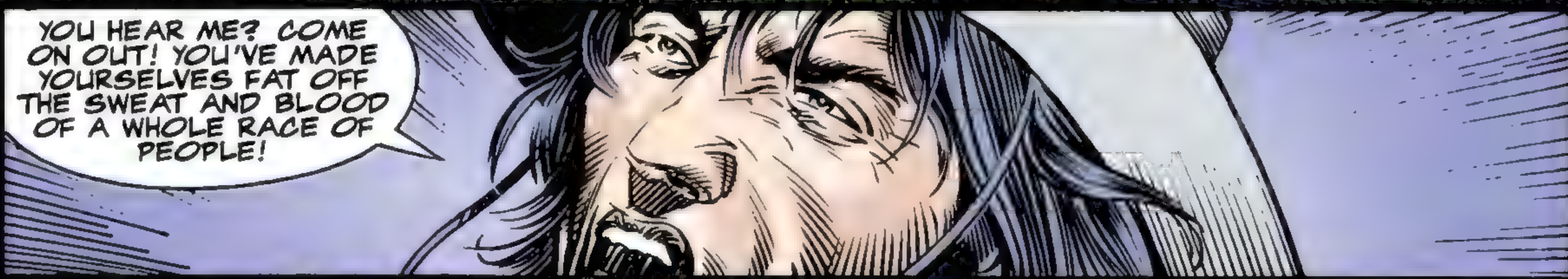


THA'S GOOD, THA'S...



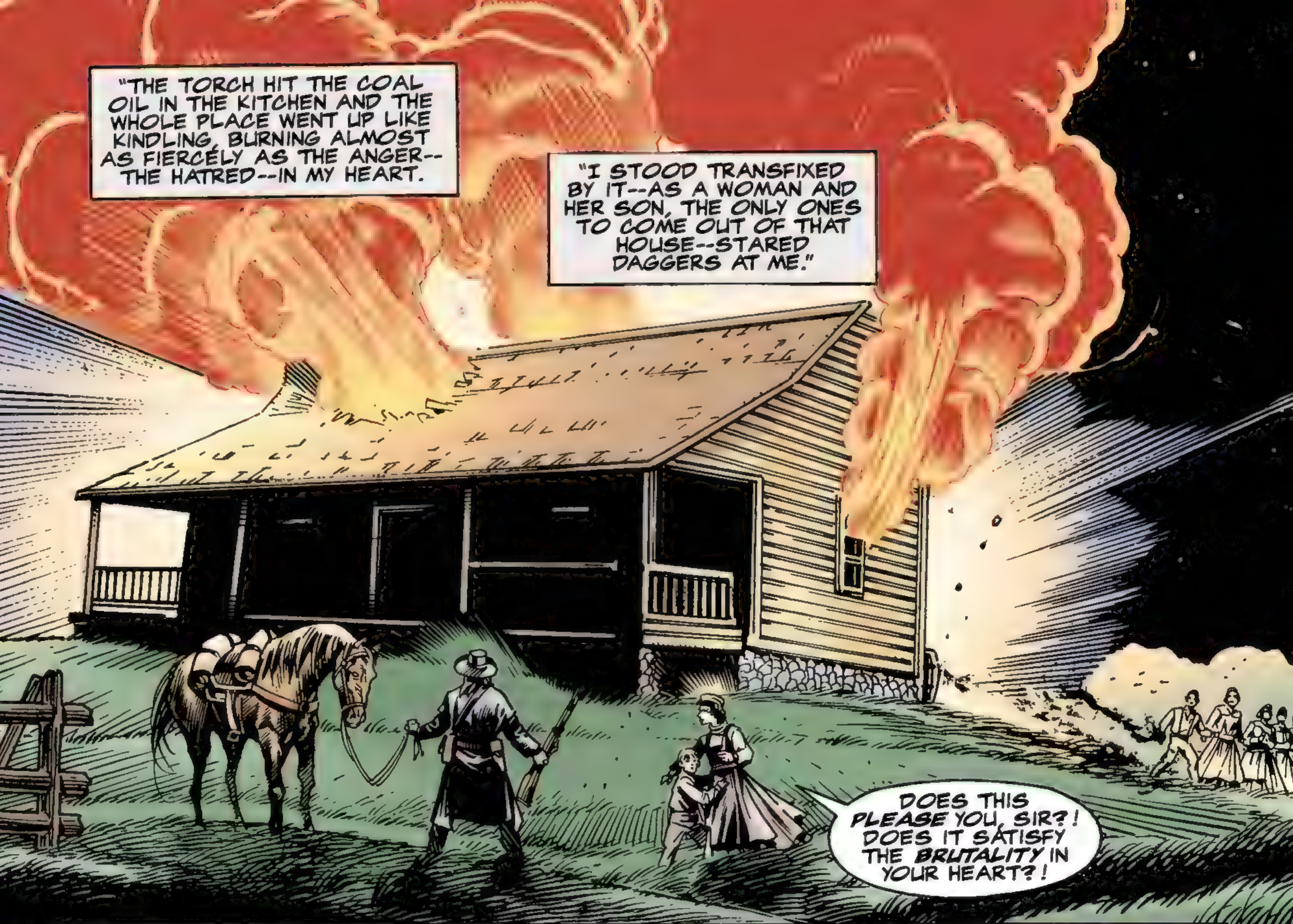
OH, SARAH...





"THE TORCH HIT THE COAL OIL IN THE KITCHEN AND THE WHOLE PLACE WENT UP LIKE KINDLING, BURNING ALMOST AS FIERCELY AS THE ANGER--THE HATRED--IN MY HEART."

"I STOOD TRANSFIXED BY IT--AS A WOMAN AND HER SON, THE ONLY ONES TO COME OUT OF THAT HOUSE--STARED DAGGERS AT ME."



DOES THIS PLEASE YOU, SIR?! DOES IT SATISFY THE BRUTALITY IN YOUR HEART?!

MURDERIN' THIEVIN' YANKEE! THE FLAMES OF HELL THAT WILL ENGULF YOU WILL BE TEN TIMES HOTTER THAN THAT WHICH ENGULFS MY POOR HOUSE! PITILESS MONSTER!

YOU ARE THE TRAITORS, YOU ARE THE MURDERERS, YOU ARE THE TYRANTS AND YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELVES.

"I HAD NO PITY FOR THEM--NONE. I TURNED MY BACK ON HER AND THE HOUSE AND STARTED BRINGING THE SLAVES TO FREEDOM."

I TOOK THEM AS FAR AS ST. LOUIS. DON'T THINK WE LOST MORE THAN ONE OR TWO EN ROUTE.

MY! THAT MUST BE A TALE IN AND OF ITSELF!

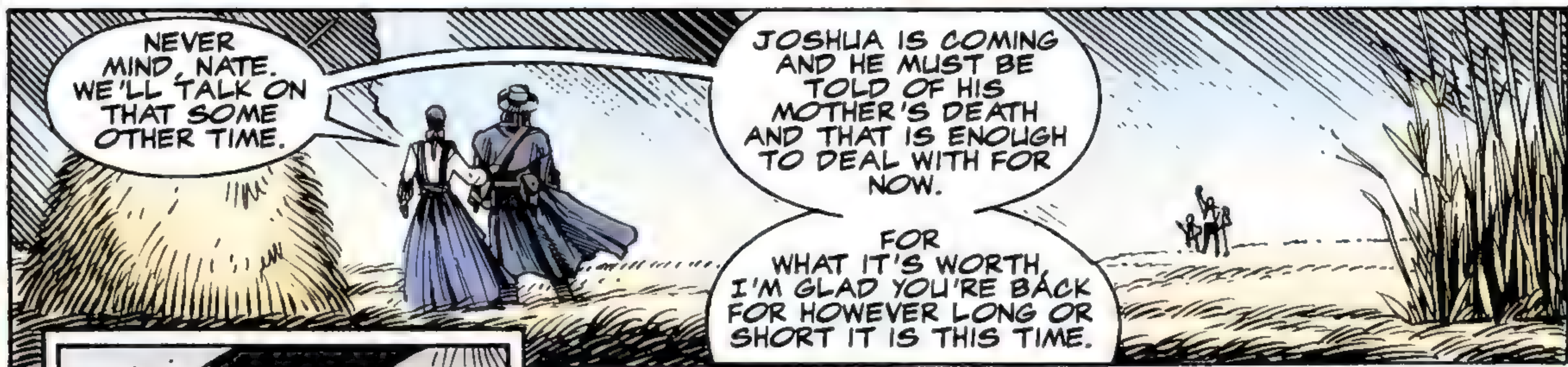
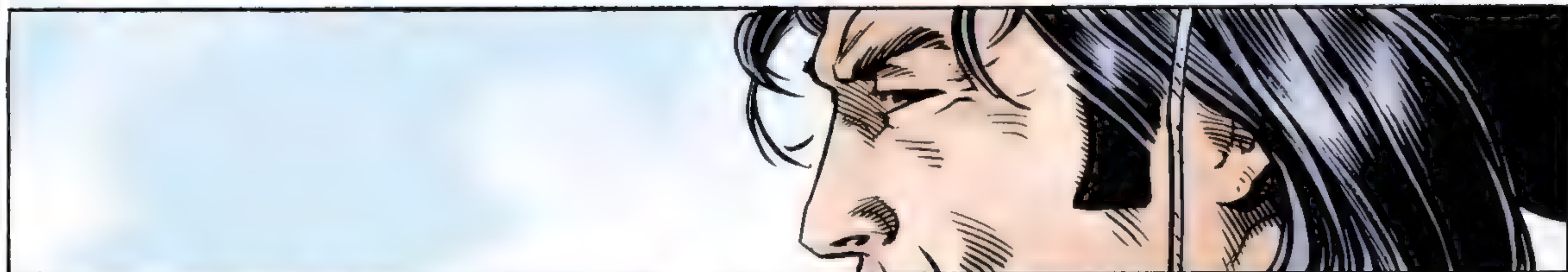
I GOT IT DONE. IT'S MY OWN ACTIONS THAT BOTHER ME, MARY. FOR A MOMENT--I FELT LIKE I WAS OLD JOHN BROWN--THAT ALL MY ANGER, MY HATE, IS TURNING INTO VIOLENCE.

AND I AM ONLY THE HARBINGER OF WHAT IS TO COME.

I FEAR WHAT I MIGHT YET DO.



SUCH
AS SHOOT YOUR
OWN BROTHER
DEAD?



NEVER
MIND, NATE.
WE'LL TALK ON
THAT SOME
OTHER TIME.

JOSHUA IS COMING
AND HE MUST BE
TOLD OF HIS
MOTHER'S DEATH
AND THAT IS ENOUGH
TO DEAL WITH FOR
NOW.

FOR
WHAT IT'S WORTH,
I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK
FOR HOWEVER LONG OR
SHORT IT IS THIS TIME.



"I've looked all over, Clark, but letters and journals seem to be nonexistent for the rest of this year and part of the next. Nathaniel was acting as a spy and scout, of course, still looking for his brother and Joshua's father.



"The Civil War was always of deep interest to you, Clark. The list of battles fought at that time--the Shenandoah, the second Battle of Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville--are like a litany of blood and valor.

"And then there was Gettysburg.

"Gettysburg--the high water mark of the Confederacy. Lee had invaded the North for a change, and his army and the Federals met for three bloody days in July and determined the fate of the war.

"Pickett's final, gallant doomed charge across the Pennsylvania fields into the very teeth of the Union line. And in the end what did it get them?"



"6,000 men on both sides killed in three days with more than 25,000 wounded and another 10,000 missing or captured. And the South would never rise so high again."

"We have family on both sides in that battle or so I am told. Maybe I should look it up some time."

"Meanwhile, Jim Lane and Charles Jennison led guerrilla raids into Missouri. Of their viciousness, General Halleck wrote to General McClellan in 1861, 'The conduct of the forces under Lane and Jennison has done more for the enemy in [Missouri] than could have been accomplished by 20,000 of his own army.'"

"They did not spare women, as Quantrill did. And for a long time afterwards in that area, a lonely chimney beside the remains of a burned-out house was called a Jennison Monument."

"Lawrence, Kansas, thrived during the war, due in part to booty Lane and Jennison brought back from their raids."

"We have another journal entry here, from Mary Glenowen, who had moved into town by mid 1864."

"August 15, 1863--We have settled into our new little home on the north side of town. I miss our farm and everything seems quite small but we are managing better."

"I had a visitor today but no one I would say was welcomed."

"Jim Lane has returned to Lawrence from playing Senator in Washington. With him he has brought his unwelcome advances."

GOOD DAY, MISS GLENOWEN. FINE DAY OUT. FINE DAY!

TELL ME--HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY FURTHER THOUGHT TO MY LITTLE--ERR--PROPOSAL?

THERE IS NOTHING TO CONSIDER, SIR. YOU ARE A MARRIED MAN AND WHAT YOU HAVE SUGGESTED IS SHAMEFUL AND INSULTING. I AM A DECENT WOMAN AND HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOU WHATSOEVER. THAT SHOULD BE ANSWER ENOUGH!



WHAT I AM, GIRL, IS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE STATE OF KANSAS. WHAT YOU ARE IS A LOVELY HALF-BREED WITH NO ONE TO REALLY PROTECT YOU AND IF I DESIRE YOU I WILL--BY HEAVEN!--HAVE YOU!

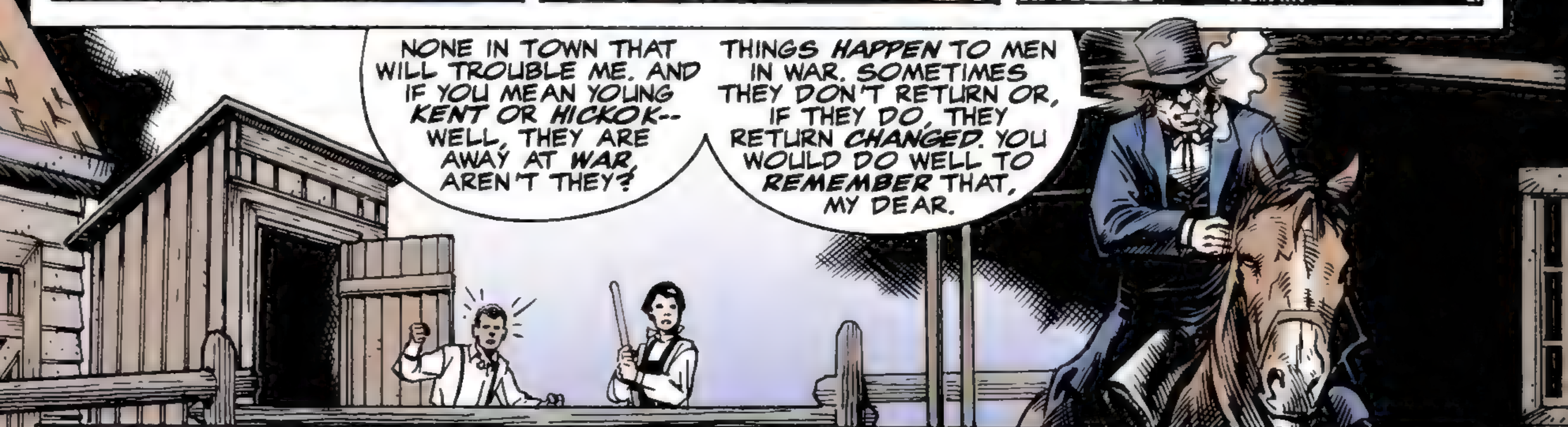


I WARN YOU, SIR, THAT I AM NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS!



NONE IN TOWN THAT WILL TROUBLE ME. AND IF YOU MEAN YOUNG KENT OR HICKOK--WELL, THEY ARE AWAY AT WAR, AREN'T THEY?

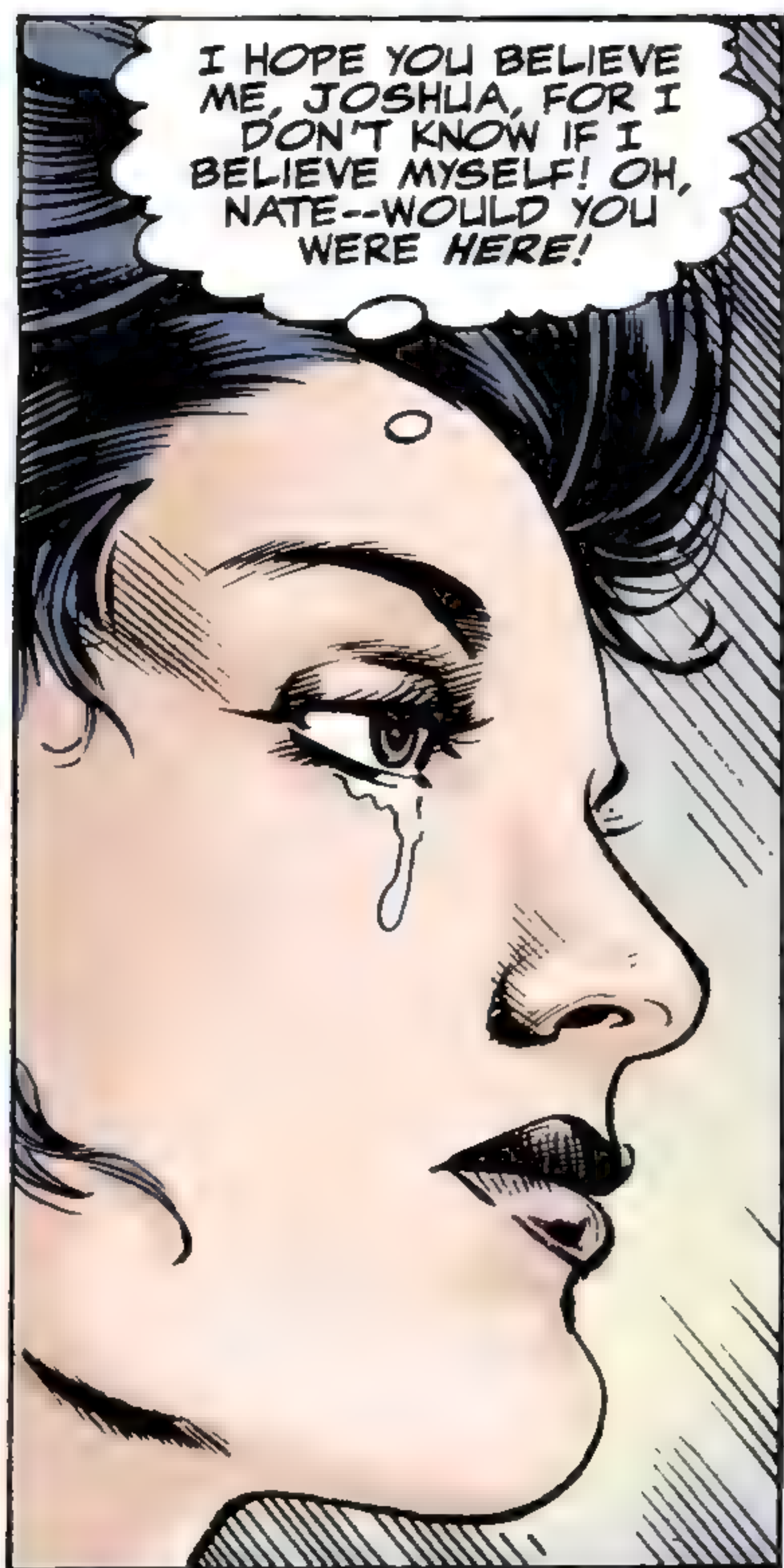
THINGS HAPPEN TO MEN IN WAR. SOMETIMES THEY DON'T RETURN OR, IF THEY DO, THEY RETURN CHANGED. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT, MY DEAR.



YES...YES, JOSHUA. THANK YOU. I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT JIM LANE, JOSH. HE WAS ALWAYS MORE TALK THAN ACTION.



I HOPE YOU BELIEVE ME, JOSHUA, FOR I DON'T KNOW IF I BELIEVE MYSELF! OH, NATE--WOULD YOU WERE HERE!



I HEARD WHAT THAT SKUNK SAID, MISS MARY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!



"It's a little hard to follow Quantrill's career, Clark, during these years of the war, but there's something important to note for what follows later.

"It was Quantrill who taught his men how to strike and scatter, how to gather and use intelligence on the enemy's activities, to find and secure every possible hiding place in the area.

"This wasn't classic infantry or cavalry battle; this was cut and run guerrilla tactics. The people who learned best included the James Brothers, the Younger Brothers and later the Daltons and others. The pattern of banditry in that region was handed down from Quantrill.



"And one of those learning was Jebediah Kent."

"Deer Sister Lucy--Well, I am an outlaw now good and official. General Totten signed an order saying any who rode with Quantrill could be shot on sight without a trial or nothing. It do feel queer. A feller could shoot me and make money for doing it.

"Of course our brother Nate would do it for nothing.

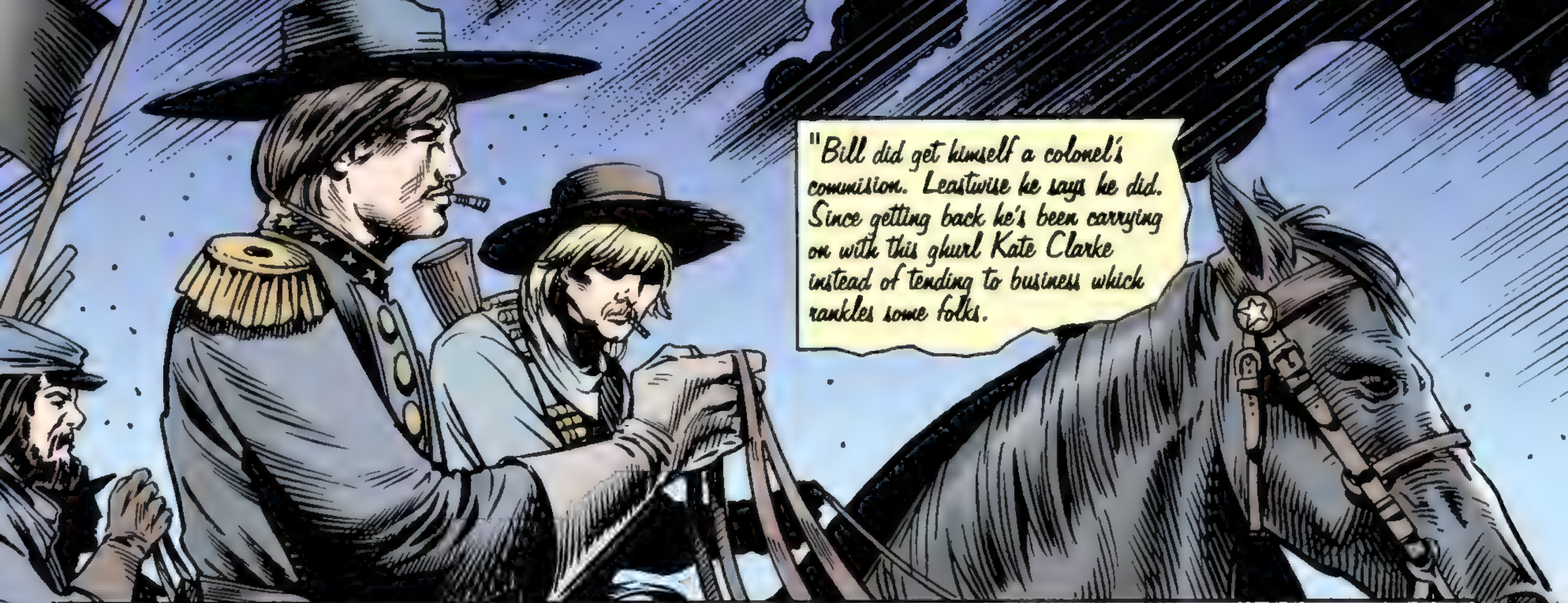
"Bill Quantrill went to Richmond to see Secretary of War Seddon and get us made a regular unit but it dint amount to much.

I TELL YOU, SIR, THE CONFEDERACY MUST RAISE THE BLACK FLAG AND NO LONGER GIVE QUARTER TO ITS ENEMIES!

EVEN WAR HAS ITS AMENITIES AND RIENEMENTS, QUANTRILL, AND THAT IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT IS SIMPLE BARBARISM TO TALK OF THE BLACK FLAG!

BARBARISM, MR. SECRETARY, MEANS WAR AND WAR MEANS BARBARISM! FOR TWENTY YEARS THIS CLOUD HAS BEEN GATHERING. THE CLOUD HAS BURST! DO NOT CONDEMN THE THUNDERBOLT!





"Bill did get himself a colonel's commission. Leastwise he says he did. Since getting back he's been carrying on with this ghurl Kate Clarke instead of tending to business which rankles some folks.

"Bill Anderson run us whilst Quantrill was away in Richmond. He led us over at Prairie Grove and with Jo Shelby at Springfield. He likes to have Union scalps dangling from his saddle but he dont much like Quantrill taking back command.

THE DAMN YANKEES! I GOT A SISTER DEAD BECAUSE OF THEM!

EASY ANDERSON. MY COUSIN DIED IN THAT SAME BUILDING.

THEN YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL, COLE YOUNGER! THEM DAMN BLUEBELLIES STUFFED OUR WOMEN FOLK INTO THAT OLD RICKETY BUILDING UP IN KANSAS CITY AND THEN THEY UNDERMINED THE FOUNDATION!

WELL, THEY HAVE AND I SAY NOTHIN' BUT BLOOD WILL MAKE US EVEN AND--BY DAMN!--I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THAT BILL QUANTRILL!

THE WOMEN DINT DO NOTHIN' TO 'EM! IT WAS US THEY WANTED TO STRIKE!

WELL, I SAY YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL ANDERSON. BUT FIRST--YOU HAVE TO HAVE A PLAN. AND I GOT ONE--IF YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO FOLLOW ME.

I SAY WE GO KNOCKING ON JIM LANE'S DOOR. I SAY WE SHOW THEM DAMN BLUEBELLIES WE CAN HIT THEM HARD ANYWHERE WE CHOOSE! I SAY WE STAKE 'EM THROUGH THE HEART!

I SAY WE BURN LAWRENCE, KANSAS!



OF COURSE, WE'LL NEED EVERY MAN WE HAVE AND EVERY MAN WE CAN CALL IN. WE'RE GOING TO BE TRAVELING DEEP INSIDE THE ENEMY'S TERRITORY. WE'LL NEED SPEED, LUCK, GUTS AND BRAINS.

ALL THE PLUNDER--OR AT LEAST THE BULK OF IT--STOLEN FROM MISSOURI WILL BE FOUND STORED AWAY IN LAWRENCE. WE CAN GET MORE REVENGE AND MORE MONEY THERE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN KANSAS!



I KNOW THE HAZARDS THIS ENTERPRISE BEARS, BUT IF YOU NEVER RISK, YOU NEVER GAIN!

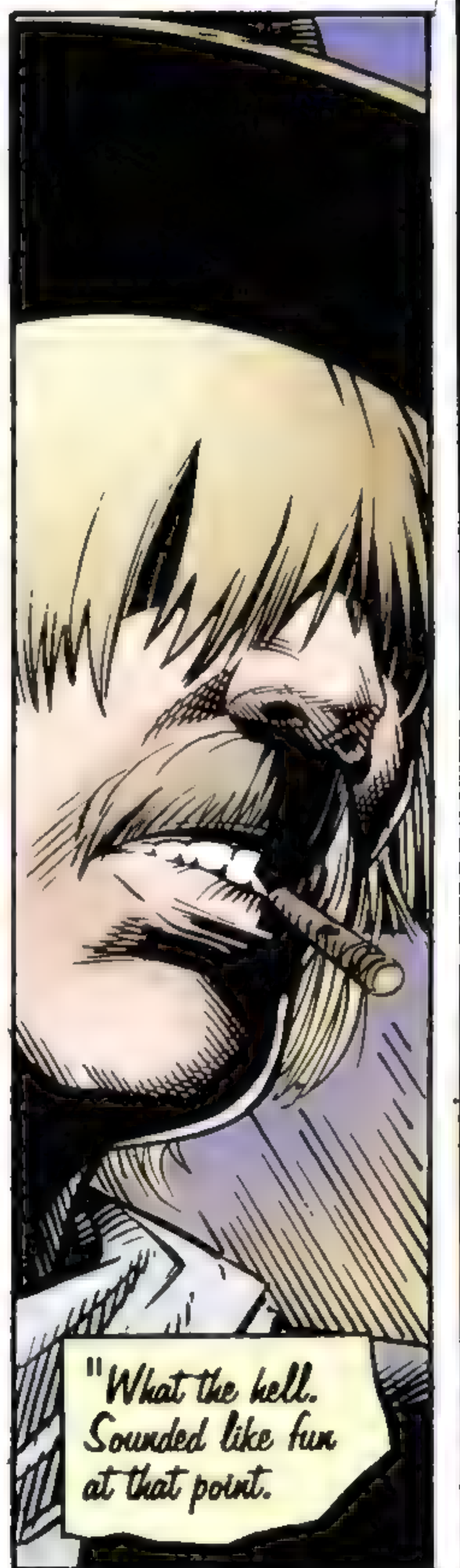
WHAT SAY YOU?! ARE YOU GAME?!



YEE-HAA!



"We was all cheering like maniacs and me too. Even Bill Anderson brightened up some and quit grouching.



"What the hell. Sounded like fun at that point.

"About 300 of us set off on August 19 along the south side of the Blue River, passing through Chapel Hill, and camping that night by the Grand River.

"Next day we was joined by about 100 Confederate recruits under the command of a Colonel Holt. Bill invited them along to be 'christened', but I don't believe these boys know what they are getting into.

"Next day another fifty or so men joined us for fun. That evening we entered Kansas just south of Aubry. About ten miles inside, we turned north and then pushed hard for Lawrence, riding all night."



"Fletcher Taylor, one of Quantrill's best spies, supposedly rode into Lawrence itself. Says it's all ripe for taking. The new mayor, George Collamore, has given up on trying to make the citizens do picket duty. We learned them.

"We rode on through the night and it was getting on towards dawn when I realized the boys was riding right through our old farm. That felt pretty queer I will say.

"I don't know where Nate is although I heard reports he was searching me out. I was glad he weren't at the farm that night or he woulda been dead.

"I knew his name was on the list Quantrill carried of those to be executed. Jim Lane was on top.

"I could not help wondering what Pa and Ma would have thought if they could see me. I suspect Nate is right and they would not have thought much. I guess I am trampling on what they believed in.

"I'm not much sure how I come to be where I am, Lucy ghurl, and that's a fact. I am not proud of it but I am as I am and I guess there's not much more I can do about it now.

SILAS KENT
Loving Husband
and Father
Born
July 17, 1806
Died
October 15, 1855

ABIGAIL
COLTER KENT
Loving Wife
and Mother
Born
June 3, 1807
Died
March 7, 1857

"Bill had roused out locals along the way to guide us but they all seem to come to the same end."

WHICH
WAY
NOW?

I TELL
YA I DON'T
KNOW! I DON'T
COME UP TO
LAWRENCE MUCH
AND IN THE DARK
AND ALL....!

I'M AT
THE END OF
WHAT I
KNOW
MISTER!

THEN YOU'RE
NO MORE
USE TO ME.

BLAM!



FIND A HOUSE. ROUST SOMEONE OUT OF IT. WE'RE SO CLOSE TO LAWRENCE NOW I CAN SMELL IT, BUT ONE WRONG TURN...

NO NEED, CHARLIE. THIS IS MY OLD STOMPING GROUNDS. I KNOW THE WAY AS GOOD AS ANYONE, YOU BET YOU.



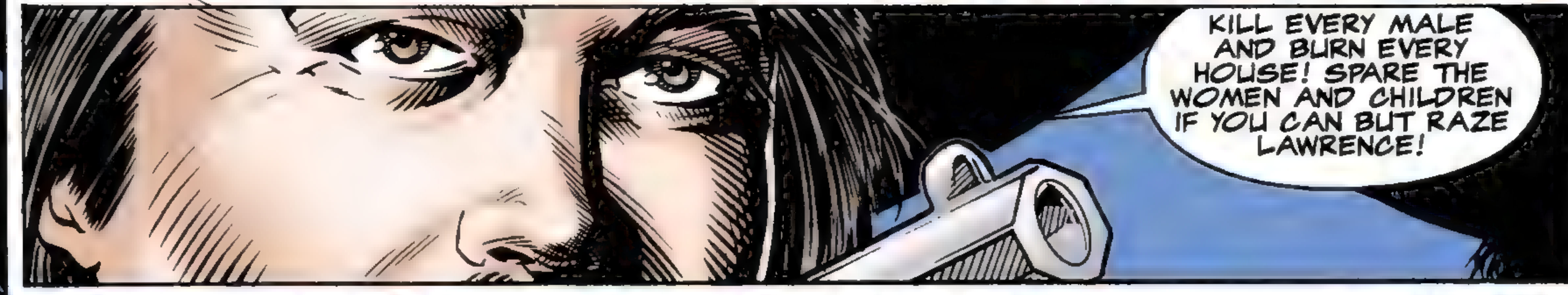
I'LL GUIDE US IN.

"It was just about dawn when we crested a hill and looked down. Lawrence was just waking up. Been a long time since I seen it.

"Guess it will be a while before I go back again considering what we done that day. You'll have heard the bad but I wasn't part of all of it. I want you to know that. Your brother -- Jeb"



YOU ALL KNOW THE PLAN. I ESPECIALLY WANT JIM LANE AND I WANT HIM ALIVE SO WE CAN BRING HIM BACK TO MISSOURI FOR A TRIAL BEFORE WE BURN HIM AT THE STAKE!



KILL EVERY MALE AND BURN EVERY HOUSE! SPARE THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IF YOU CAN BUT RAZE LAWRENCE!



CHARGE!



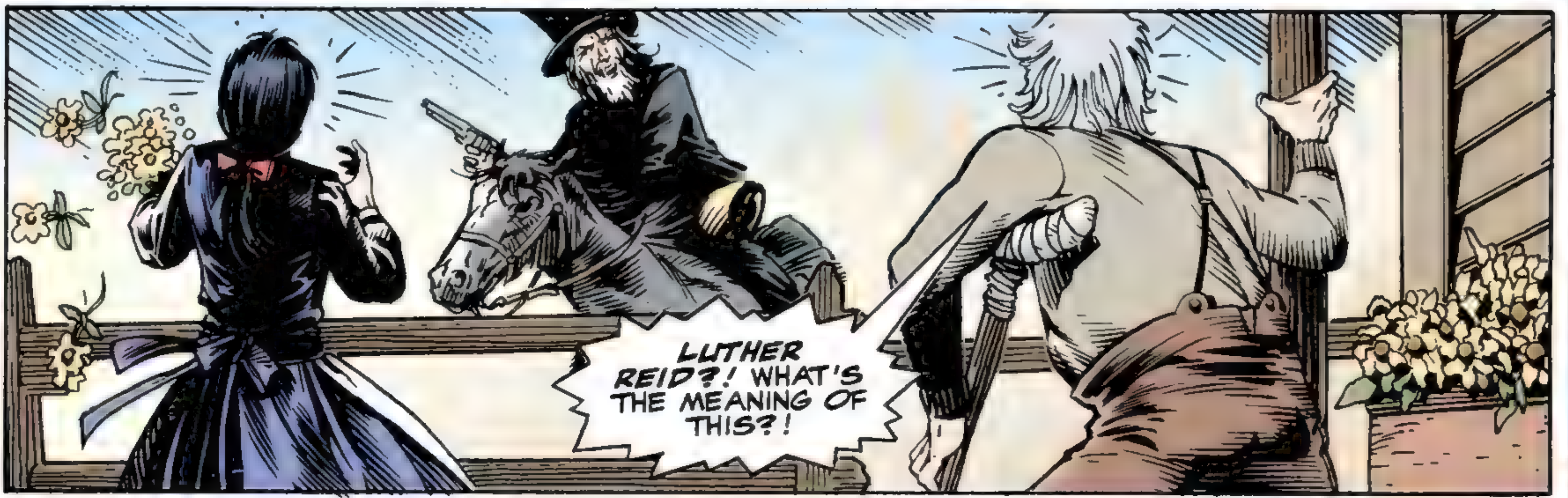
YOU'RE UP EARLY, FATHER.

COULDN'T SLEEP, MARY. WOUNDS ACHING ME AGAIN. WHERE'S JOSH?

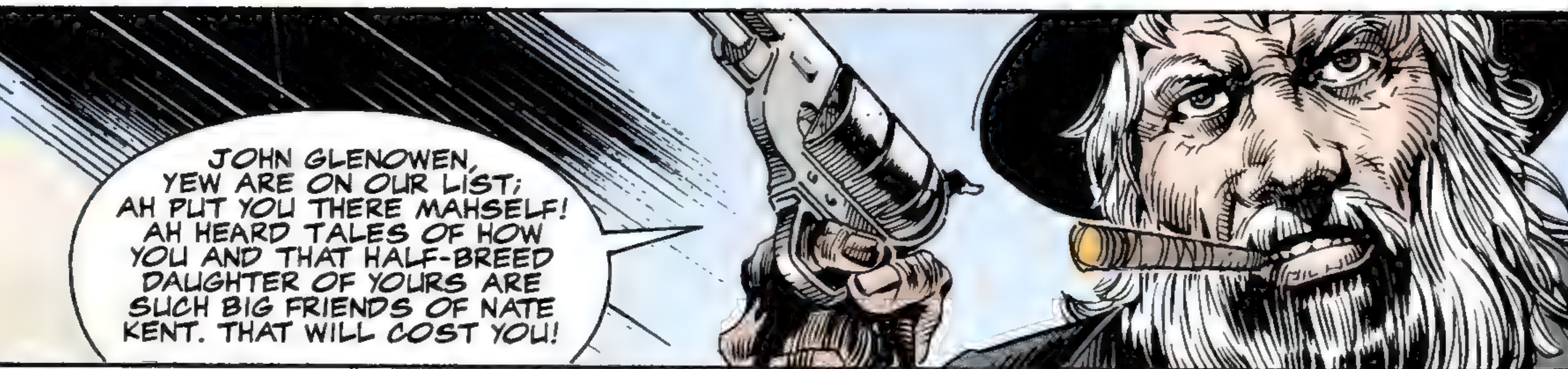
OVER IN THE CORN-FIELDS ALREADY. HE...



IS THAT GUNFIRE I HEAR?!



LUTHER REID?! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!



JOHN GLENOWEN, YEW ARE ON OUR LIST; AH PUT YOU THERE MAHSELF! AH HEARD TALES OF HOW YOU AND THAT HALF-BREED DAUGHTER OF YOURS ARE SUCH BIG FRIENDS OF NATE KENT. THAT WILL COST YOU!



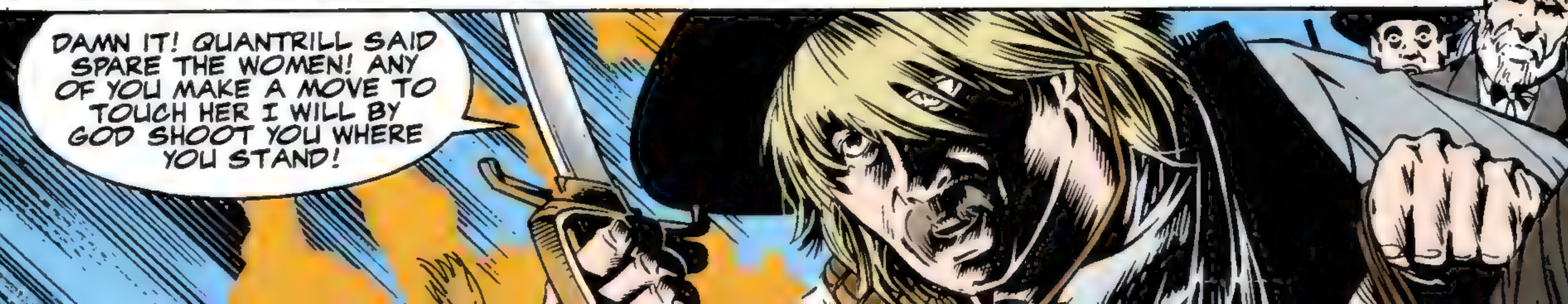
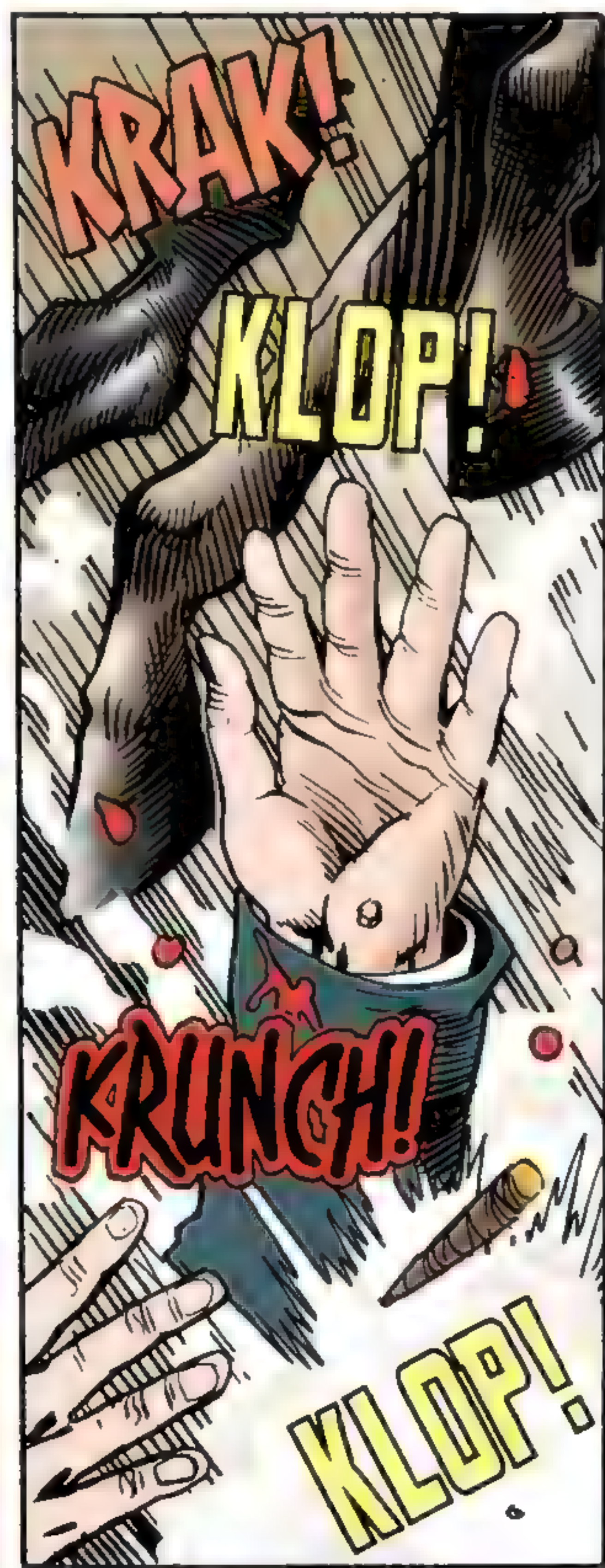
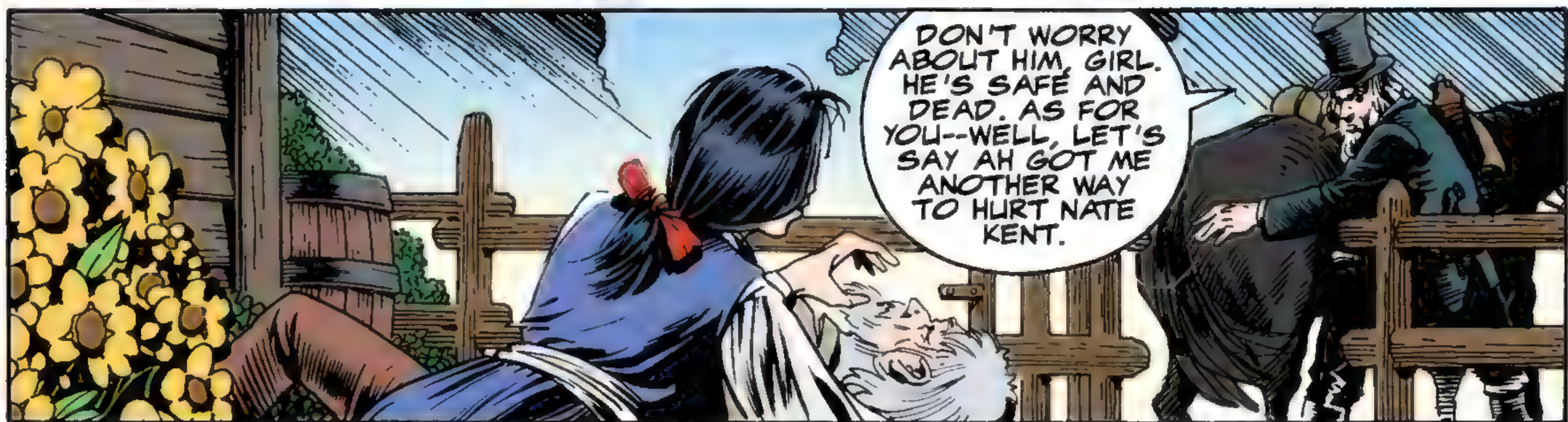
WE HAVE LITTLE MORE THAN FLOWERS, MR. REID, BUT IF YOU WANT THEM YOU ARE WELCOME TO THEM!

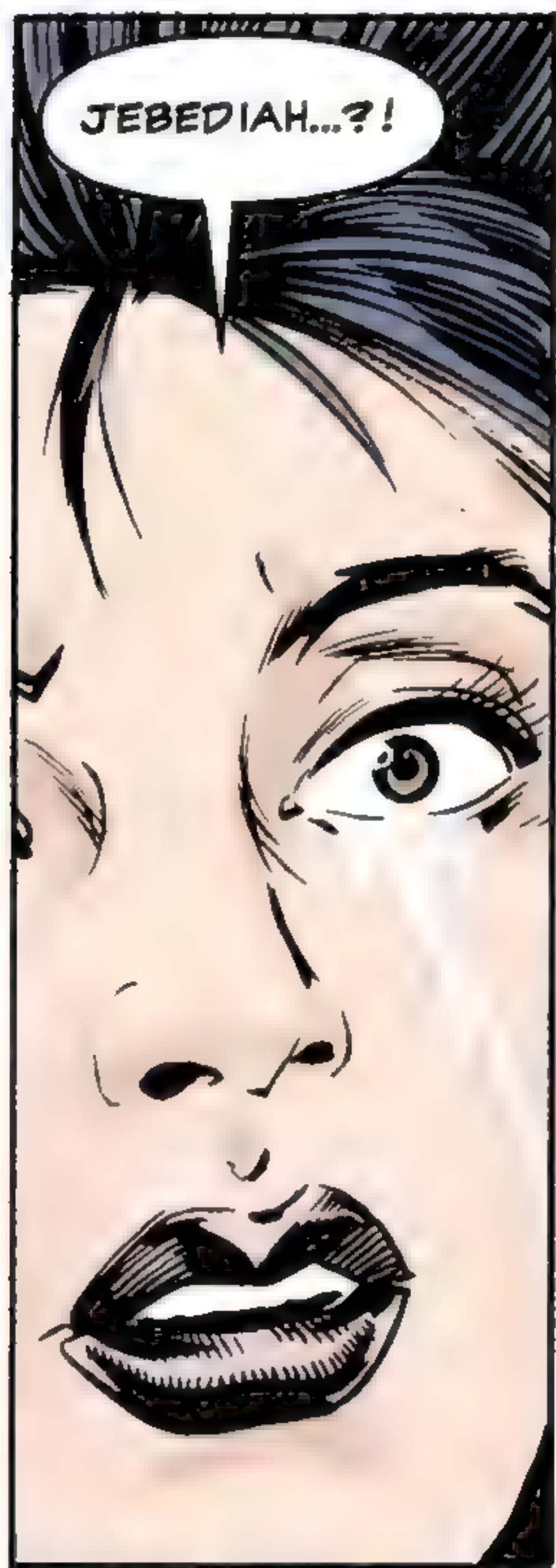


AIN'T POSIES I COME FOR, HALF-BREED.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

FATHER!





JEBEDIAH...?!



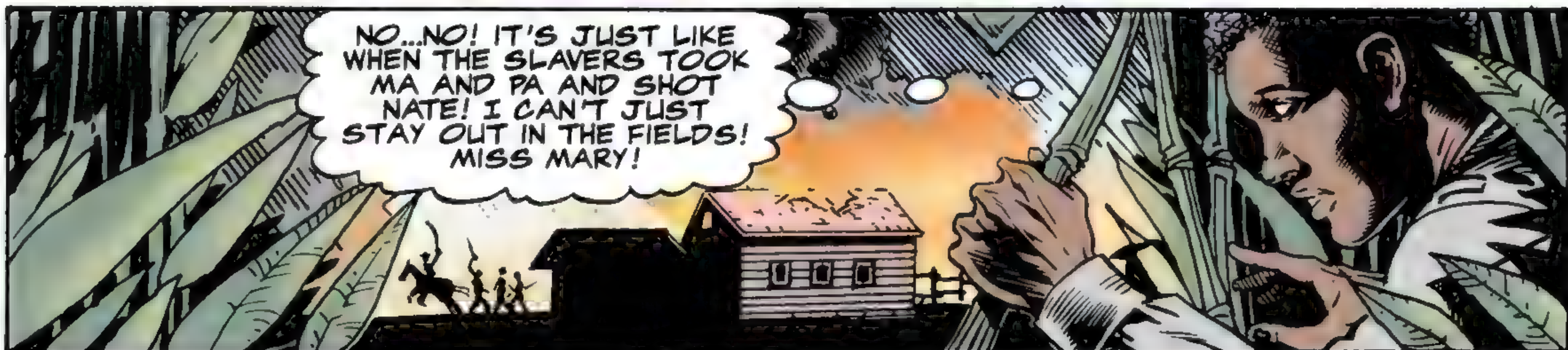
MARY, I...
OH DAMN, I'M
SORRY, GIRL.



I WISH
YOU WEREN'T
HERE.

I WISH YOU
WEREN'T, EITHER!
JEB, HOW COULD
YOU RIDE
WITH...WITH...!

LEAVE IT
BE. AIN'T NO
HELP FOR IT NO
WAYS. GOOD-
BYE, MARY.



NO...NO! IT'S JUST LIKE
WHEN THE SLAVERS TOOK
MA AND PA AND SHOT
NATE! I CAN'T JUST
STAY OUT IN THE FIELDS!
MISS MARY!



HOLD IT,
BOY!

SLAVER!



HESH UP,
NIGRA!

MR. LANE?!
LET ME GO! I
GOT TO HELP...!



HESH UP!
THEY'RE HUNTING
ME AND IF THEY
SEE YOU THEY'LL
FIND ME! I JUST
BARELY GOT OUT
IN MY NIGHTSHIRT
SO BY GOD LIE
STILL!

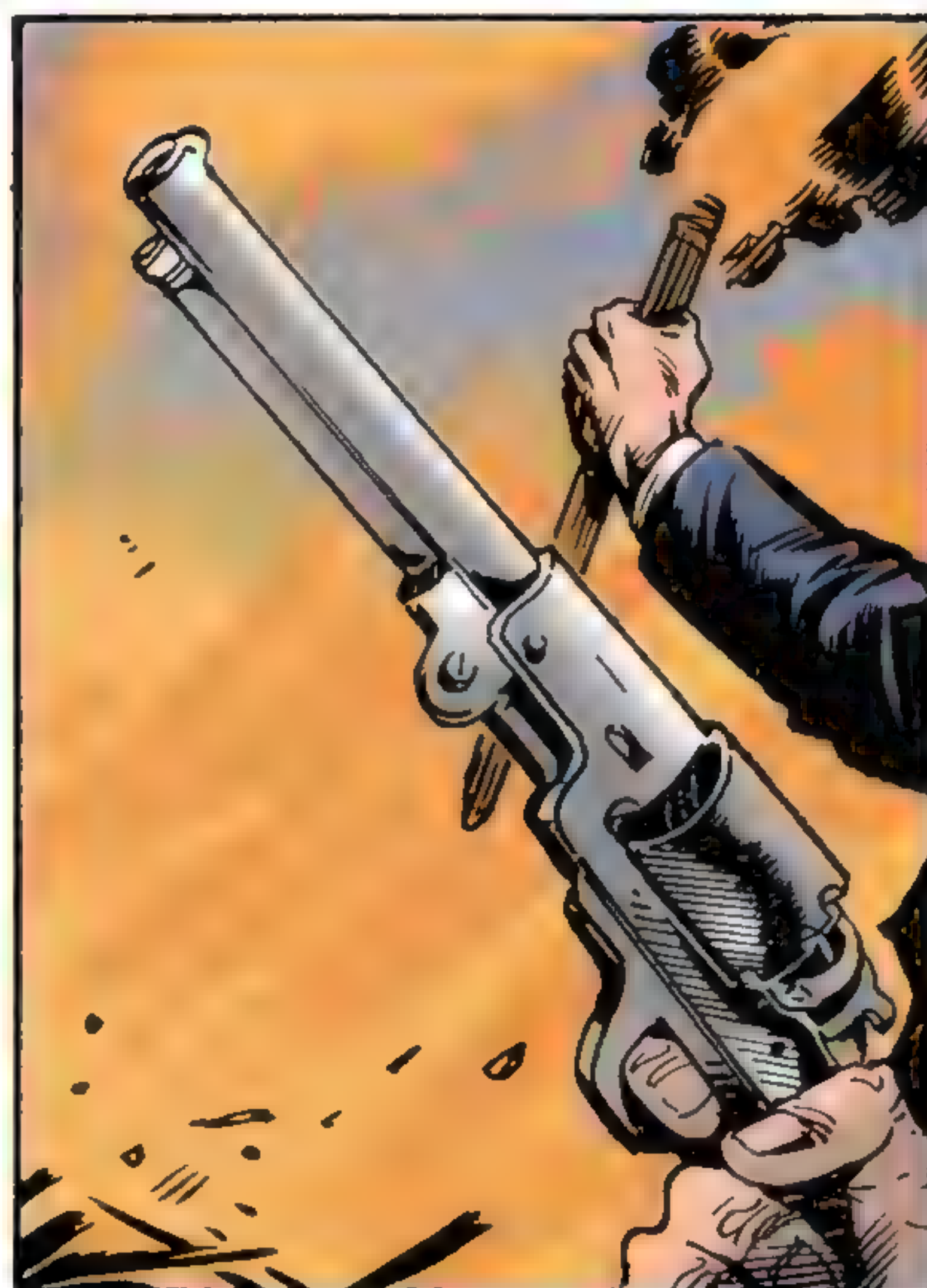
"I've pieced together a lot of this, Clark, from scraps of journals and letters and histories I've been searching out. Quantrill and his men brought hell to Lawrence that morning.

"About the center of town, Quantrill came across 22 recruits of the Fourteenth Kansas camped out. They were trampled into the ground.

"Women tried to protect their men, covering them with their own bodies. The raiders reached around them and shot them dead. The banks, homes, shops, and saloons were all looted.



"And the killing went on."

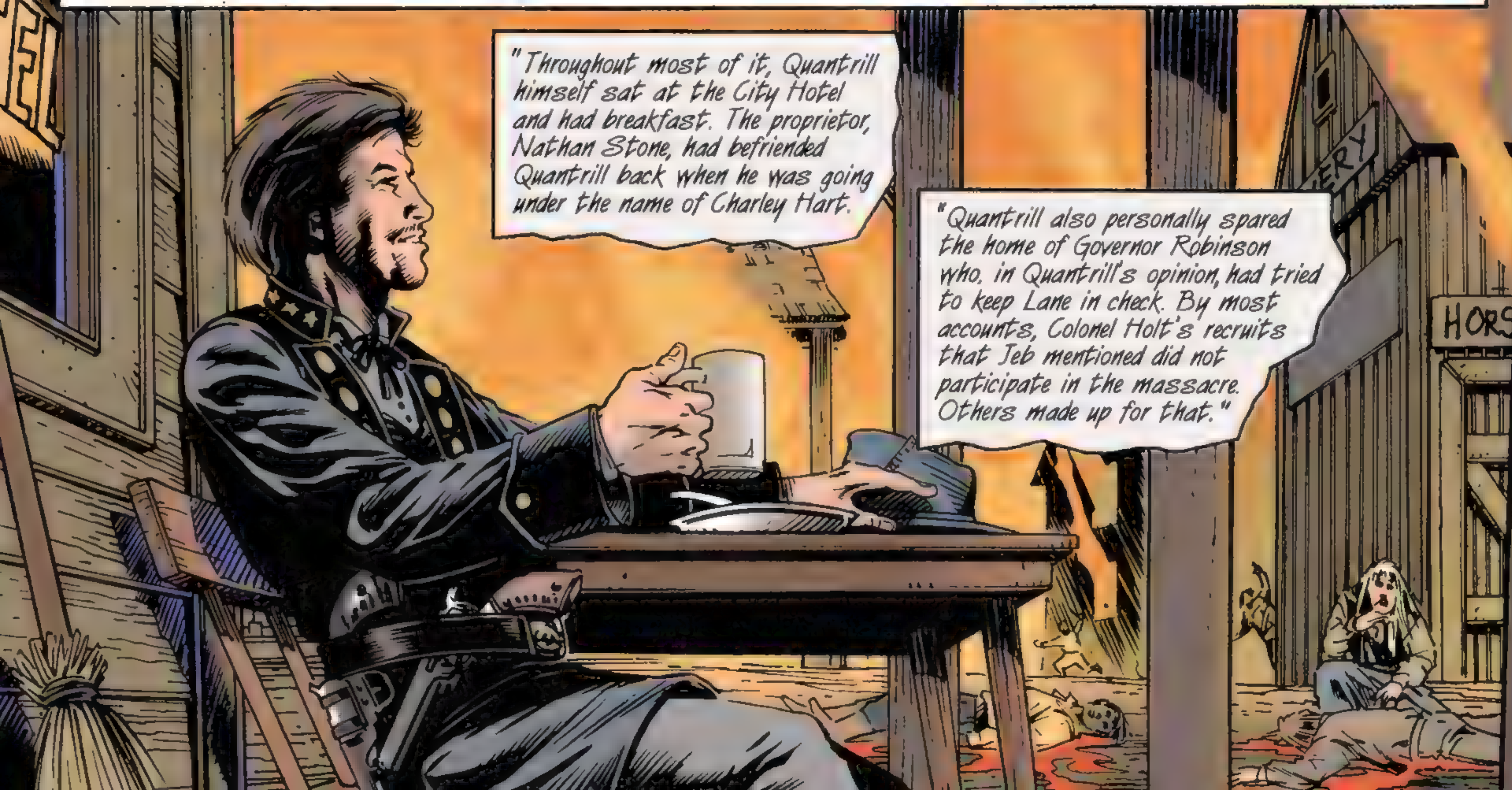


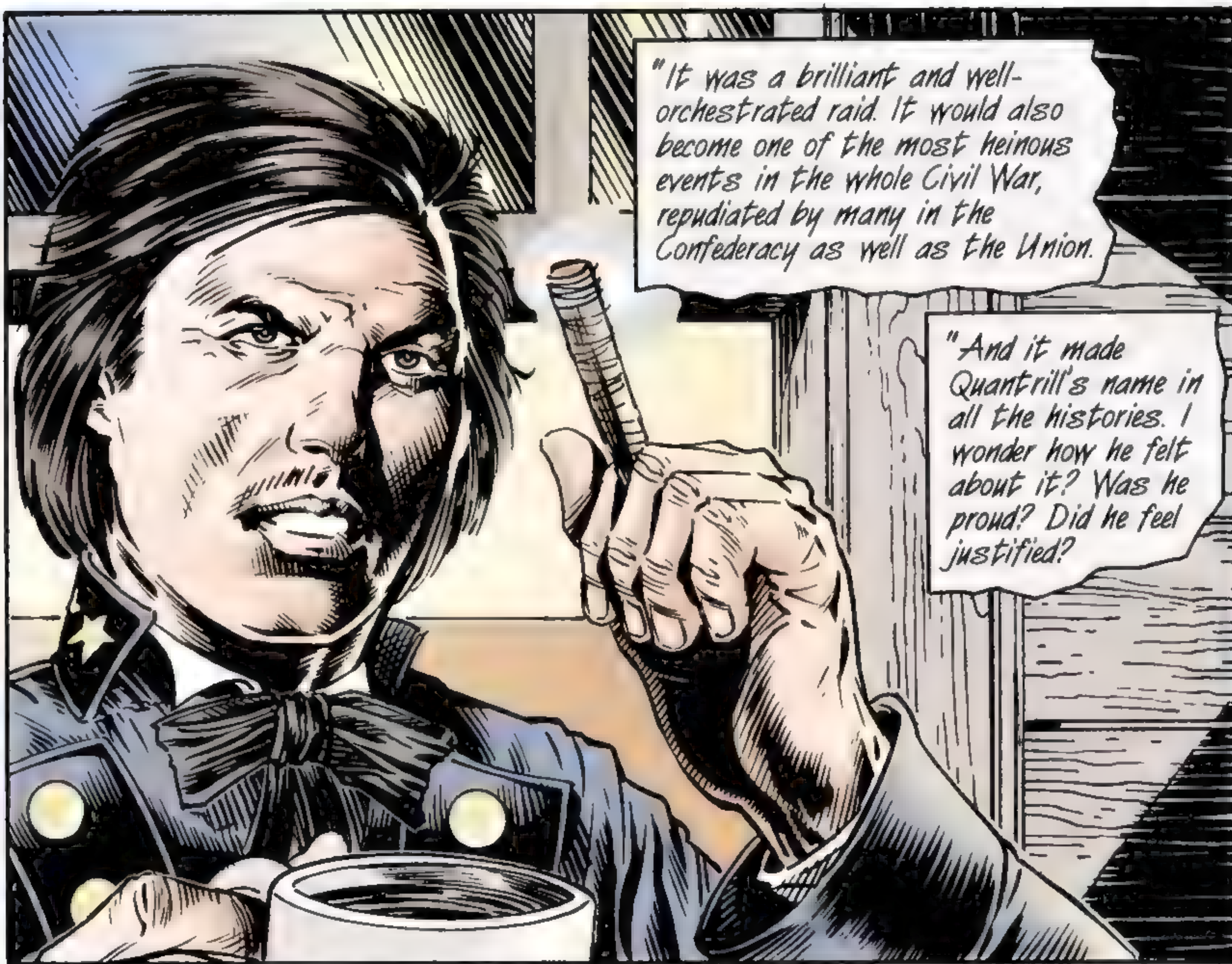
"For four bloody hours it went on."



"Throughout most of it, Quantrill himself sat at the City Hotel and had breakfast. The proprietor, Nathan Stone, had befriended Quantrill back when he was going under the name of Charley Hart.

"Quantrill also personally spared the home of Governor Robinson who, in Quantrill's opinion, had tried to keep Lane in check. By most accounts, Colonel Holt's recruits that Jeb mentioned did not participate in the massacre. Others made up for that."





"It was a brilliant and well-orchestrated raid. It would also become one of the most heinous events in the whole Civil War, repudiated by many in the Confederacy as well as the Union."

"And it made Quantrill's name in all the histories. I wonder how he felt about it? Was he proud? Did he feel justified?"

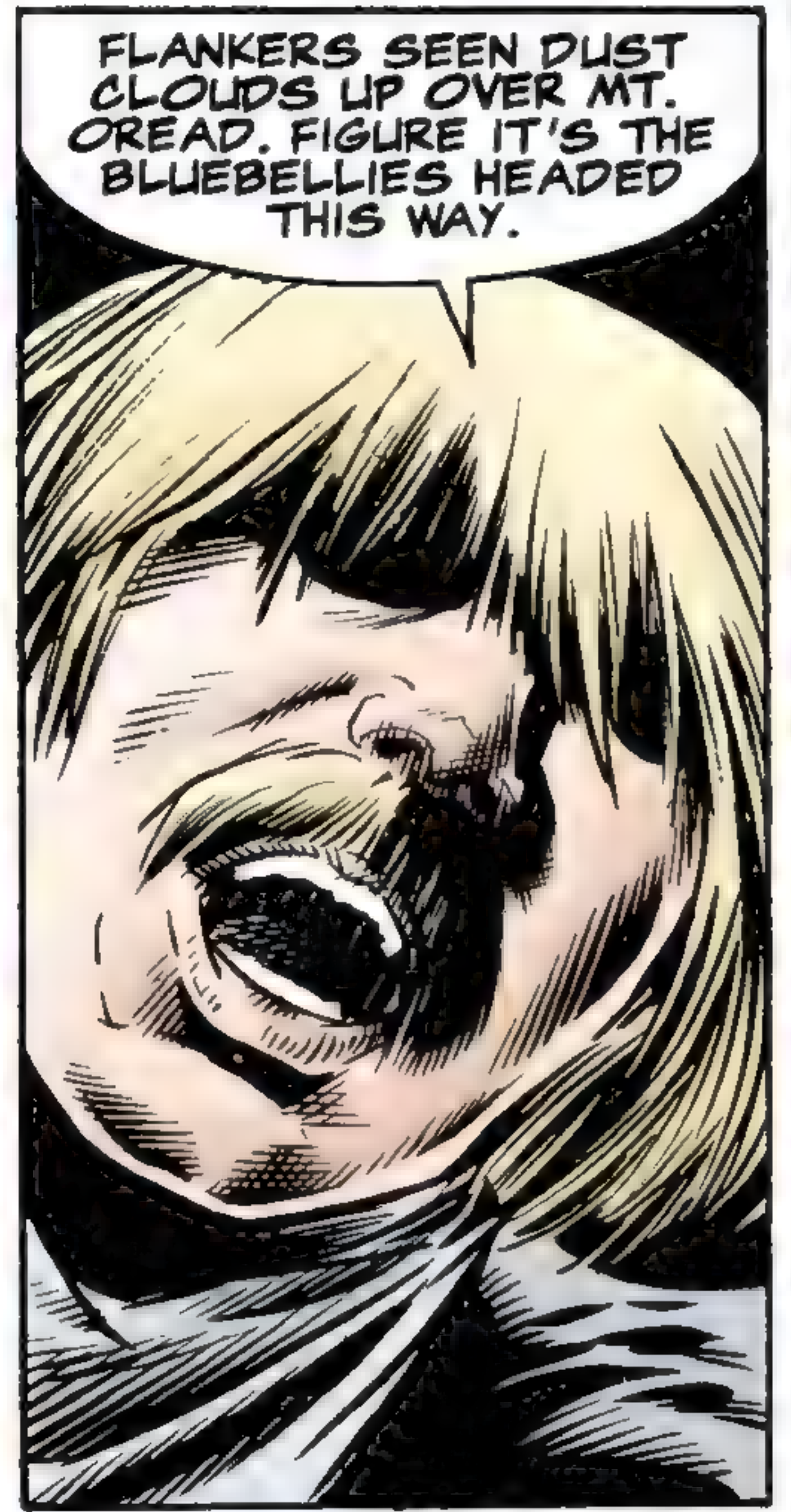


"Or did he not care one way or the other?"



HOPE YOU'VE HAD A GOOD BREAKFAST, CHARLEY.

WHAT'S UP, LI'L BROTHER?



FLANKERS SEEN DUST CLOUDS UP OVER MT. OREAD. FIGURE IT'S THE BLUEBELLIES HEADED THIS WAY.



BEST TELL ANDERSON AND THE OTHERS. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH FUN FOR ONE DAY.



LADIES, I BID YOU GOOD MORNING.

I HOPE WHEN WE MEET AGAIN, IT WILL BE UNDER MORE FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

"With Quantrill's black silk flag flying, the raiders left Lawrence. In their wake, they left 140-180 dead men and boys scattered in the streets and burning in the houses. The stench of burning flesh was everywhere.

"Mayor Collamore had hidden in a well and suffocated there. A man attempting to rescue him also suffocated in the well.

"The amount of property destroyed ranged upwards between a million and two million dollars. That was a huge amount of money in those days.

"A harsh and terrible vengeance would come because of this raid but I doubt it much comforted those who were left homeless and bereft. Vengeance would not bring back the dead. It never does, does it, Clark?

"I'm just finishing pulling together the next packet. The world had not yet heard the last of William Clarke Quantrill. Much love--Your Pa."

**NEXT:
DESOLATION**

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

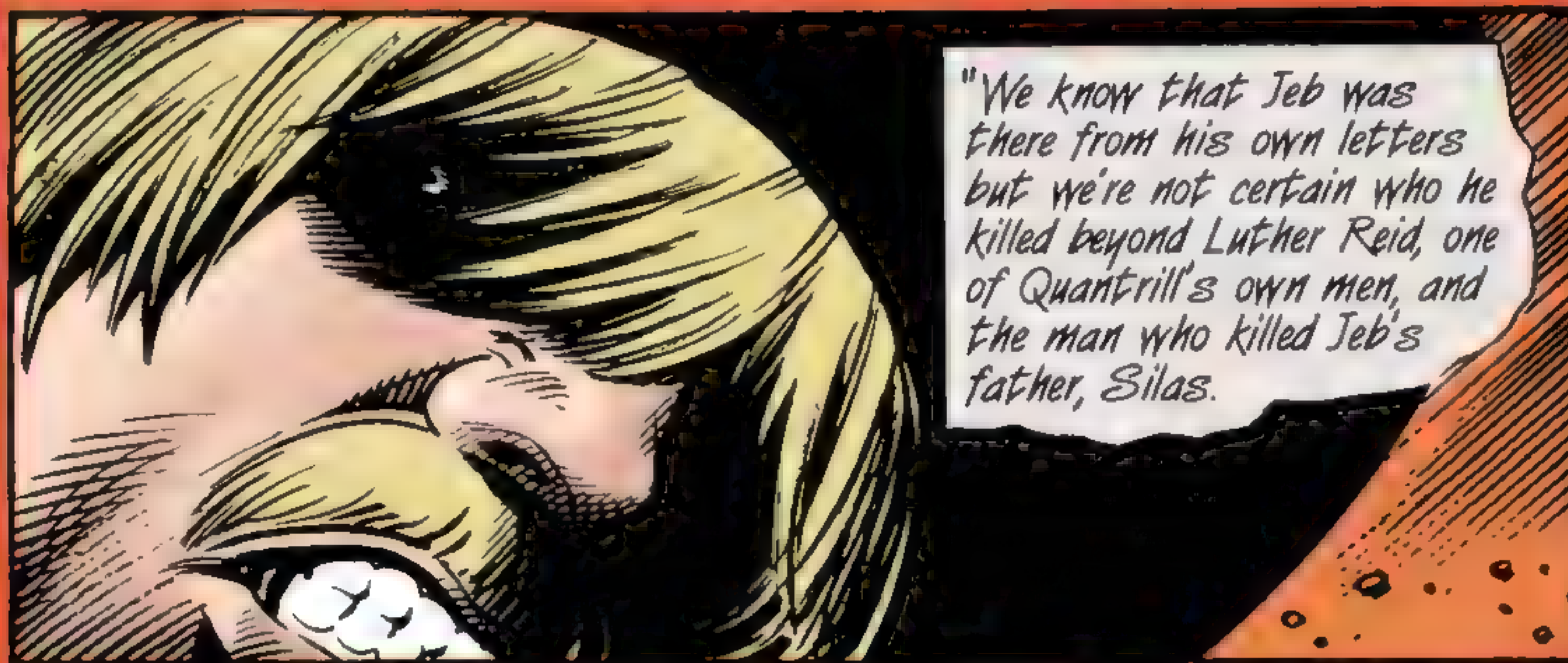
PART 3

"Dear Clark--I've put the next pack of letters and journals in some semblance of order and have found one dealing with the immediate aftermath of Quantrill's raid on Lawrence."

"As you'll recall, the story was pretty horrific. Up to 180 men and boys were left dead on the streets, some shot in the wife's or mother's arms."

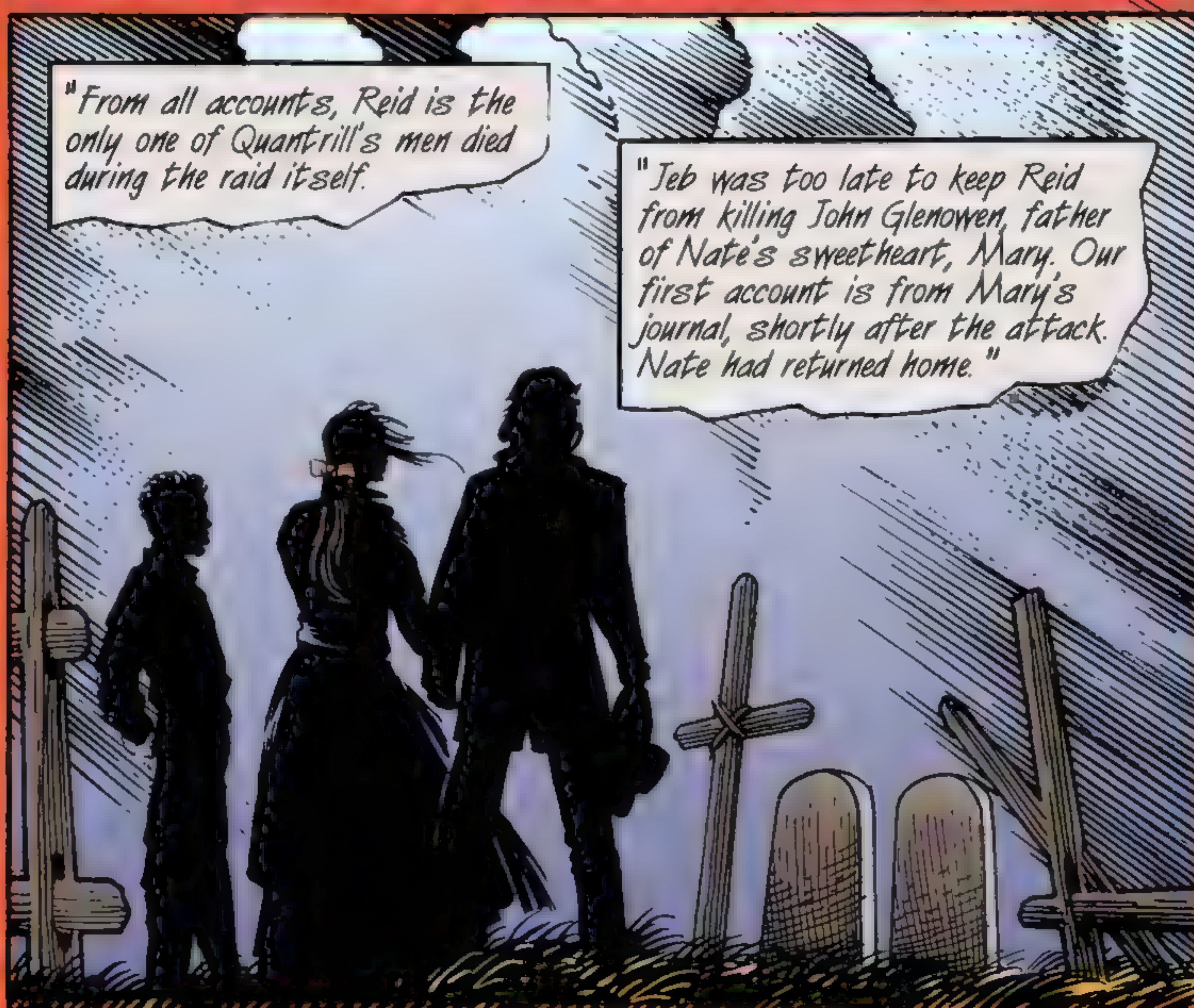


writer: JOHN
OSTRANDER



"We know that Jeb was there from his own letters but we're not certain who he killed beyond Luther Reid, one of Quantrill's own men, and the man who killed Jeb's father, Silas."

penciller: TIM
TRUMAN



"From all accounts, Reid is the only one of Quantrill's men died during the raid itself."

"Jeb was too late to keep Reid from killing John Glenowen, father of Nate's sweetheart, Mary. Our first account is from Mary's journal, shortly after the attack. Nate had returned home."

inks: MICHAEL
BAIR

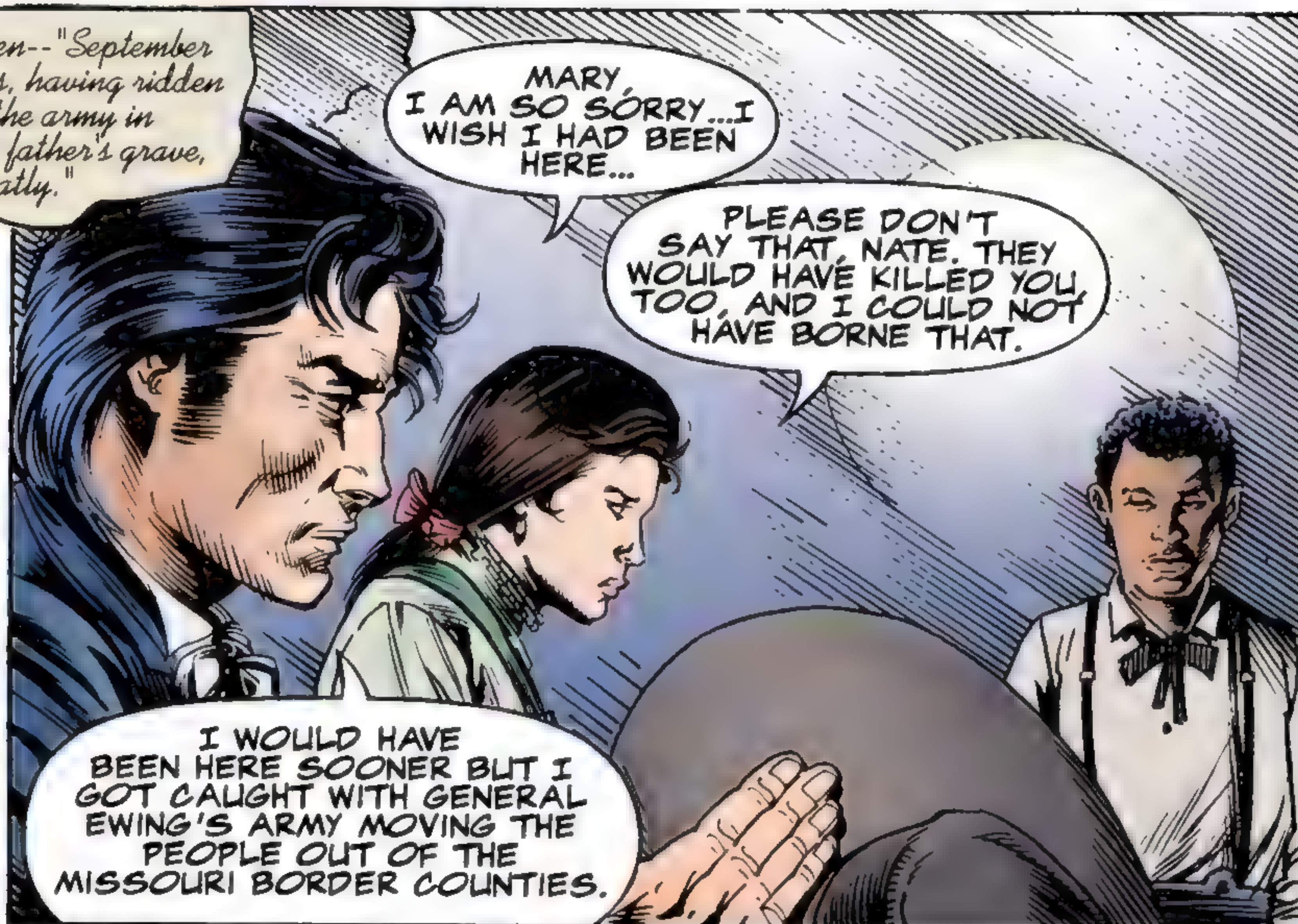
letters: BILL
OAKLEY

colors: CARLA FEENY

color
separations:
DIGITAL
CHAMELEON

editor and
boss honcho:
PETER
TOMASI

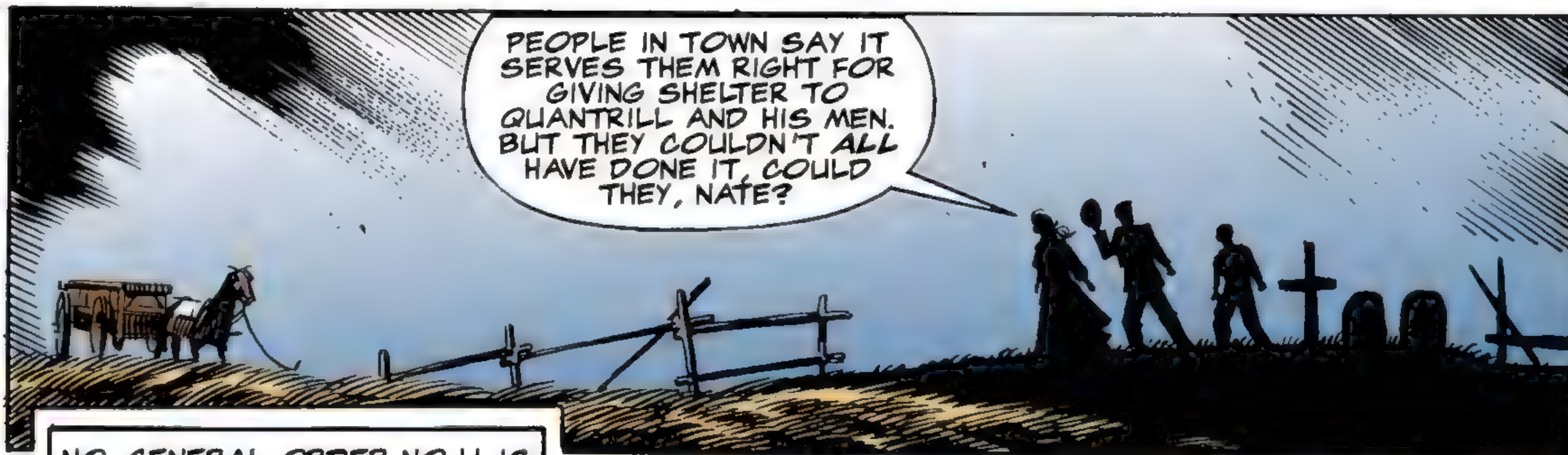
From the journal of Mary Glenowen--"September 18, 1863--Nate has returned to us, having ridden hard straight from scouting with the army in Missouri, and asked to be taken to father's grave, the sight of which grieved him greatly."



MARY,
I AM SO SÖRRY...I
WISH I HAD BEEN
HERE...

PLEASE DON'T
SAY THAT, NATE. THEY
WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU
TOO, AND I COULD NOT
HAVE BORNE THAT.

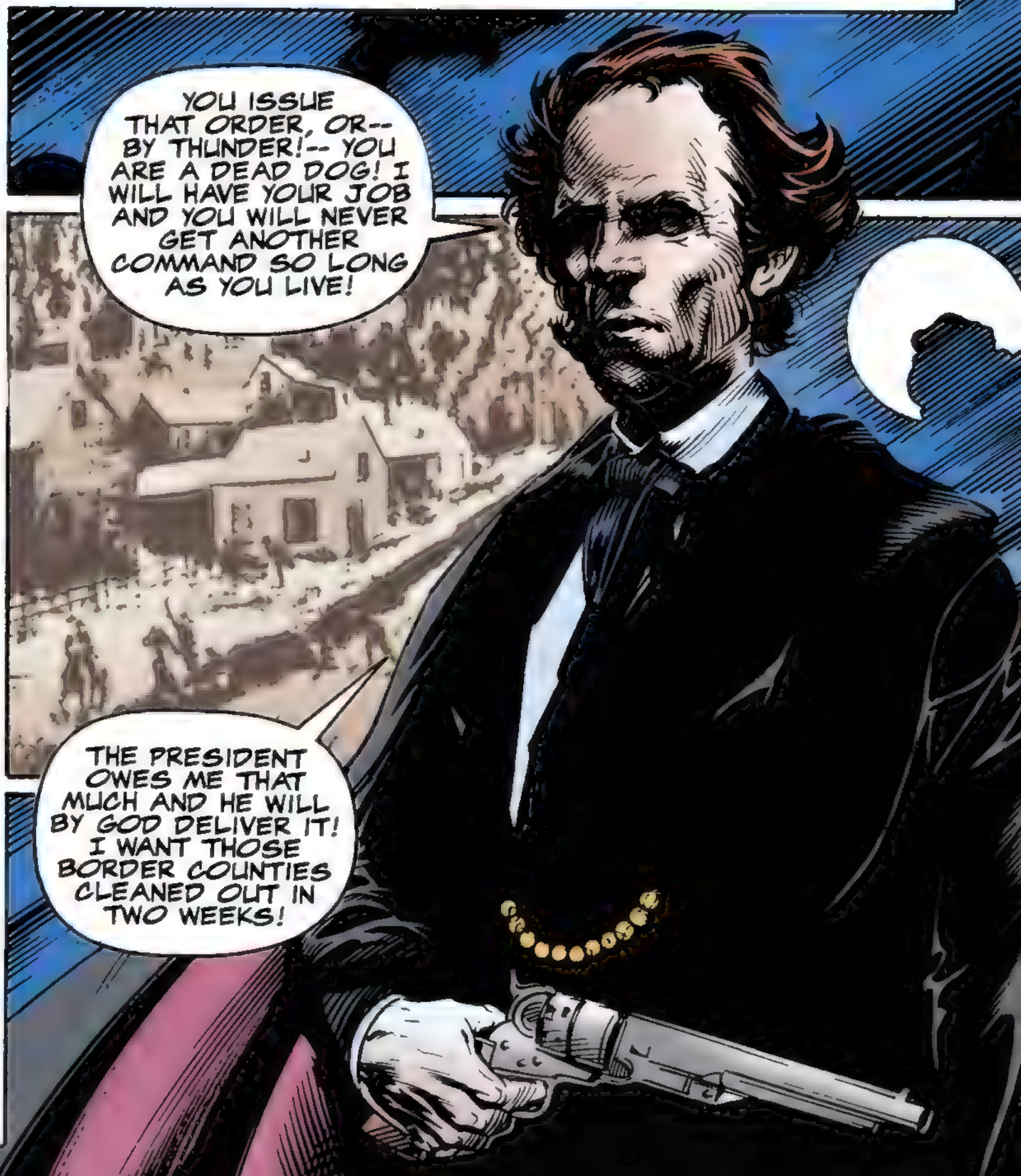
I WOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE SOONER BUT I
GOT CAUGHT WITH GENERAL
EWING'S ARMY MOVING THE
PEOPLE OUT OF THE
MISSOURI BORDER COUNTIES.



PEOPLE IN TOWN SAY IT
SERVES THEM RIGHT FOR
GIVING SHELTER TO
QUANTRILL AND HIS MEN.
BUT THEY COULDN'T ALL
HAVE DONE IT, COULD
THEY, NATE?

NO. GENERAL ORDER NO. 11 IS
JIM LANE'S REVENGE ON
MISSOURI FOR QUANTRILL'S
RAID HERE IN LAWRENCE,
MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

I GOT THE STORY FROM BILL
MOWDRY WHO WAS WITH
EWING WHEN LANE CAME BACK
FROM CHASING QUANTRILL.
HE SUMMONED EWING TO A
MEETING AND DICTATED THE
ORDER!



YOU ISSUE
THAT ORDER, OR--
BY THUNDER!-- YOU
ARE A DEAD DOG! I
WILL HAVE YOUR JOB
AND YOU WILL NEVER
GET ANOTHER
COMMAND SO LONG
AS YOU LIVE!

THE PRESIDENT
OWES ME THAT
MUCH AND HE WILL
BY GOD DELIVER IT!
I WANT THOSE
BORDER COUNTIES
CLEANED OUT IN
TWO WEEKS!

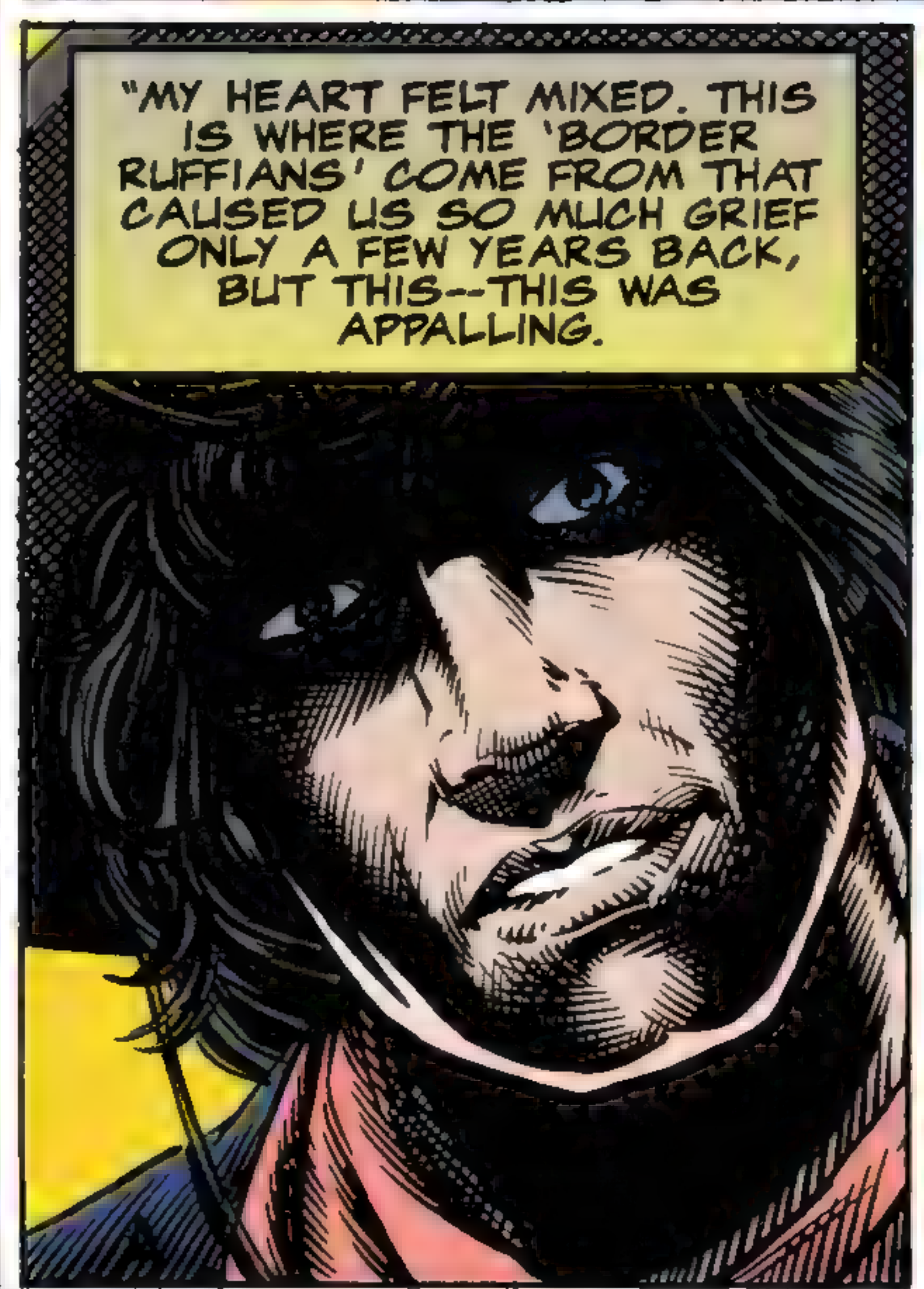


"I WAS SCOUTING FOR EWING--
STILL LOOKING FOR JEB OR
JOSHUA'S PA--AND MADE TO
TAKE PART IN THIS AND IT
ABOUT KILLED ME.

"10,000 PEOPLE--MAYBE MORE--
WERE FORCED TO EVACUATE AND
THEN EVERYTHING WAS TORCHED BY
JENNISON'S REDLEGS. HAY AND
GRAIN WERE EITHER CONFISCATED
OR BURNED.



"THE EARTH SEEMED SCORCHED
AND THE SOULS OF THE PEOPLE
LIVING THERE MORE SO. I'VE
SEEN WHAT LAWRENCE LOOKS
LIKE AND I'M TELLING YOU WE
DID TEN TIMES THAT DAMAGE
OVER IN BORDER COUNTIES.



"MY HEART FELT MIXED. THIS
IS WHERE THE 'BORDER
RUFFIANS' COME FROM THAT
CAUSED US SO MUCH GRIEF
ONLY A FEW YEARS BACK,
BUT THIS--THIS WAS
APPALLING.



"THAT NIGHT IT WAS ALL
SO QUIET THAT THE
SILENCE WAS PAINFUL.
THEN ONE DOG BEGAN
TO HOWL AND THAT SET
ALL THE DOGS IN THE
AREA TO CRYING. IT WAS
THE MOST DOLEFUL
SOUND I EVER HEARD.



"THEN I GOT
AMBUSHED."

NATHANIEL
KENT!

NATHANIEL
KENT, AH KNOW
WHO YOU ARE!

THEN
YOU HAVE THE
ADVANTAGE OF
ME, MA'AM.

DON'T
PRETEND YOU
DON'T KNOW ME! AH
AM...AH WAS...LILY
BEALMONT!

YOUR BROTHER, JEBEDIAH,
KNEW ME! OH, HE KNEW ME
DAMN WELL! IN THE
BARN...IN THE FIELDS...YO'
BROTHER HAD THE
'ADVANTAGE'
OF ME!

AND DO
YOU KNOW WHO
THIS IS, MR.
NATHANIEL KENT? HE
IS THE SON THAT
YOUR BROTHER
GAVE ME!

AFTER MAH PA WAS
KILT BY THAT SCUM JOHN
BROWN, AFTER HE KILT MAH
TWO BROTHERS AS WELL, AH
COME TO LIVE WITH MY
MOTHER'S FOLKS HEAH
AND HAVE BORE ME
THIS SHAME!

THIS IS
YO' NEPHEW,
NATHANIEL
KENT--

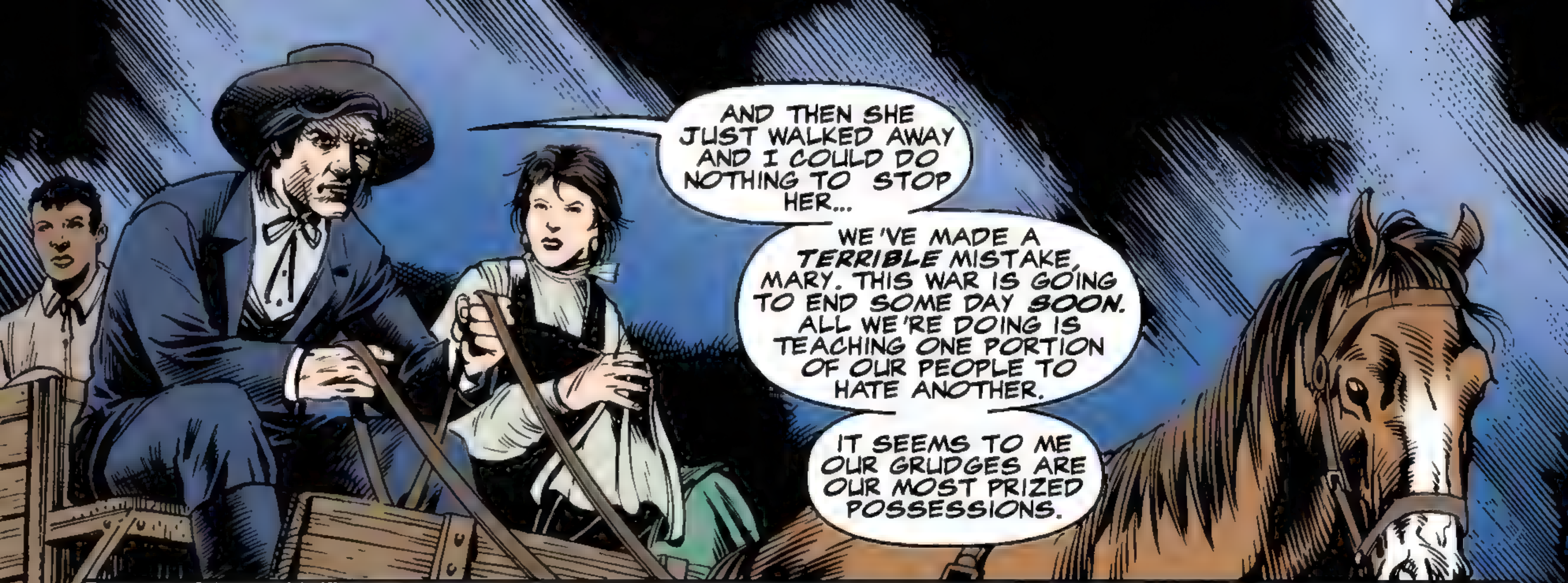
--AND NOW
YOU HAVE LEFT
HIM AND ME
HOMELESS!

MISS BEALMONT, I
AM SORRY FOR
YOUR AFFLICTIONS,
BELIEVE ME! I HAD
NO IDEA...IS THERE
ANYTHING I CAN
DO...MONEY...?

YOU CAN
ROT IN HELL
ALONG WITH
ALL OTHER
KENTS, SIR!

AH WILL RAISE
MAH BOY TO
HATE AND CURSE
YOUR NAME AND
EVER 'THIN' YOU
STAND FOR!

AH PRAY YOU
SOME DAY HAVE
SONS SO THAT
MAH TAYLOR CAN
HUNT THEM DOWN
AND KILL THEM
LIKE THE DOGS!
THEN WE WILL
BE EVEN!



AND THEN SHE JUST WALKED AWAY AND I COULD DO NOTHING TO STOP HER...

WE'VE MADE A **TERRIBLE MISTAKE**, MARY. THIS WAR IS GOING TO END SOME DAY **SOON**. ALL WE'RE DOING IS TEACHING ONE PORTION OF OUR PEOPLE TO HATE ANOTHER.

IT SEEMS TO ME OUR GRUDGES ARE OUR MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS.



I BLAME JIM LANE! HIM AND JENNISON! IT'S BEEN **THEIR RAIDS** IN MISSOURI THAT HAS TAUGHT THEM SOME OF THE SAVAGERY THEY VISITED ON US!

AT THE VERY LEAST, QUANTRILL AND HIS MEN HAVE NOT PREYED ON WOMEN! LANE CANNOT MAKE THE SAME CLAIM!



I SUSPECT YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT YOU BEST BE CAREFUL WHO YOU SAY THAT TO HEREABOUTS. FEELINGS ARE RUNNING HIGH HEREABOUTS.

I DO NOT FEAR JIM LANE.

YOU SHOULD. HE IS A POWERFUL, VINDICTIVE MAN. MARY, ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU SAW JEB AMONG QUANTRILL'S MEN?



I KNEW HIM AND HE KNEW ME. AND IT WAS YOUR BROTHER THAT KILLED THE MAN THAT KILLED MY FATHER--AND YOURS! LUTHER REID--MAY HE BURN IN HELL!



I LOOK AT THIS WAR, MARY, AND WONDER SOMETIMES IF HELL HASN'T ALREADY COME TO EARTH...



"Nate has been obliged to go back to the war he has come to hate but he has promised us to be back for Christmas, if he can. Please, God--watch over him. I don't know how much more I can bear."

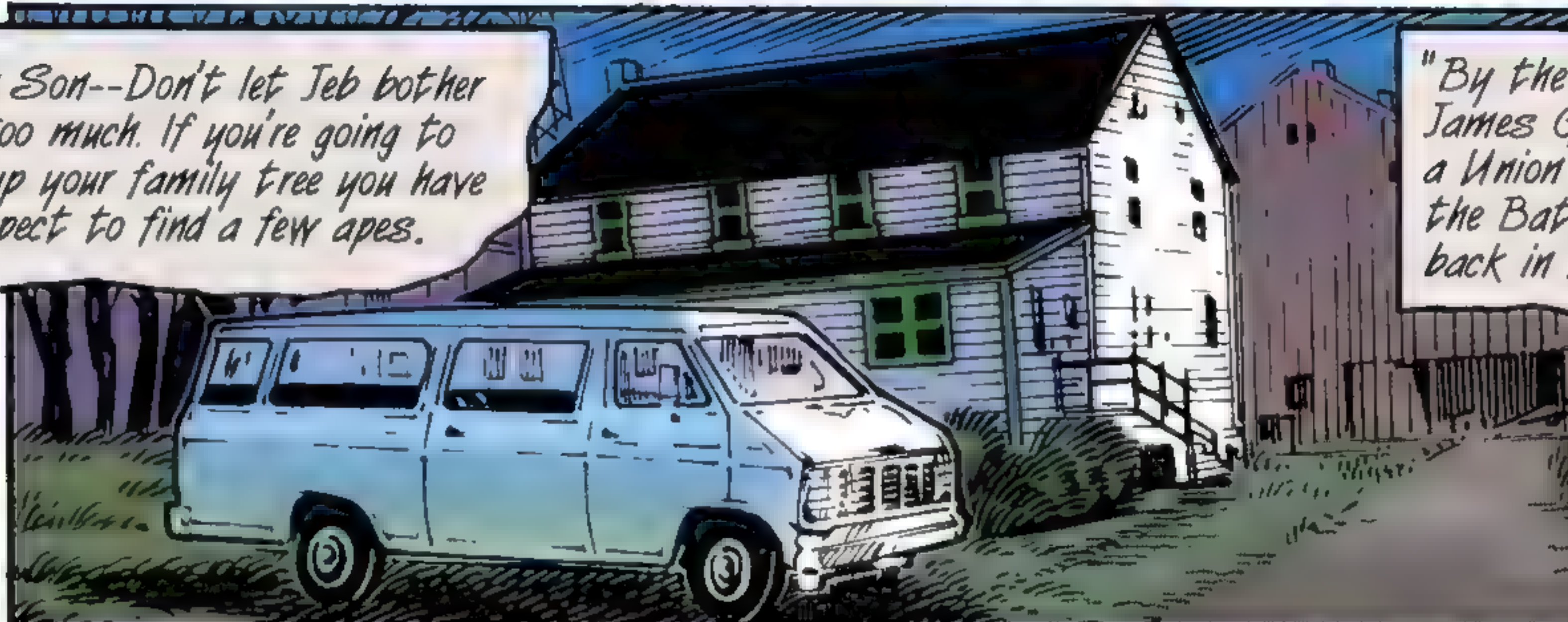
"Dear Pa--Thanks much for the latest packet of letters and journals. Why is it we just keep writing each other about them instead of picking up the phone or my just coming out there?"

"Maybe it's in keeping with the letters and journals themselves. It just feels more appropriate to **write** to you about them. Is it the same way with you?"

"I will confess I find Jeb more and more disturbing. He seems so **opposite** to what you and Ma stand for. -- Clark"



"Dear Son--Don't let Jeb bother you too much. If you're going to look up your family tree you have to expect to find a few apes."



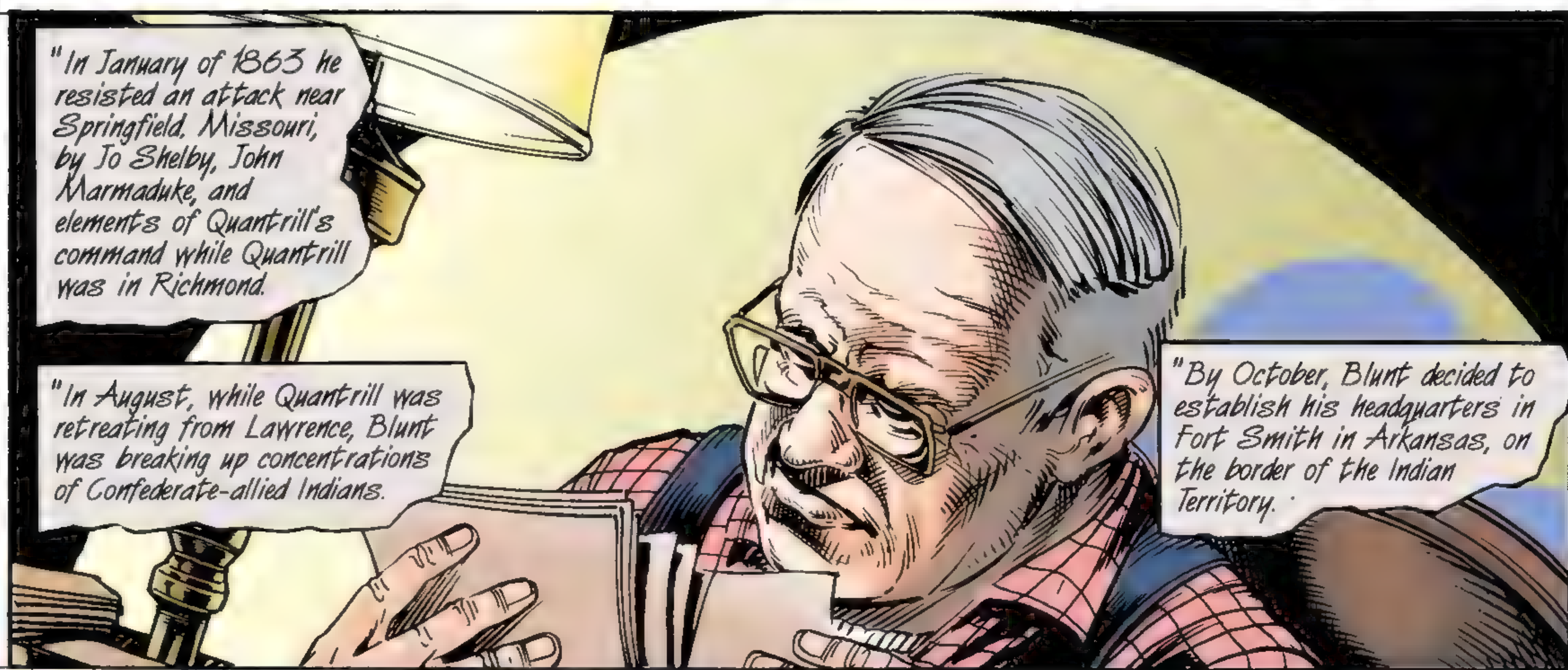
"By the way, you'll find some mention of James G. Blunt in this section. He was a Union general and one of the heroes of the Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, back in December of 1862."

"I've read accounts that describe him as a soggy-built terrier of a man, with dark, deep-set eyes."

"In January of 1863 he resisted an attack near Springfield, Missouri, by Jo Shelby, John Marmaduke, and elements of Quantrill's command while Quantrill was in Richmond."

"In August, while Quantrill was retreating from Lawrence, Blunt was breaking up concentrations of Confederate-allied Indians."

"By October, Blunt decided to establish his headquarters in Fort Smith in Arkansas, on the border of the Indian Territory."



"He marched south with reinforcements and a military band, approaching on October 6 Baxter Springs in the southeast corner of Kansas where there was a Union outpost. That's where disaster overtook him. Jeb tells the story."



"Deer Sister Lucy--Things have been hottening up with us ever since the raid on Lawrence and Quantrill decided we should winter down in Texas and maybe create some mischief along the way which we surely did."

"Along the ways Frank James introduced me to some riders I had not met up with yet."



I FIGURE WE SHOULD KNOW EACH OTHER'S NAMES BEFORE WE DIE. OVER TO MY LEFT IS COLE YOUNGER. YOU KNOW HIS BROTHERS, I THINK.

AND THE BEARDLESS WONDER RIDIN' UP NEAR YOU IS MY BROTHER--JESSE JAMES.



YOU SEEM TO BE A RIPE OLD AGE FOR THIS.

GOT BEAT TO HELL TWO YEARS BACK BY BLUEBELLIES 'CAUSE MY FAMILY WAS FOR THE CAUSE.

FIGURE IF I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GET BEAT, I'M OLD ENOUGH T'GET BACK SOME OF MY OWN.

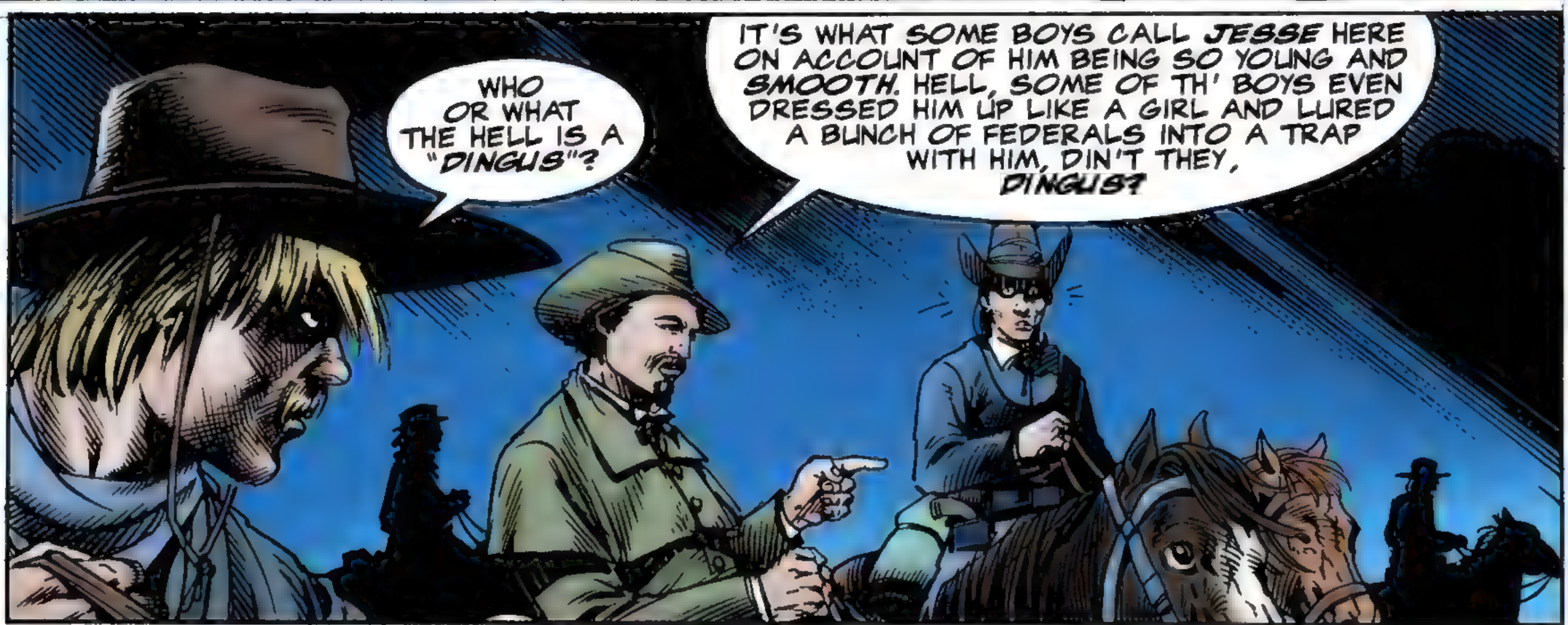


"Bloody Bill Anderson come riding up hard at that point."

HEY! SEND SOMEBODY OUT FRONT AND SCOUT! GOT WORD THERE'S A FEDERAL OUTPOST CLOSE BY! QUANTRILL WANTS TO KNOW WHERE, HOW BIG, AND HOW FAR!



HELL, THEY CAN EVEN TAKE "DINGUS" ALONG WITH 'EM!



WHO
OR WHAT
THE HELL IS A
"DINGUS"?

IT'S WHAT SOME BOYS CALL **JESSE** HERE
ON ACCOUNT OF HIM BEING SO YOUNG AND
SMOOTH. HELL, SOME OF TH' BOYS EVEN
DRESSED HIM UP LIKE A GIRL AND LURED
A BLUNCH OF FEDERALS INTO A TRAP
WITH HIM, DIN'T THEY,
DINGUS?



MY NAME
IS **JESSE**, AND
THOSE THAT DON'T
WANT TROUBLE HAD
BETTER **LEARN**
THAT!

ME AND
JESSE WILL
GO.

YOU
DON'T OBJECT
TO MY CALLIN' YOU
JESSE, MR.
JAMES?

THAT
BE ABOUT
RIGHT.



"So we and Jesse rode out together and
around about suppertime we found the
outpost.

"Wasnt a real fort or anything. Just a place
they took the livestock from Fort Scott up
northwards a way to eat on the tall grass.

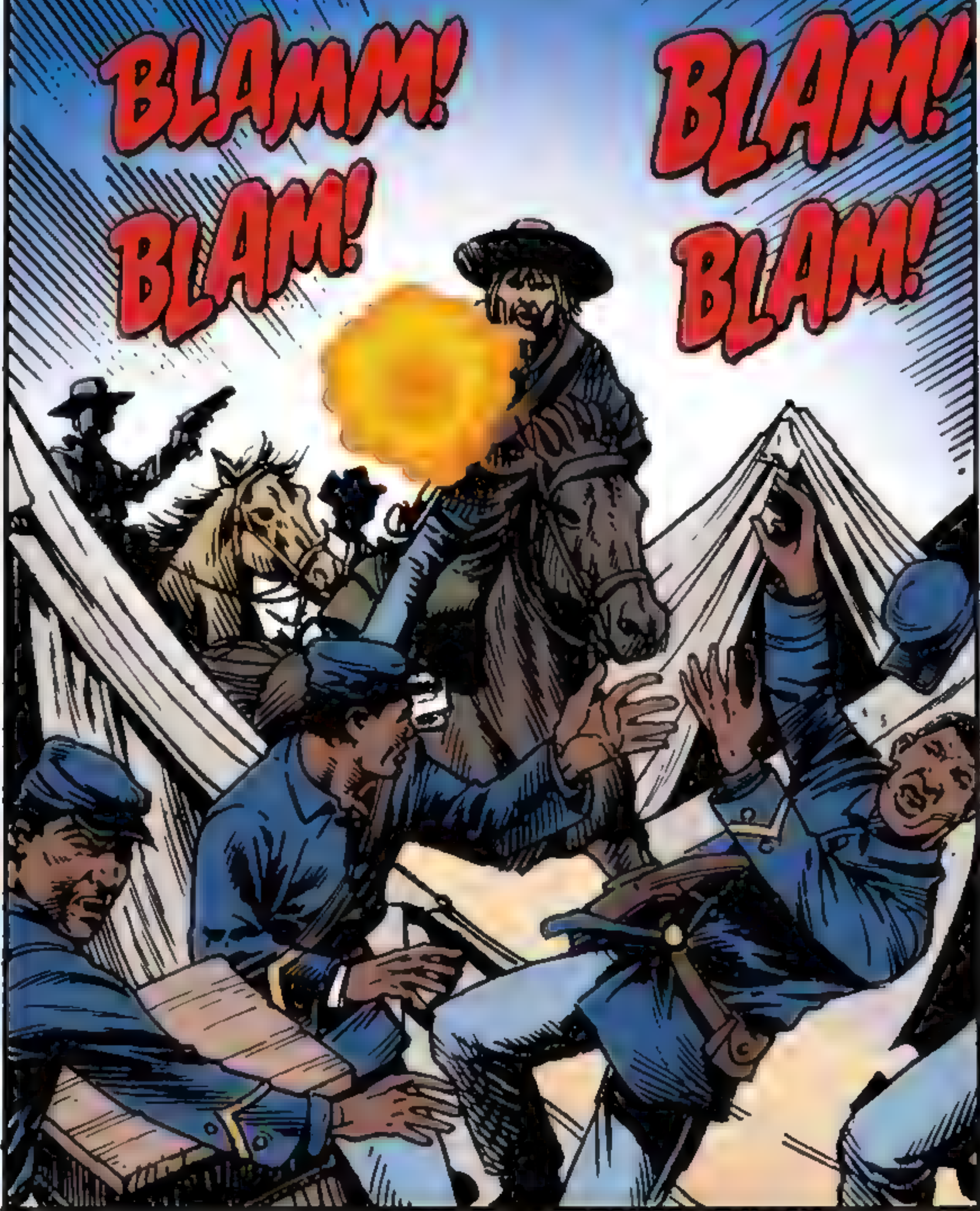


"We sent back word and
Bill Quantrill come up
with the vanguard of our
army.

"Figure there werent more than a hundred troops all told and most of them was nigras. Anyway they was just sitting down to supper and they dint have no idea we was anywhere nearby.



"Not until we was right in the middle of them.



JEB! YOU AND COLE
GET BACK TO
ANDERSON AND THE
OTHERS! TELL 'EM TO
COME DOWN FAST OR
THE FUN'LL BE ALL
OVER!



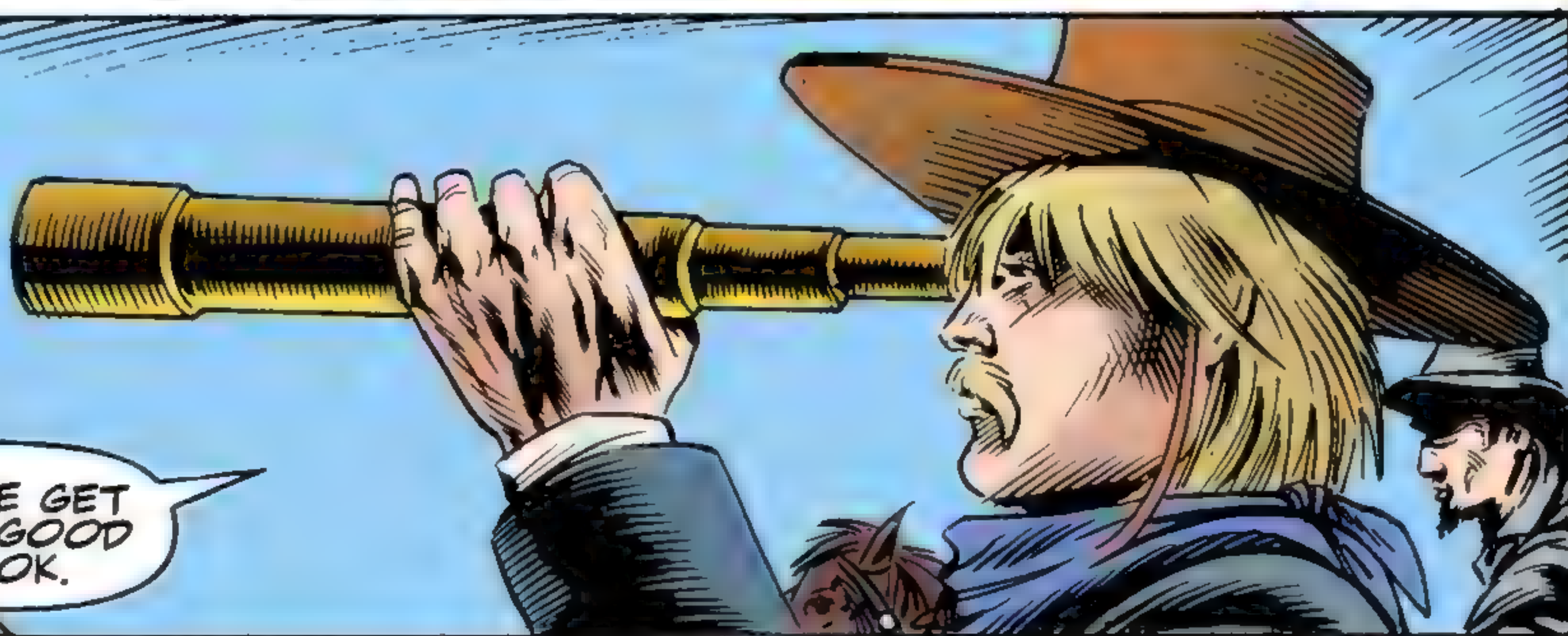
DAMN IF I KNOW EVERY TIME I START TO GET IN ON THE ACTION I GET PULLED OUT! THIS IS GETTING PRETTY DAMN LAME, YOU BET YOU!

WHAT'S THAT OVER YONDER?

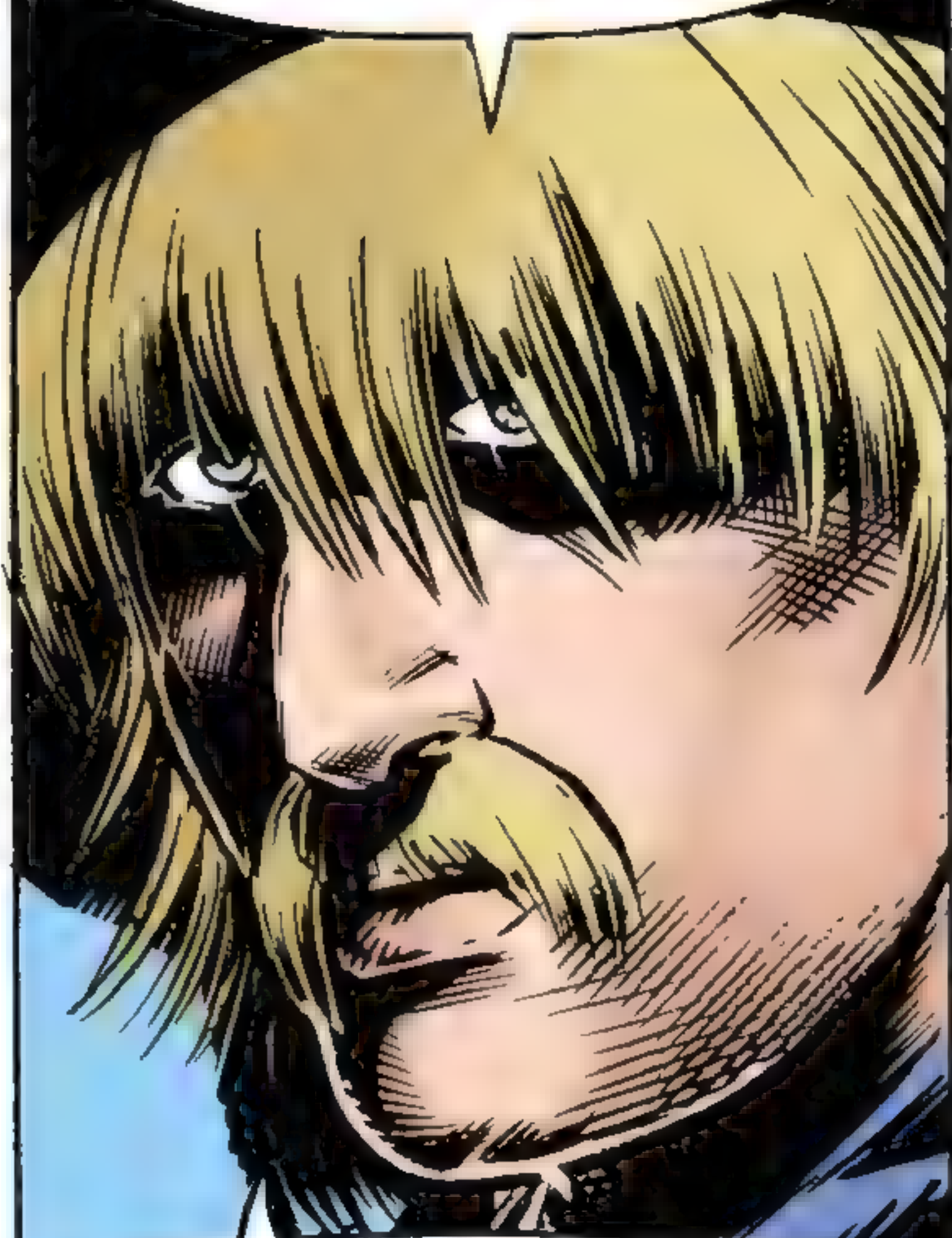


LEMME GET ME A GOOD LOOK.

DAMN! IT'S A WHOLE UNION LINE. AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THE FLAG IT'S GOT A GENERAL IN IT!



GOTTA BE BLUNT! OUR SPIES SAID HE WAS HEADED DOWN THIS WAY! AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, HE HASN'T HEARD A THING ANY OF THE SHOOTING YET!



THIS IS A STROKE OF LUCK! FORGET ANDERSON FOR NOW! CHARLIE'S GONNA WANT TO HEAR THIS!

"So we rode back hard to tell him and you could see his mind turning over right away."



SEND WORD TO ANDERSON TO MEET US AND GET EVERYONE WE CAN INTO A FEDERAL UNIFORM! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE GENERAL A SALUTE HE AIN'T NEVER GOING TO FORGET!





"I have played over and over in my mind what that general must have gone through, what he must have thought and all."

GENERAL BLUNT, RIDERS APPROACHING IN A COLUMN.

THEY COULD BE THE ENEMY, SIR. SHALL WE TAKE UP DEFENSIVE POSITIONS?

NONSENSE. SHELBY, MARMADUKE, QUANTRILL AND THE OTHERS ARE ALL OVER IN MISSOURI, GIVING SCHOENFELD FITS.

WE WOULD HAVE BEEN INFORMED AT FORT SCOTT IF ANY OF THEM WERE HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION.

MOST LIKELY IT'S AN HONOR GUARD FROM THE GARRISON AT BAXTER SPRINGS. PREPARE OUR MEN TO RECEIVE A GRAND SALLITE.

BLAM!

BLAMM! **KPOW!** **BLAMM!** **BLAM!**

BLAMM! **BLAMM!**

KPOW! **KPOW!**

NO! COME BACK! STAND YOUR GROUND DAMN YOU!



"The General's men dint stop running so the General he run too. Only ones as couldnt was his musicians."



WE SURRENDER.
WE AIN'T GOT NO
WEAPONS--JUST
THESE HERE MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS.



SHOULD A
BRUNG GUNS.



ENOUGH!
DON'T WASTE
BULLETS ON
DEAD MEN.



WE'RE
ABOUT DONE HERE.
LET'S HEAD FOR
TEXAS.

"Which is where I am now.
Your brother--Jeb"



"Our next entry has a new speaker--Joshua Freeman. So far as I can tell, Clark, we're somewhere in November, 1863."

"I started working today with a pistol and some bottles for target shooting although I know this would grieve Miss Mary a great deal if she knew."



"I have seen the world, however, and I know what it is like. I must be prepared to defend myself and those that matter to me."



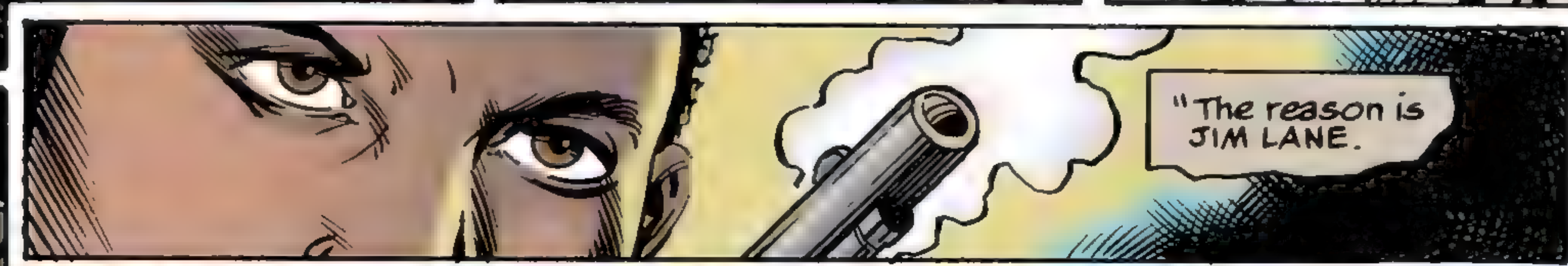
"I have heard the ladies in the town gossiping about Miss Mary, some saying that she and I sleep together."



BLAM! BLAM!



"This is a lie but it is not the reason I have chosen to practice."



"The reason is JIM LANE."



"Miss Mary was out in the barn, tending to chores. I had finished some of mine and came to lend her a hand."



"What I saw boiled my blood."



YOU
LET ME GO,
JIM LANE! DO
YOU HEAR!
UNHAND ME AT
ONCE!

DON'T MAKE
THIS MORE
DIFFICULT, MARY
GLENOWEN!



I TOLD YOU
BEFORE I WILL HAVE
WHAT I DESIRE AND
THERE IS NONE HERE
TO DEFEND YOU!



KRAK!



YOU HAVE THAT
WRONG EVERY WAY
THAT YOU CAN.



GET
OUT!



YOU'LL RUE
THIS, NIGRA!



YOU TOO, MARY
GLENOWEN! I AM THE
MOST POWERFUL MAN
IN KANSAS AND YOU
WILL BOTH PAY!



NATHANIEL
WILL SETTLE
LANE WHEN HE
HEARS ABOUT
THIS.

I
DON'T WANT HIM
TO HEAR, JOSHUA!
HE MIGHT KILL LANE
AND THAT WOULD
DESTROY HIM!



SWEAR
TO ME
YOU'LL SAY
NOTHING!



ALL RIGHT
MISS MARY. SO
LONG AS THERE
IS ANOTHER ROAD
TO TAKE--I'LL
SAY NOTHING.

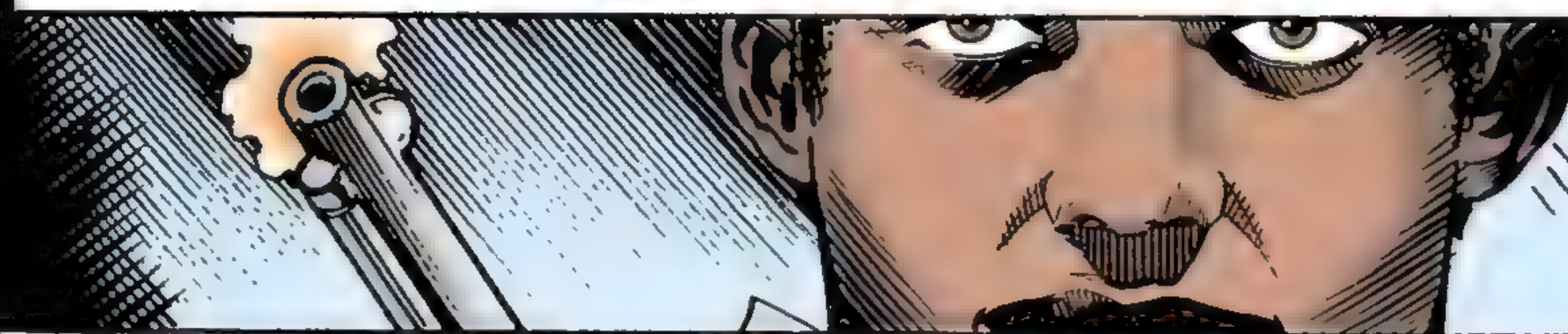


"Miss Mary WILL have
protection, however."



BLAM!

KESH!



"One way or
another."



"Deer Lucy--Merry Christmas to you
from Sherman, Texas. Thank you for
your letter. I am amazed at all that
has happened the last few years."

"Our celebrations here got a little
out of hand. Some of the boys rang
the bell in the church steeple by
shooting at it."

"Bill Anderson and Quantrill aint quite seeing eye to eye neither."

I TELL YOU THIS HAS TO STOP!

WHAT DOES, BILL?

LOCAL FOLKS ARE BEING ROBBED AND KILLED BY OUR MEN! THESE AIN'T YANKEES! THEY'S ALL SOLID CONFEDERATE FOLKS DOWN HERE!

NOW, BILL-- YOU CAN'T TRAIN A MAN TO BE A DEVIL IN SOME PLACES AND EXPECT HIM TO BE AN ANGEL IN OTHERS.

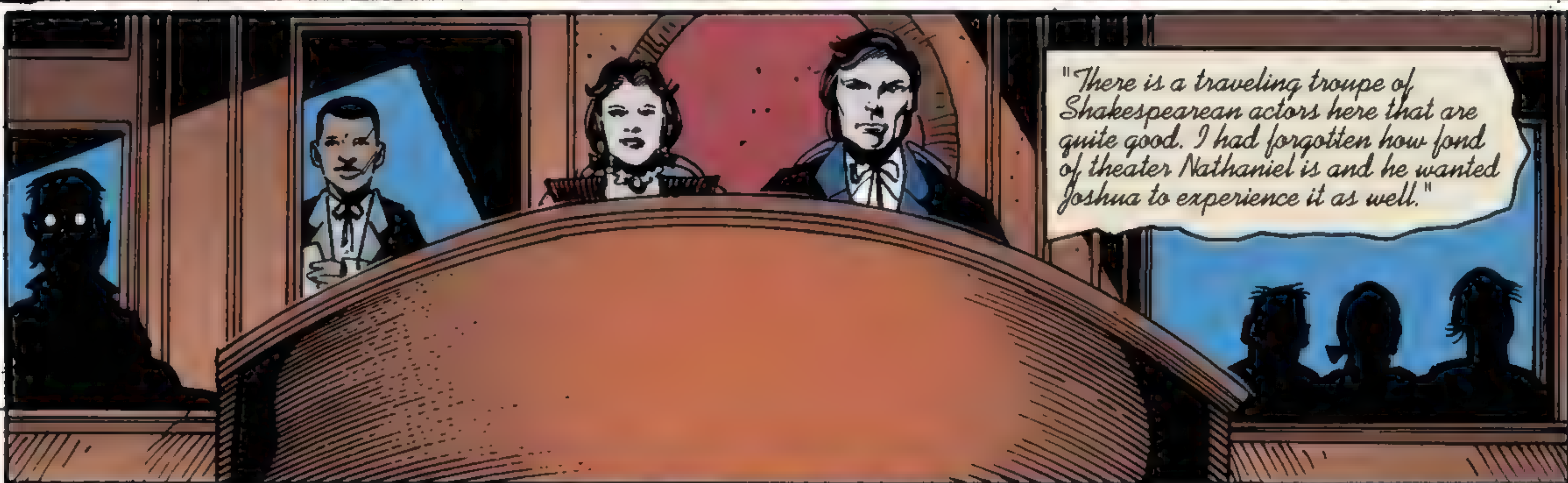
YEW DON'T CRAP WHERE YOU EAT NEITHER! THESE TEXANS AIN'T THE ENEMY YET BUT WE'RE LEARNIN' 'EM AND THEY HAVE IDEAS HEREABOUTS ON HOW TO HANDLE THAT, YOU BET YOU!

THAT ANDERSON-- HE GOT SO MUCH ANGER IN HIM IT'S JUST GOING TO SLOP OVER AT TIMES. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BOYS.

OH, I'M NOT, QUANTRILL. BUT YOU SHOULD BE.

LOTS OF THE MEN ARE WONDERING WHO IS IN CHARGE-- YOU OR ANDERSON. THERE'S A RIFT COMING. THAT'S A SURE BET.

From the journal of Mary Glenowen-- "December 25, 1863-- True to his word, Nathaniel was back for Christmas and has taken me and Joshua to Leavenworth.



"There is a traveling troupe of Shakespearean actors here that are quite good. I had forgotten how fond of theater Nathaniel is and he wanted Joshua to experience it as well."



IS THIS A DAGGER I SEE BEFORE ME, THE HANDLE TOWARDS MY HAND?



SLEEP NO MORE; MACBETH DOTH MURDER SLEEP!



"Afterwards, we joined the throng at the stage door."

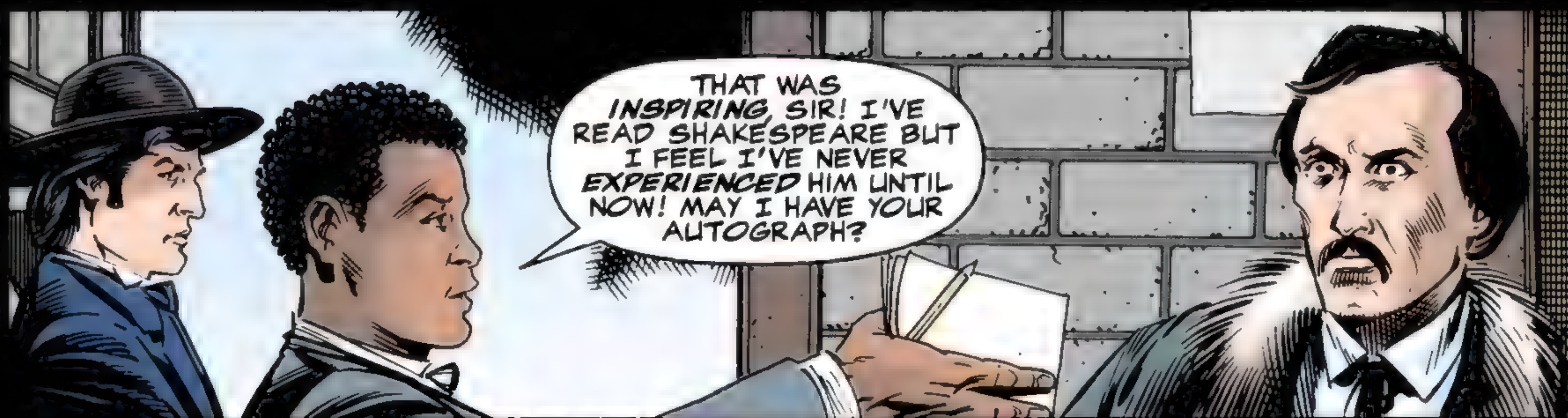


"Joshua was desirous of getting the great man's autograph."



"Who could blame him?"

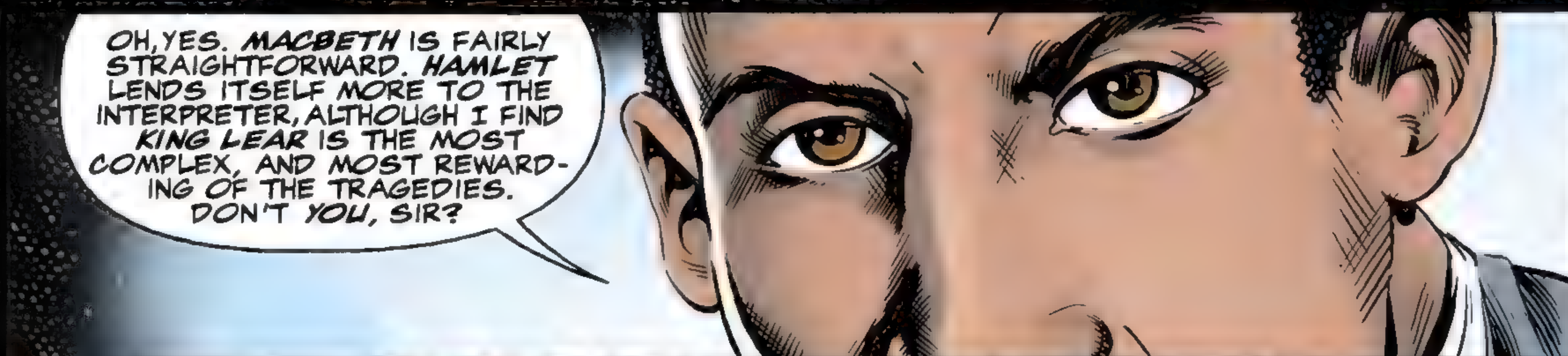
"How often does one chance to encounter an actor as great as the famed John Wilkes Booth?"



THAT WAS
INSPIRING, SIR! I'VE
READ SHAKESPEARE BUT
I FEEL I'VE NEVER
EXPERIENCED HIM UNTIL
NOW! MAY I HAVE YOUR
AUTOGRAPH?



I AM
ASTOUNDED THAT
YOU WERE ALLOWED
IN. DO YOU THINK
YOU UNDERSTOOD
ANY OF IT?



OH, YES. *MACBETH* IS FAIRLY
STRAIGHTFORWARD. *HAMLET*
LEND'S ITSELF MORE TO THE
INTERPRETER, ALTHOUGH I FIND
KING LEAR IS THE MOST
COMPLEX, AND MOST REWARD-
ING OF THE TRAGEDIES.
DON'T YOU, SIR?



MY
WHAT AN AMUSING
PET MONKEY YOU
HAVE!



WATCH YOUR MOUTH,
ACTOR! I'VE BEEN OFF
FIGHTING THIS WAR AND
I AM IN NO MOOD TO
TAKE LIP FROM
SOMEONE WHO HAS
DONE NOTHING!

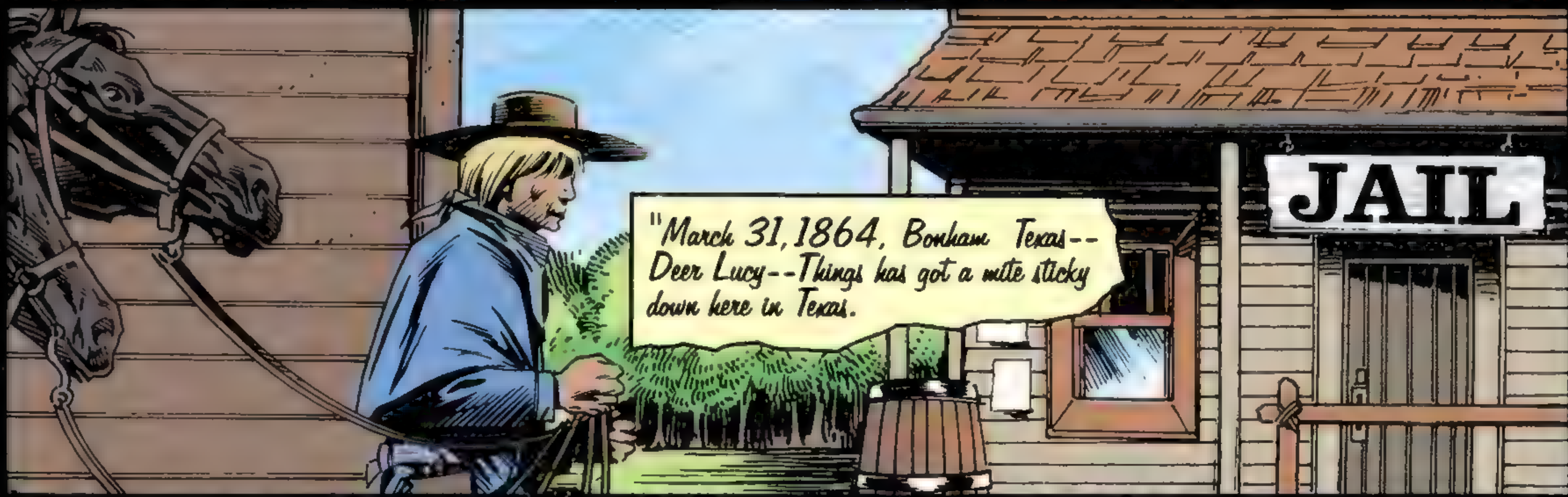


MY BLOW HAS YET TO
BE STRUCK, IT IS TRUE,
BUT WHEN IT IS YOU
WILL FEEL IT, NEVER
FEAR!

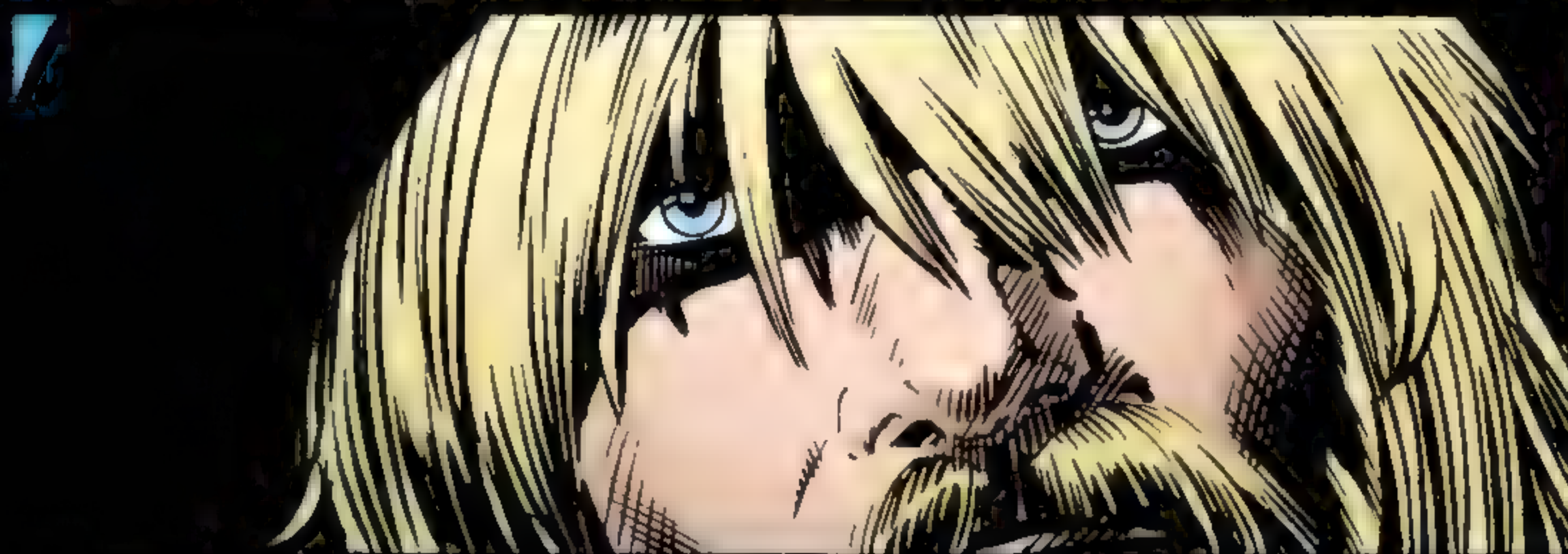


NATE,
DON'T!

IT'S NOT
IMPORTANT, NATE.
IT'S JUST HOW
THINGS ARE,
THAT'S ALL.



"March 31, 1864, Bonham Texas--
Deer Lucy--Things has got a mite sticky
down here in Texas."



"Bill Quantrill has gotten himself thrown in jail by
a local Reb general, Henry McCollock! Don't
seem to bother Bill Anderson or Fletch Taylor
much--they went to lunch with McCollock!"

"So I am outside the jail wondering what to do next
when I hear a commotion in the street."



THANK YOU,
BOYS, FOR THE
USE OF THE GUNS!
I TRUST YOU WILL
NOT MIND MY
REFUSING ANY
FURTHER
HOSPITALITY!



BILL!
OVER HERE!
I GOT THE
HORSES!

LET'S
GET OUT OF
BONHAM, LI'L
BROTHER!



WE'RE
ALL PRISONERS
HERE!



"So we went and got!"

"Thing is--we weren't even out of town before the posse started to assemble after us!"

JEB, GET BACK TO CAMP! RAISE THE BOYS AND TELL 'EM TO MEET ME AT COLBERT'S FERRY OVER AT THE RED RIVER! I'LL MISLEAD THE POSSE FOR AWHILE!

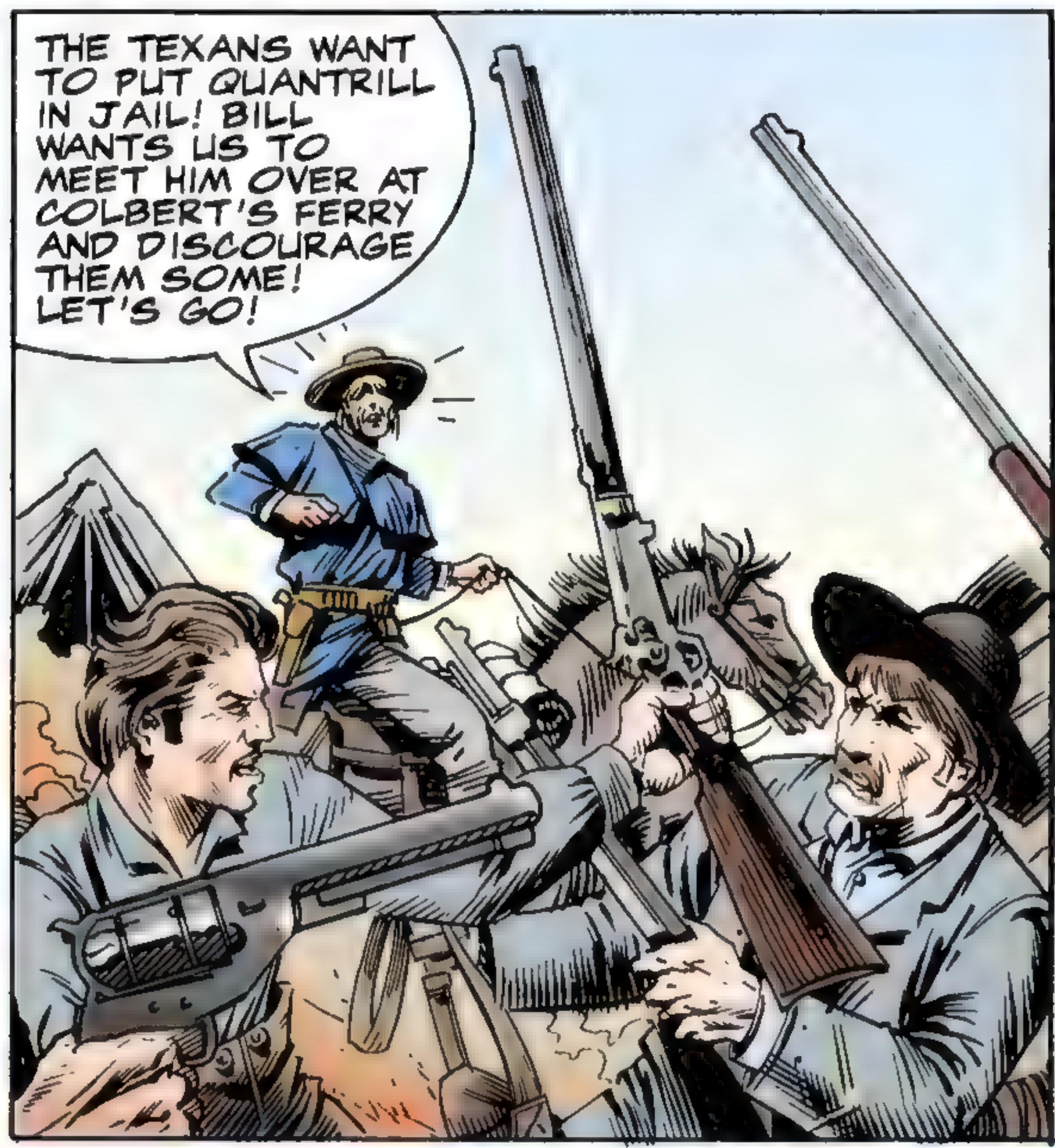
"It was the only thing that made sense so we done it."

"I waited in some scrub for the posse to pass on by but I got a shock when I seen who was leading it."

"It was Bill Anderson!"

"Fact is--most of the Andersons and Fletch Taylors commands were riding with the Texans after Quantrill!"

WELL, THIS TEARS IT FOR GOOD AND PROPER, YOU BET YOU!

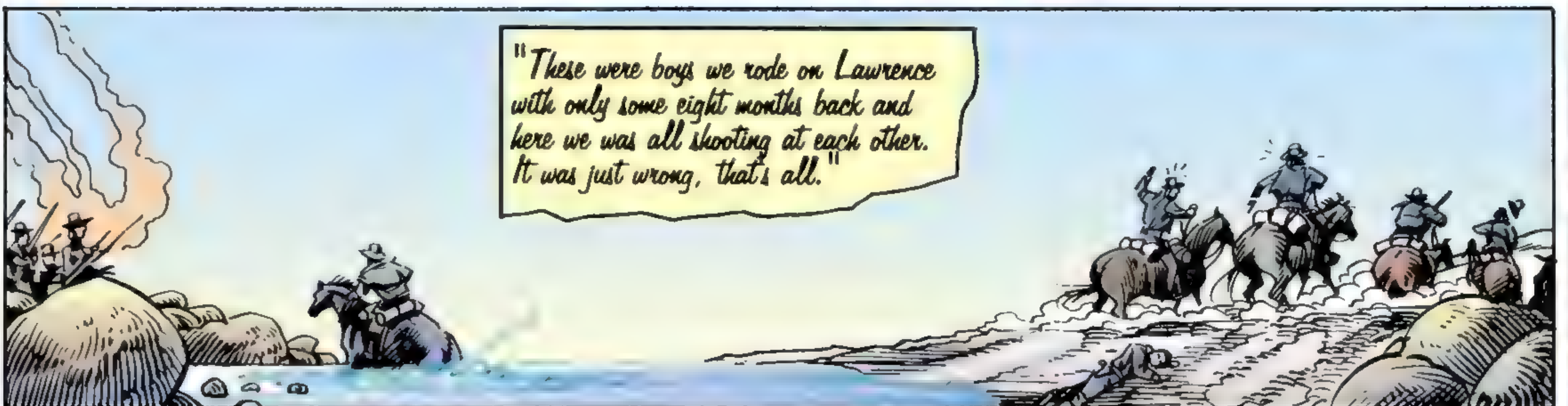


"I dint tell 'em about Anderson and Taylor. I wasn't sure who would side with them and not Bill!"





"Well, we shot at them and they shot at us. No-one got hurt much but it was pretty strange."



"These were boys we rode on Lawrence with only some eight months back and here we was all shooting at each other. It was just wrong, that's all."



WELL DONE, TROOPS! WE SENT THEM TRAITORS PACKING FOR SURE!

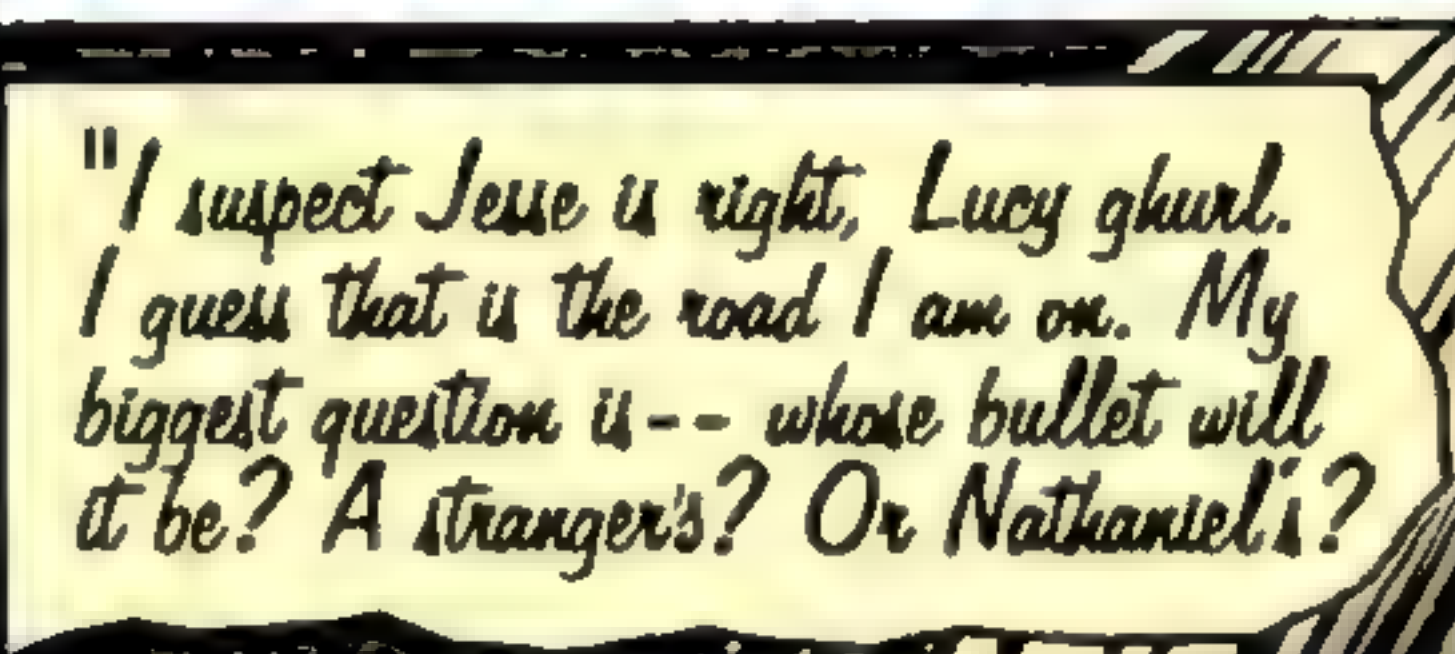
WE'LL HEAD UP TOWARDS INDIAN TERRITORY. McCULLOCH WON'T DARE FOLLOW US THERE!



FROM THERE, WE'LL GO BACK TO THE FIGHT! I HAVE HAD MY FILL OF TEXAS AND THAT IS FOR CERTAIN AND THAT IS FOR SURE!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT ELSE IS FOR CERTAIN, JEB. SANDS ARE RUNNING OUT. AND IT'LL ALL END IN A HAIL OF LEAD.

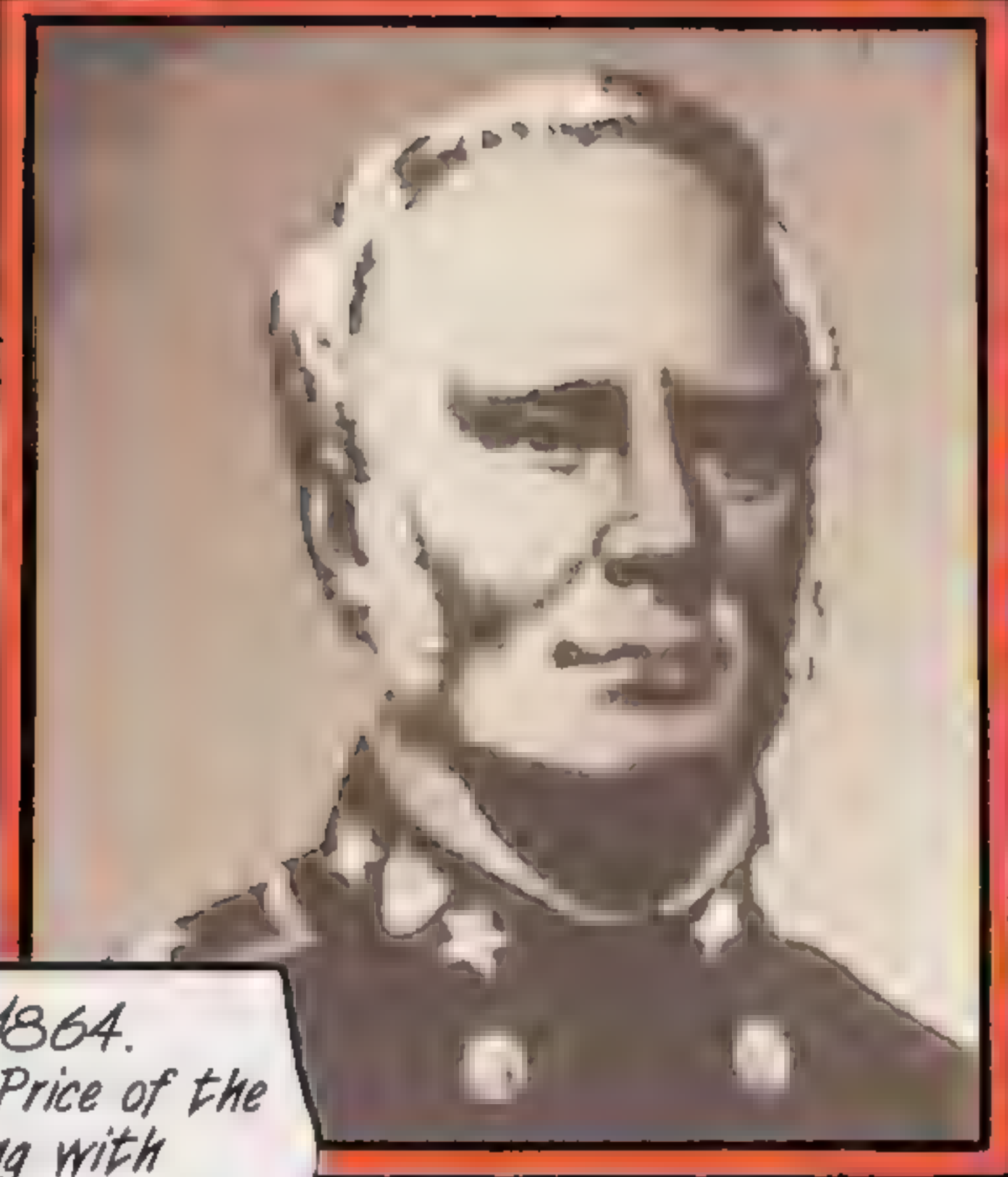
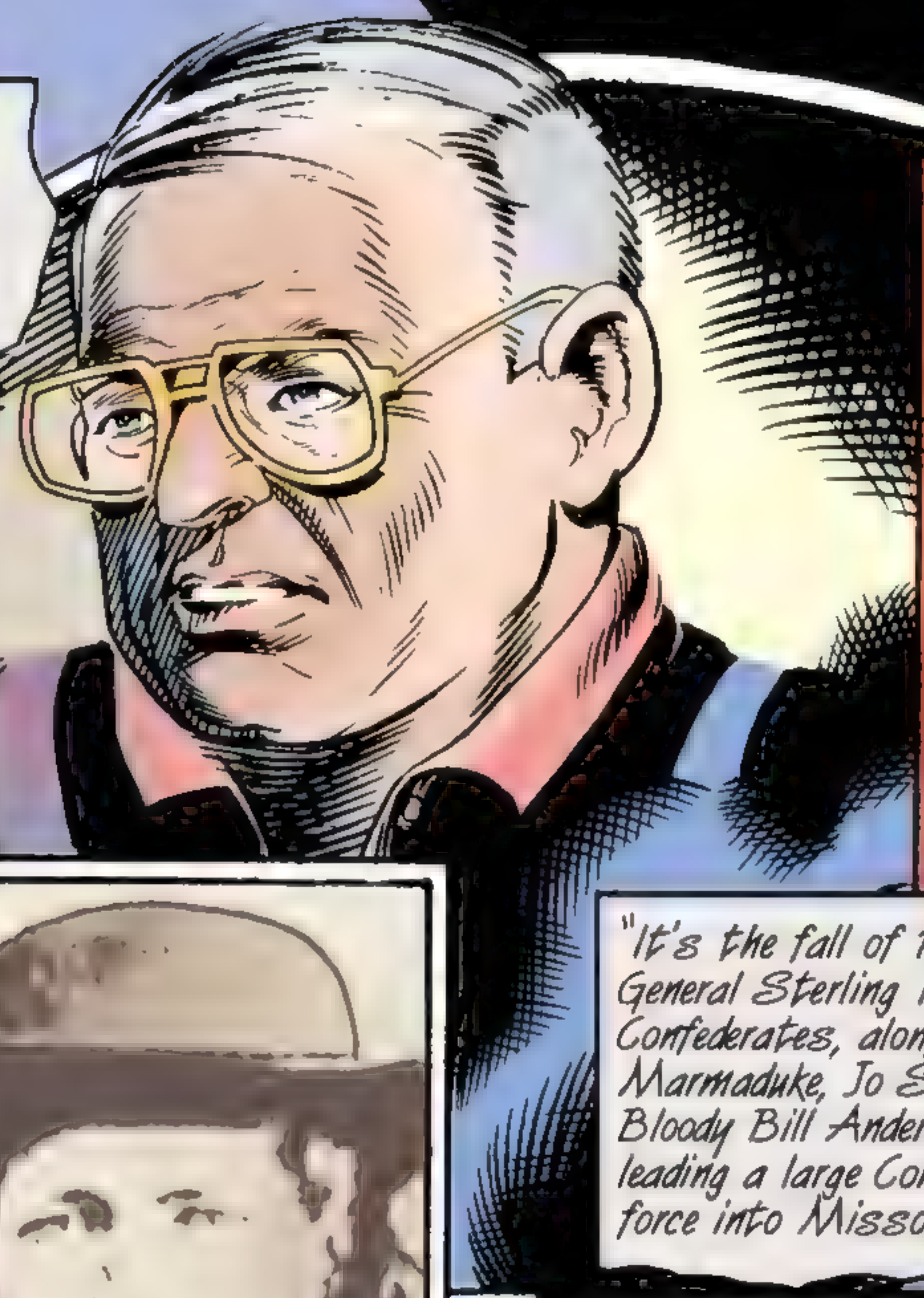


"I suspect Jesse is right, Lucy ghurl. I guess that is the road I am on. My biggest question is-- whose bullet will it be? A stranger's? Or Nathaniel's?"

"As I can and if I can I will write again. Your brother--Jeb."

**NEXT:
WAR'S
END**

"Dear Clark--I've managed to put together this packet of journals and letters of our ancestors from that trunk I found buried out back. We're in the latter part of the Civil War now."



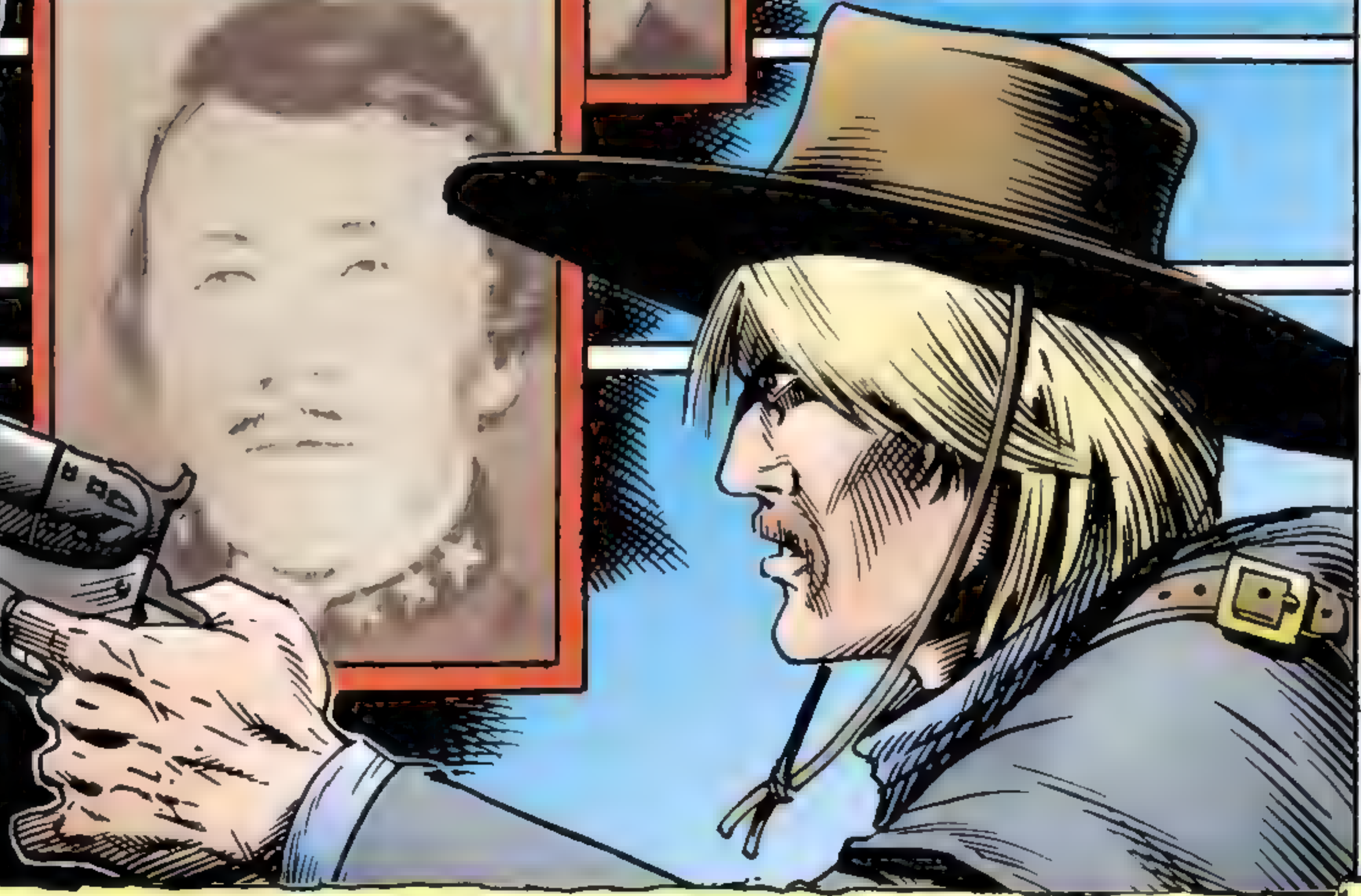
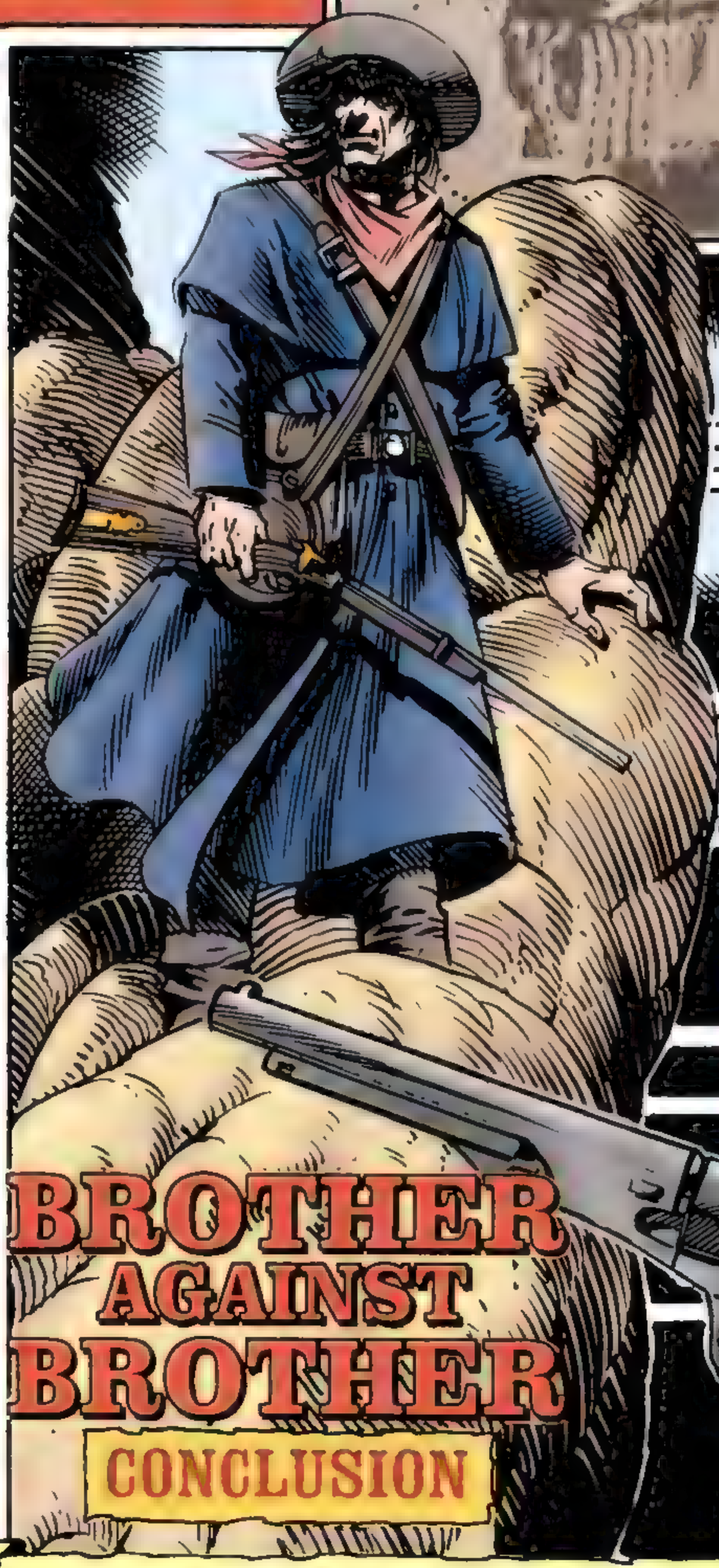
"It's the fall of 1864. General Sterling Price of the Confederates, along with Marmaduke, Jo Shelby and Bloody Bill Anderson were leading a large Confederate force into Missouri."



"Their hopes were that Missourians would remember the hated General Order No. 11 that burned so many Missourians out of their homes unjustly and would rise up and join them."

"Price, you may remember, was at the Battle of Wilson's Creek at the start of the Civil War. As were most of the participants in our saga at that time."

"Nate was still acting as a scout and a spy behind enemy lines with his friend Bill Hickok while Jeb was running with Jesse James and Quantrill. Events were closing in on all of them."



BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER CONCLUSION

JOHN OSTRANDER
writer

TIM TRUMAN
penciller

MICHAEL BAIR
inks

BILL OAKLEY
letters

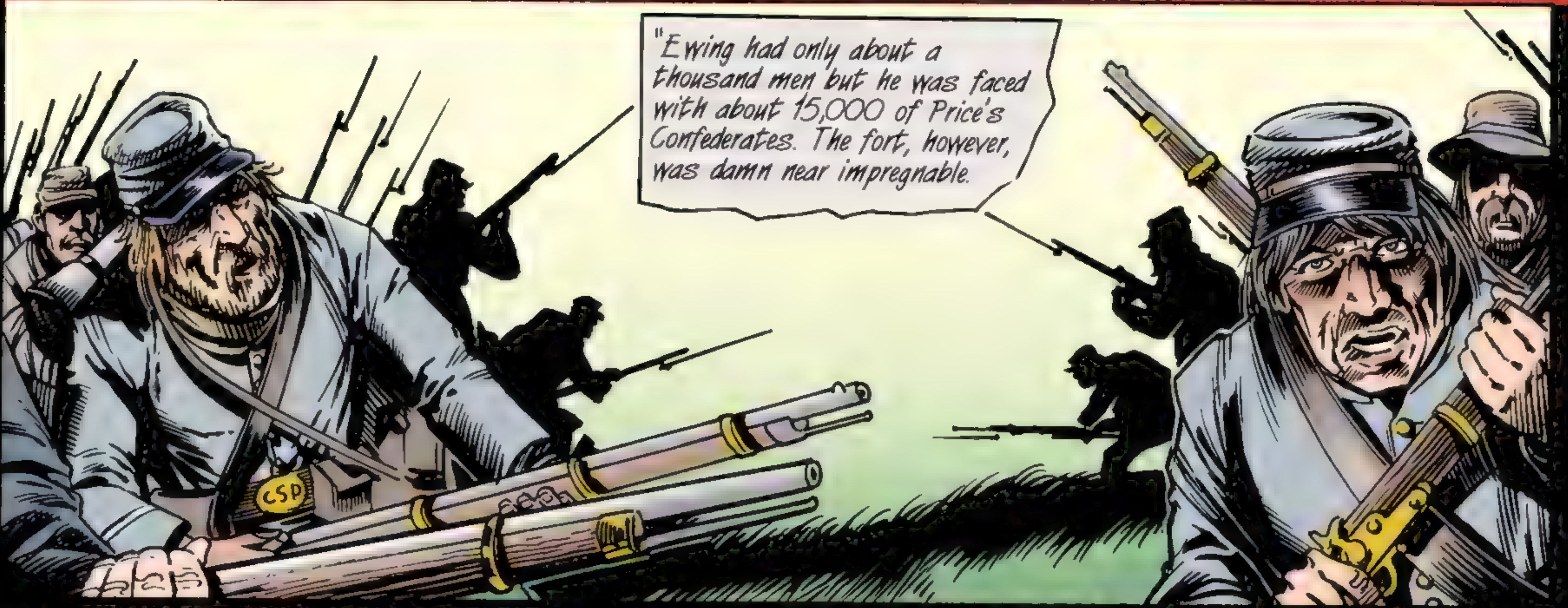
CARLA FEENY
colors

PETER TOMASI : editor and commanding officer

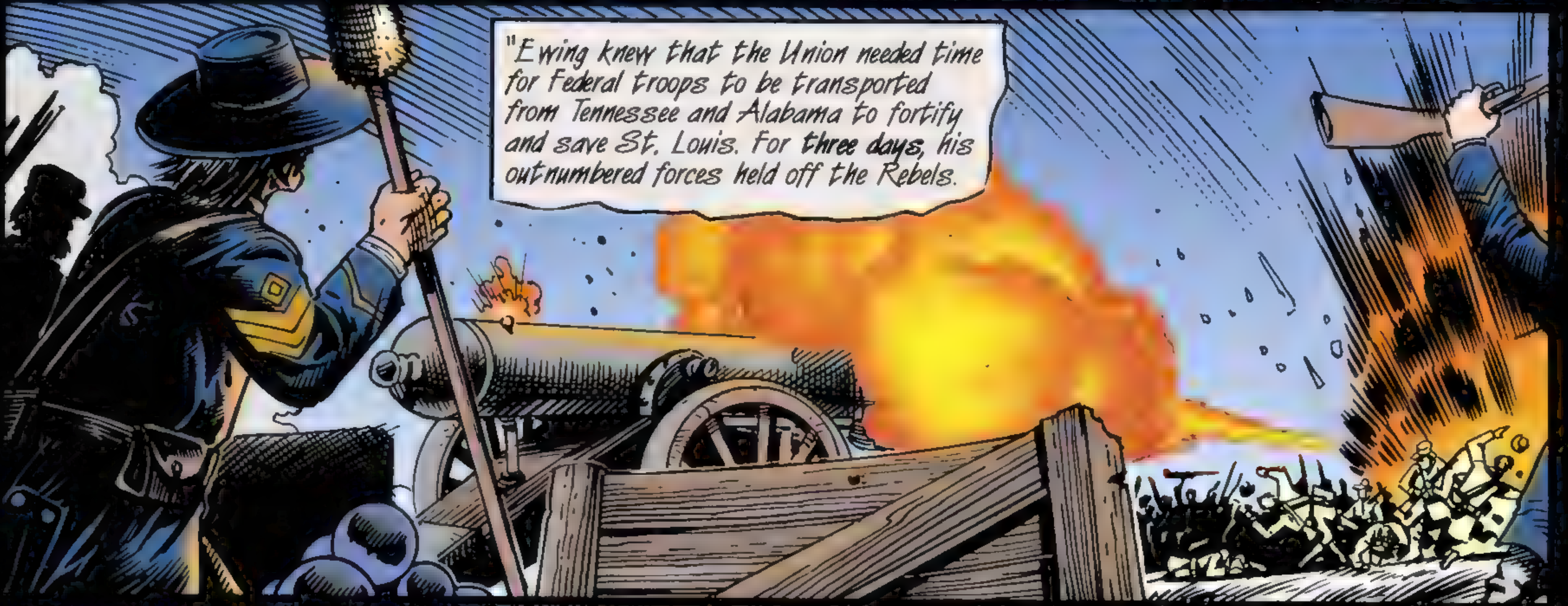
"General Ewing, who had issued General Order No. 11 at the insistence of Jim Lane as retaliation for Quantrill's raid on Lawrence, was in command of a fort at Pilot Knob.



"Ewing had only about a thousand men but he was faced with about 15,000 of Price's Confederates. The fort, however, was damn near impregnable.



"Ewing knew that the Union needed time for Federal troops to be transported from Tennessee and Alabama to fortify and save St. Louis. For three days, his outnumbered forces held off the Rebels.



"With a quarter of his command gone, Ewing slipped out with the remainder of his men in the middle of the night, heading for St. Louis.

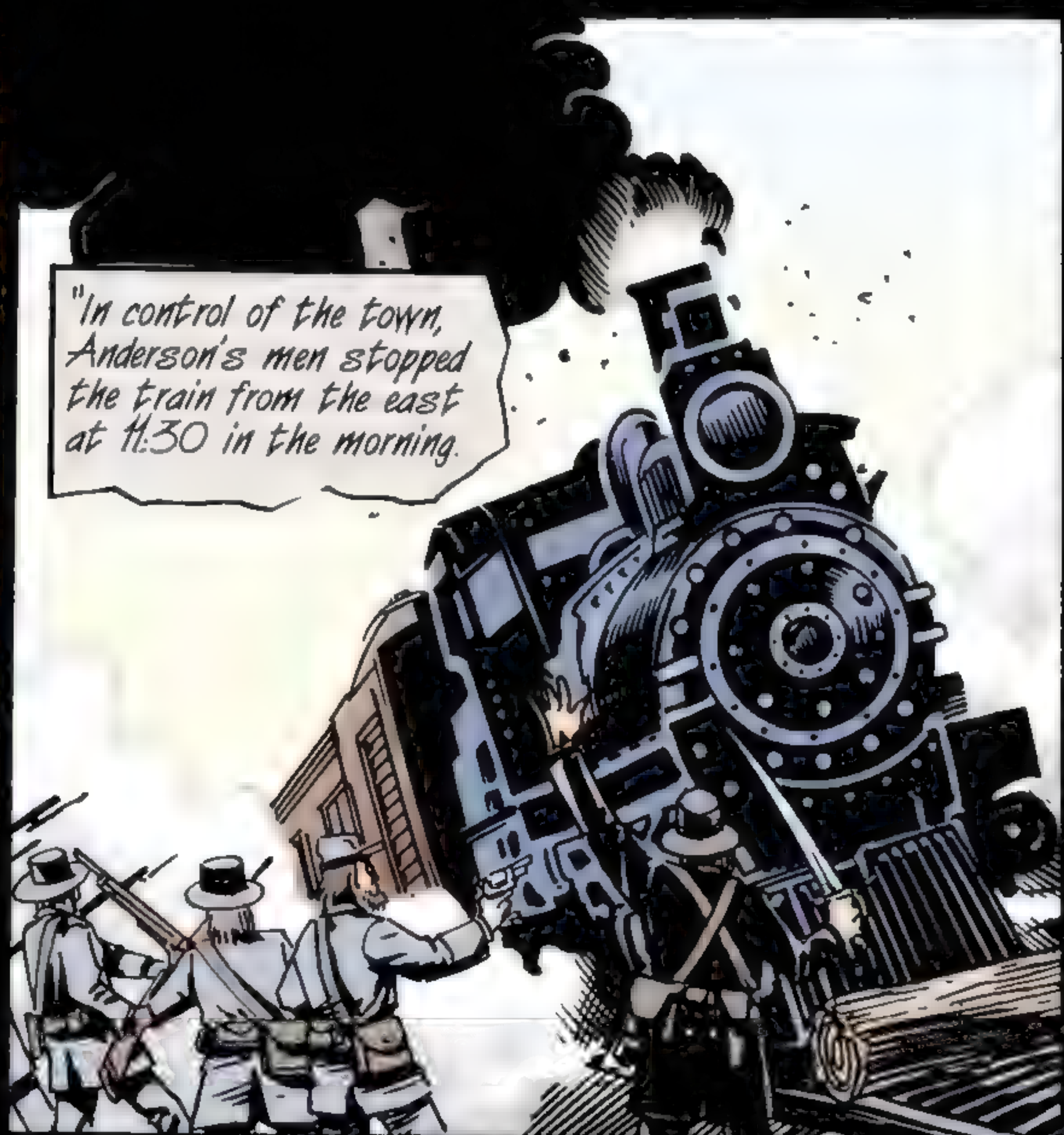


"Their last act was to blow up the powder magazine and destroy the fort itself."

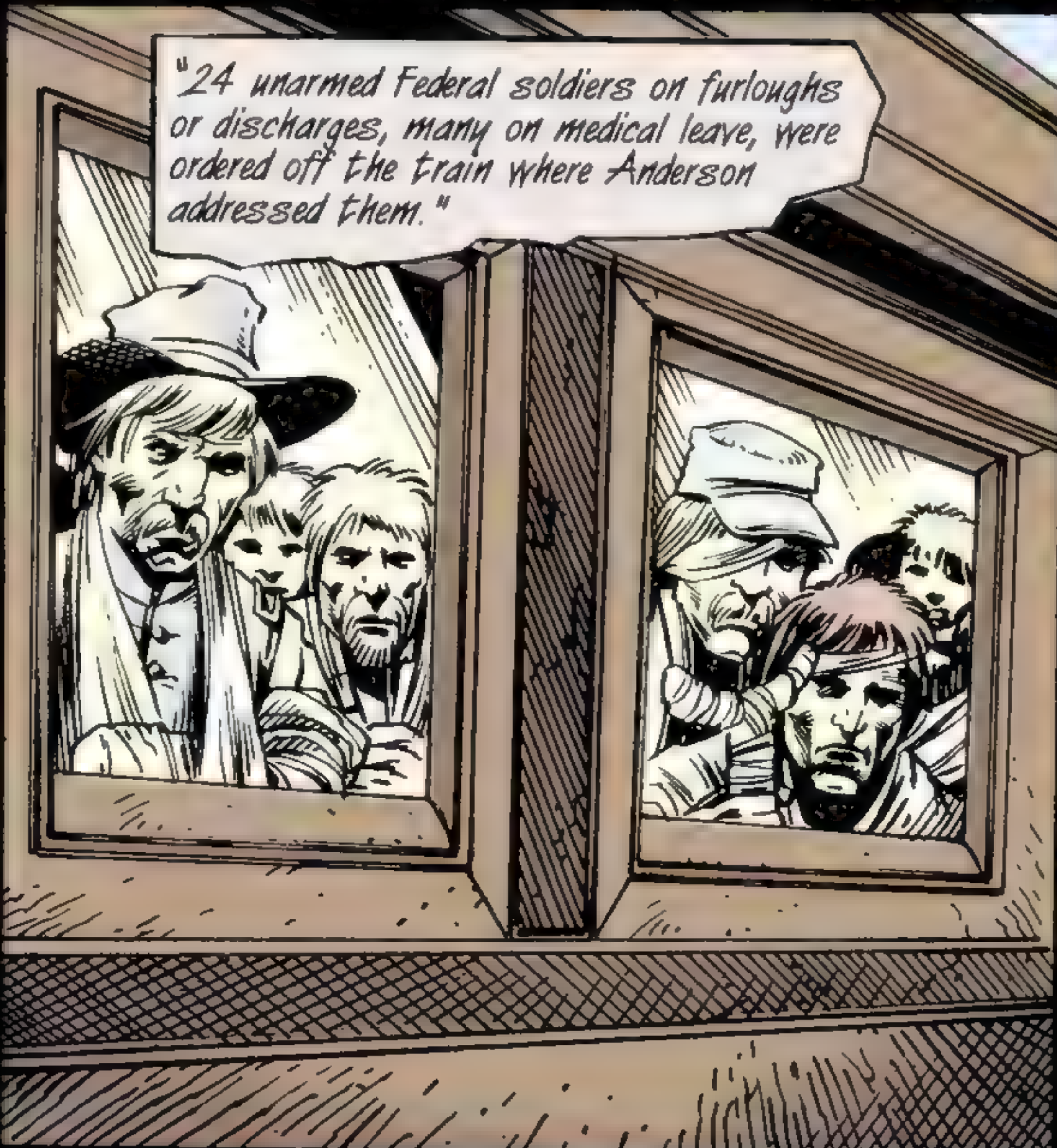
"On the same day that Price's men attacked Ewing, Bloody Bill Anderson led his men into a massacre of Centralia, Missouri, that would rival Lawrence in its ferocity.



"In control of the town, Anderson's men stopped the train from the east at 11:30 in the morning.



"24 unarmed Federal soldiers on furloughs or discharges, many on medical leave, were ordered off the train where Anderson addressed them."



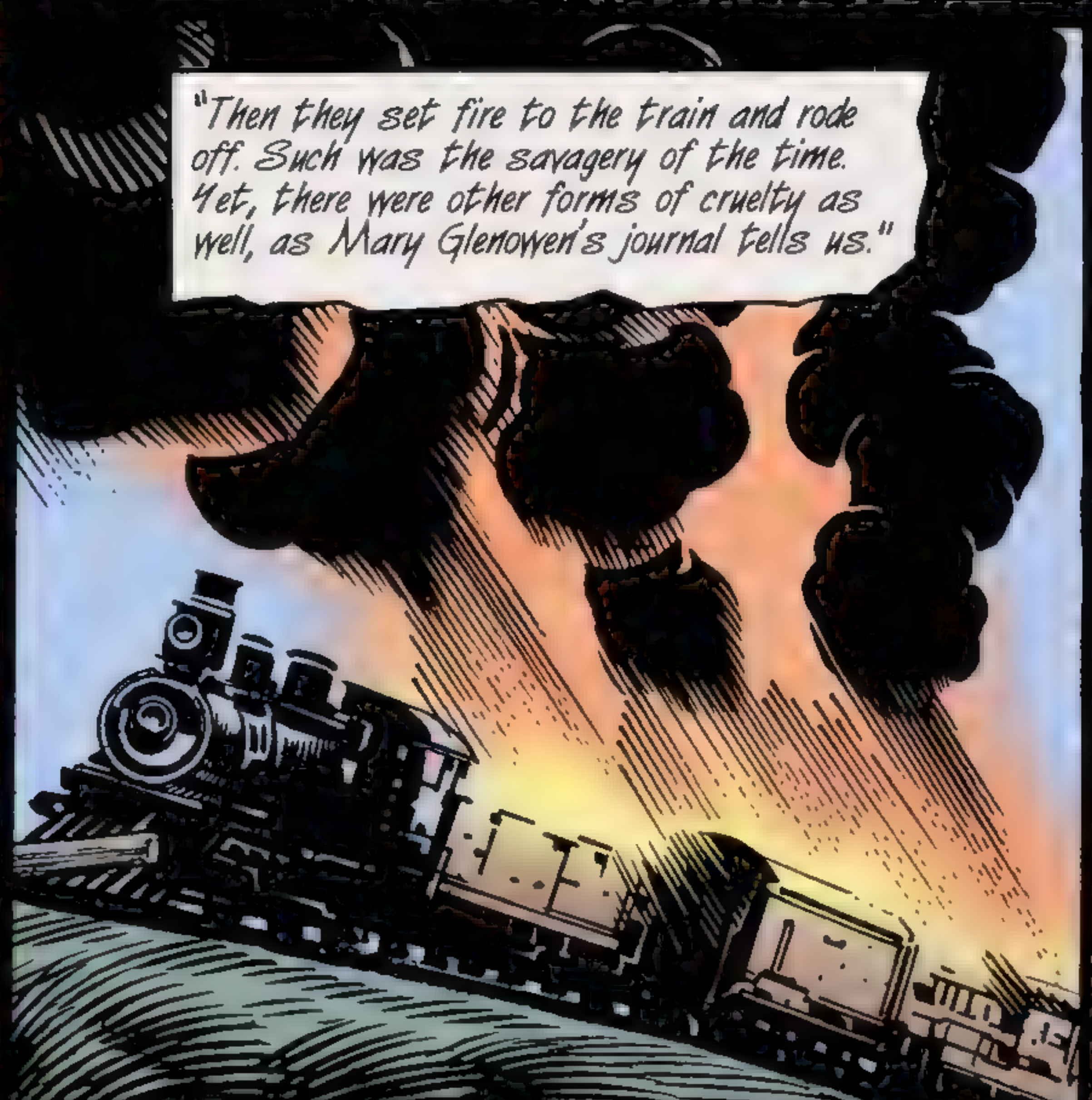
FROM THIS TIME FORWARD I ASK NO QUARTER AND GIVE NONE. EVERY FEDERAL SOLDIER ON WHOM I PUT MY FINGER SHALL DIE LIKE A DOG!



IF I GET INTO YOUR CLUTCHES I EXPECT DEATH. YOU ARE ALL TO BE KILLED AND SENT TO HELL. THAT IS THE WAY EVERY DAMN SOLDIER SHALL BE SERVED WHO FALLS INTO MY HANDS.



"Then they set fire to the train and rode off. Such was the savagery of the time. Yet, there were other forms of cruelty as well, as Mary Glenover's journal tells us."

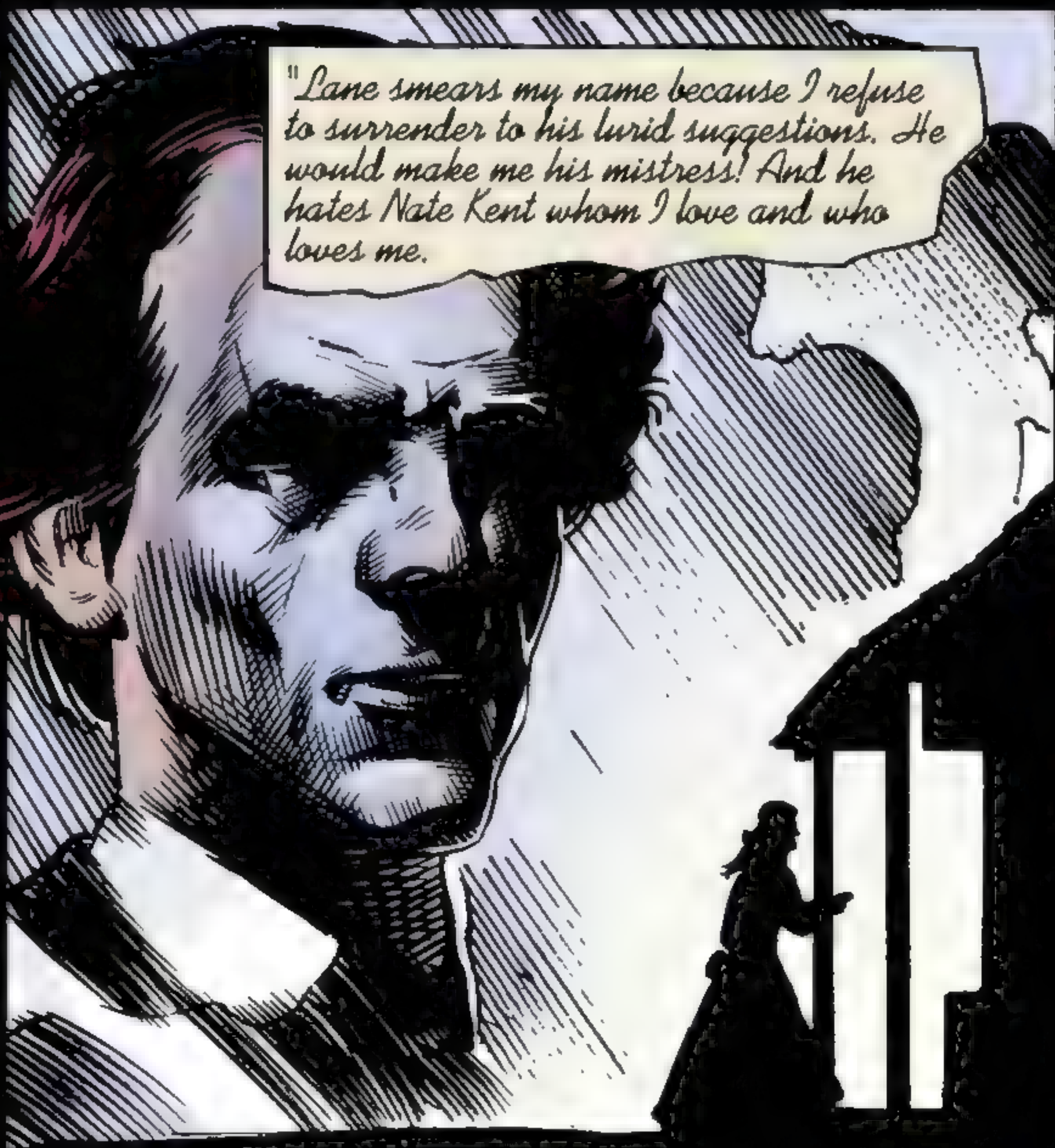




"October 2, 1864--As many others, I am sick of this war. The very weariness with which this nation regards our bitter internal conflict makes Mr. Lincoln's re-election very unsure."



"I am also weary of the constant political battles waged here in Kansas and the vicious whispering campaign that Jim Lane has aimed at me. I know what they say; that Joshua and I share a bed."



"Lane smears my name because I refuse to surrender to his lurid suggestions. He would make me his mistress! And he hates Nate Kent whom I love and who loves me."



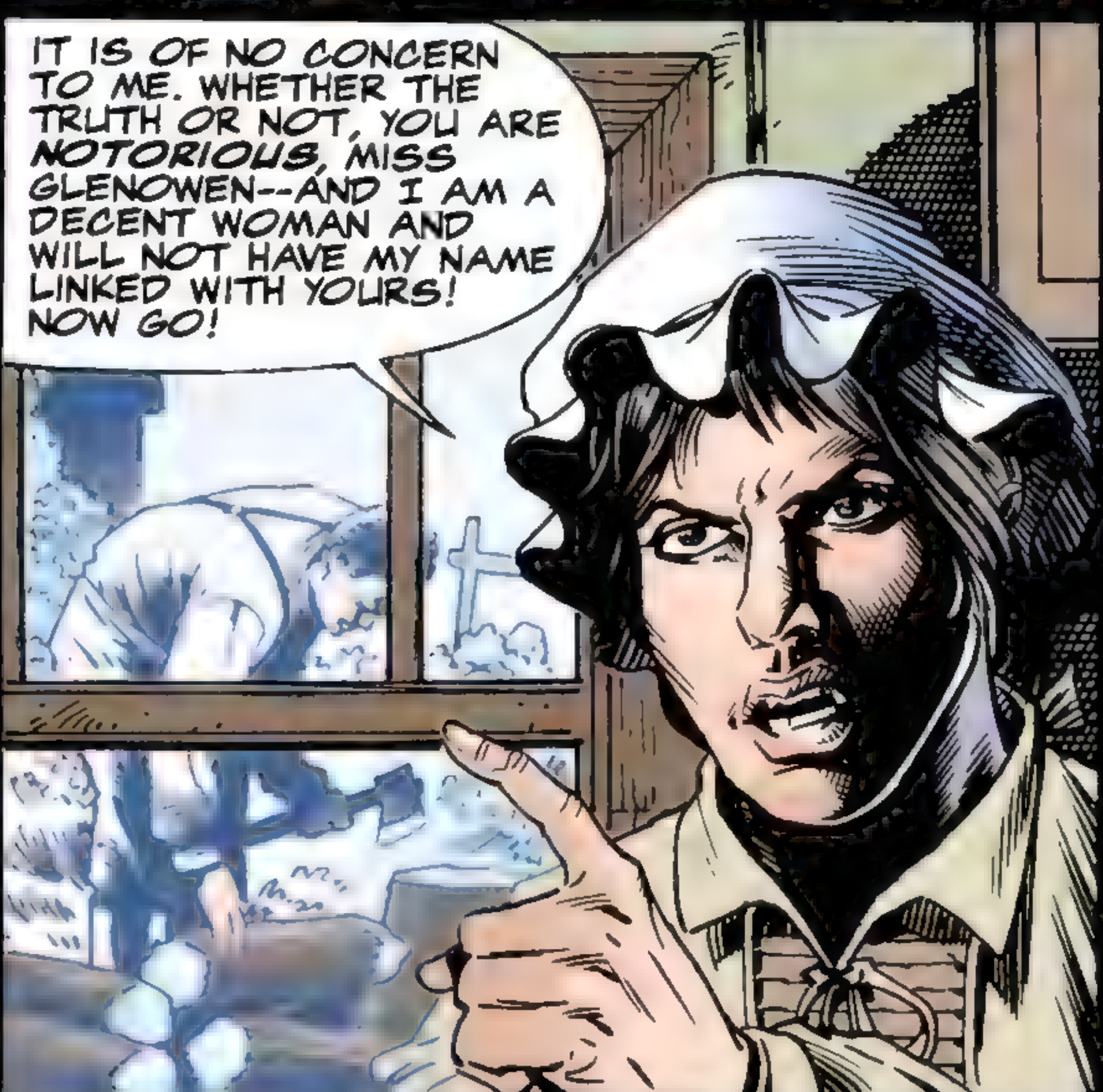
"Since Papa's death, I have been rooming at Widow Quayle's house but, I fear that came to a head today."

I HAVE PUT UP WITH ENOUGH, MISS GLENOWEN AND MORE THAN ENOUGH! THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING OF YOU AND THAT DARKIE! YOU SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE MY HOUSE AT ONCE!

MADAM, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS ANYONE THAT THESE CHARGES CAN'T BE TRUE, YET YOU WOULD PUT ME OUT!



I HAVE BUT LITTLE MONEY FROM MY FATHER'S ESTATE. TELL ME--WHERE WOULD YOU HAVE ME GO?!



IT IS OF NO CONCERN TO ME. WHETHER THE TRUTH OR NOT, YOU ARE NOTORIOUS, MISS GLENOWEN--AND I AM A DECENT WOMAN AND WILL NOT HAVE MY NAME LINKED WITH YOURS! NOW GO!

"With no other options at hand, Joshua suggested that we go to Nathaniel's farm. He felt certain, and I agreed that Nate would not mind."

"But--oh! It is in sad shape and I fear I am not in much better! I could no longer help myself but broke down in tears."

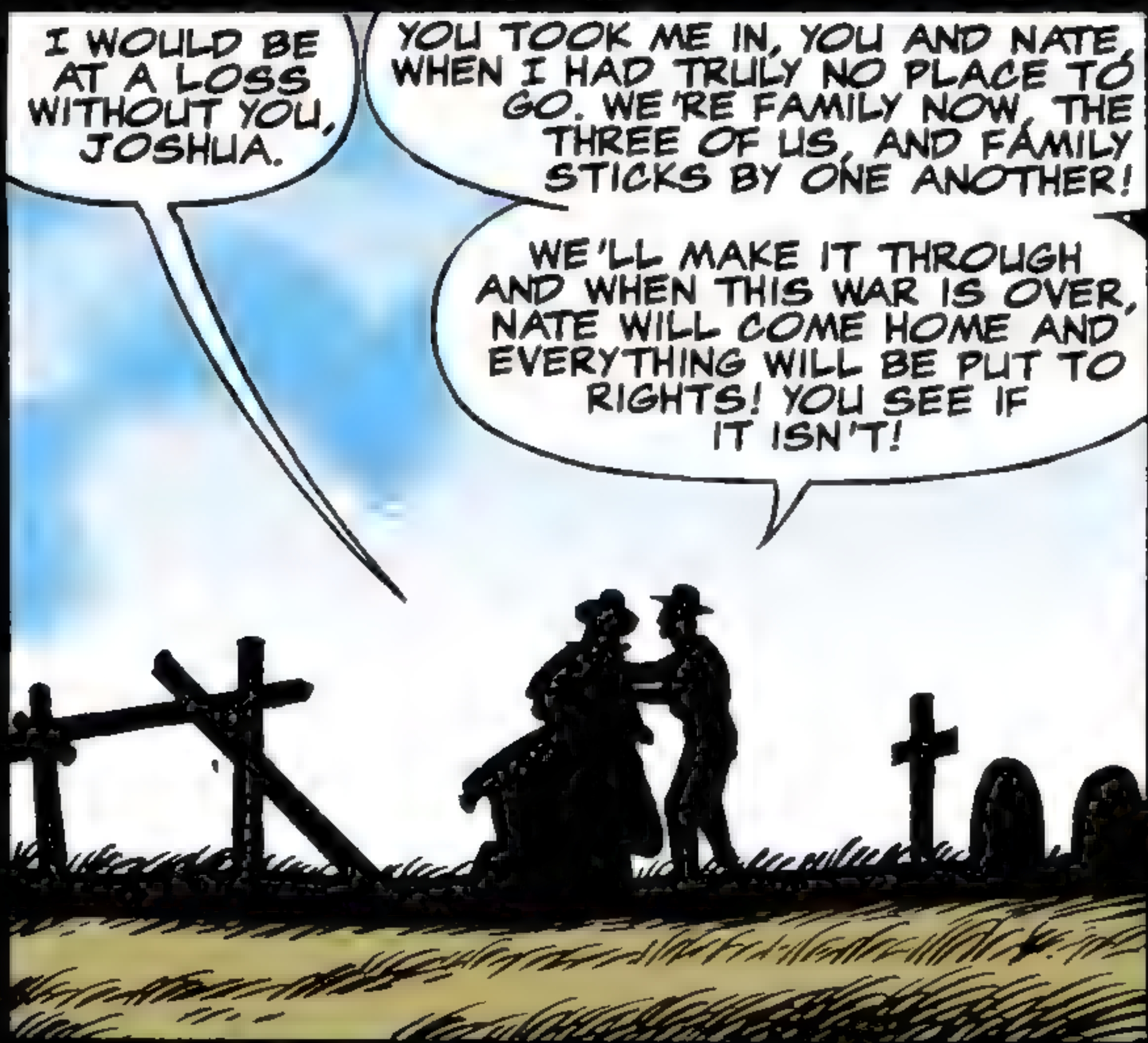


MARY...MISS MARY... PLEASE DON'T CRY! IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, I SWEAR IT! WE WILL MAKE THIS PLACE JUST AS WARM AND COMFORTABLE AS WE MAY!



I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN BEAR IT MUCH LONGER JOSHUA...!

SURE YOU CAN! WE ALL FEEL LOW FROM TIME TO TIME BUT YOU ARE MADE OF IRON WITHIN! THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW AS STRONG AS YOU IS NATE!



I WOULD BE AT A LOSS WITHOUT YOU, JOSHUA.

YOU TOOK ME IN, YOU AND NATE WHEN I HAD TRULY NO PLACE TO GO. WE'RE FAMILY NOW, THE THREE OF US, AND FAMILY STICKS BY ONE ANOTHER!

WE'LL MAKE IT THROUGH AND WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, NATE WILL COME HOME AND EVERYTHING WILL BE PUT TO RIGHTS! YOU SEE IF IT ISN'T!



"So we have made our home in Nathaniel's home near the graves of his mother and father. Somehow, Nate feels a little closer."

"But today, on my trip into town, trouble again raised its head in the person of Senator Jim Lane!"

I TELL YOU, SIR, TO LET GO OF MY HORSES AND LET ME PASS!



REALLY, MISS GLENOWEN-- WHY DON'T YOU RECONSIDER MY...MODEST PROPOSITION?

THINGS WOULD GO SO MUCH BETTER FOR YOU.



SINCE YOU MUST ENDURE THE SHAME OF YOUR CURRENT REPUTATION, WHY NOT ENJOY SOME OF THE BENEFITS AS WELL.



"At that moment, something burst in me."



YOU...WHORE-
MONGERING...
LYING...
HYPOCRITE!

"I literally lashed out
at all that beset me!"



"Against Lane, against the death
of my father..."



"Against Bill Hickok for
rejecting me, against the lying
gossips of this town..."



"Against the hate, against the
injustice, against the evil in this
world..."



"Embodied in the person of Senator
Jim Lane."

BY GOD...
N-NO-ONE
DOES
THAT...TO JIM
LANE...!



COUNT YOURSELF
FORTUNATE I DID NOT HAVE
A GUN, SIR--FOR NEXT TIME
I SHALL!



"I felt something that Nate must have
felt when they burned down that
plantation where Josh's mother died.
I, too, felt as if the wrath of anger of
John Brown was flowing through me."

"Like Nate, the feeling frightened
and sickened me."

"I rushed back to the house with our meager supplies but found it empty and a note from Joshua on the table."



"Miss Mary, I can no longer stand watching what is being done to you. It is because of me, I know."



"I have gone to find Nathaniel and bring him back. I cannot make things right but perhaps he can. Do not be angry with me. I know not what else to do.
Your friend--Joshua"

"I felt stricken, terribly alone and lost."



"But then I took strength from Joshua's resolve. He had undertaken a great journey and so would I."



"I resolved to be no less equal to the challenge than he."

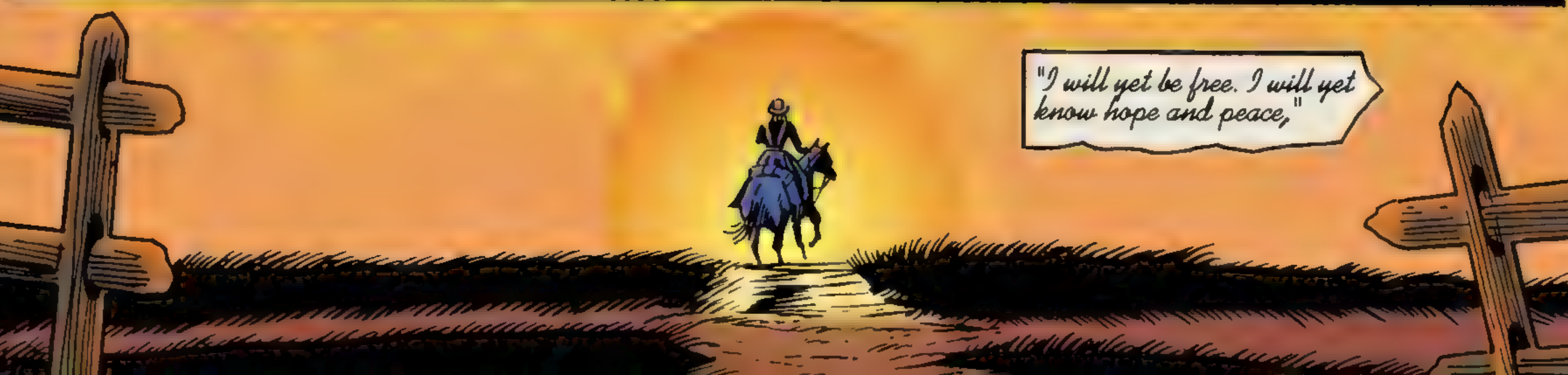
"There is one place more of which I could conceive where I might find shelter and safety. The way will not be easy nor sure but I resolved to try."



"I have left behind a note for Nate or Joshua to find in the hope that they will return so that they will know where I have gone."



"I will yet be free. I will yet know hope and peace,"





"What falls between Mary's journal and the following selection, Clark, was the last major battle of this part of the war--the Battle of Westport.

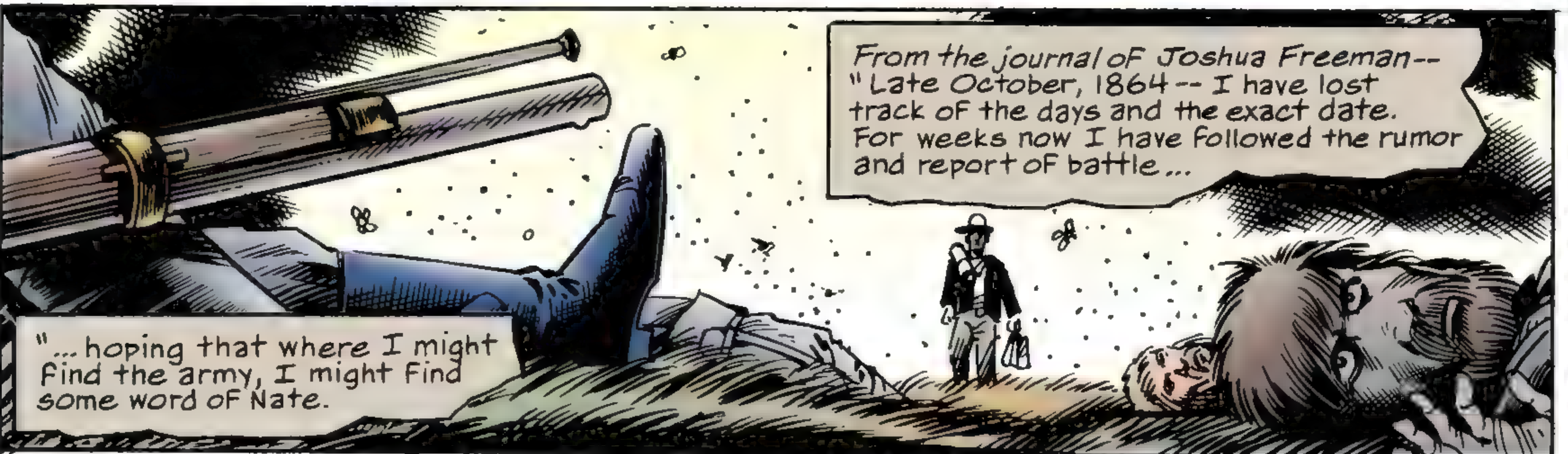
"The town was only some five miles south of Kansas City, close to the Missouri border. Here the Confederates under Price, and spurred on by Shelby and Marmaduke, met the Union men led by General Curtis, with Generals Blunt and Pleasanton forcing Curtis to fight.

"If not stopped, the Confederates threatened to take Kansas City and then devastate southern Kansas--something not to be endured in an election year.

"Shelby convinced Price to fight while Blunt bulldozed his aging superior officer into battle. Almost 30,000 men met on that battlefield. In the end, the South was forced to withdraw.



"The fighting would continue as the forces retreated southwards, with the dead spotting the trail and marking the path of war."



From the journal of Joshua Freeman--
"Late October, 1864-- I have lost track of the days and the exact date. For weeks now I have followed the rumor and report of battle ...

"... hoping that where I might find the army, I might find some word of Nate.

"I have heard men speak of the glories of war, of its chivalry and manliness, but I do not myself think much of it.

"I witnessed the massacre in Lawrence and now I come upon a recent battle and, I swear, I must be missing something, for I see no glory anywhere--only bodies bloating in the sun.

"I came upon a line of Union soldiers near the Marais de Cygnes-- where Quantrill massacred so many men years before. These are the victors and yet they look exhausted, dirty, and starving."



"I fell in with them and no one said anything to me although I heard them speak of another. My ears pricked up for he had been one of the Confederate raiders in Lawrence."



I HEARD THEY FINALLY GOT BLOODY BILL ANDERSON!

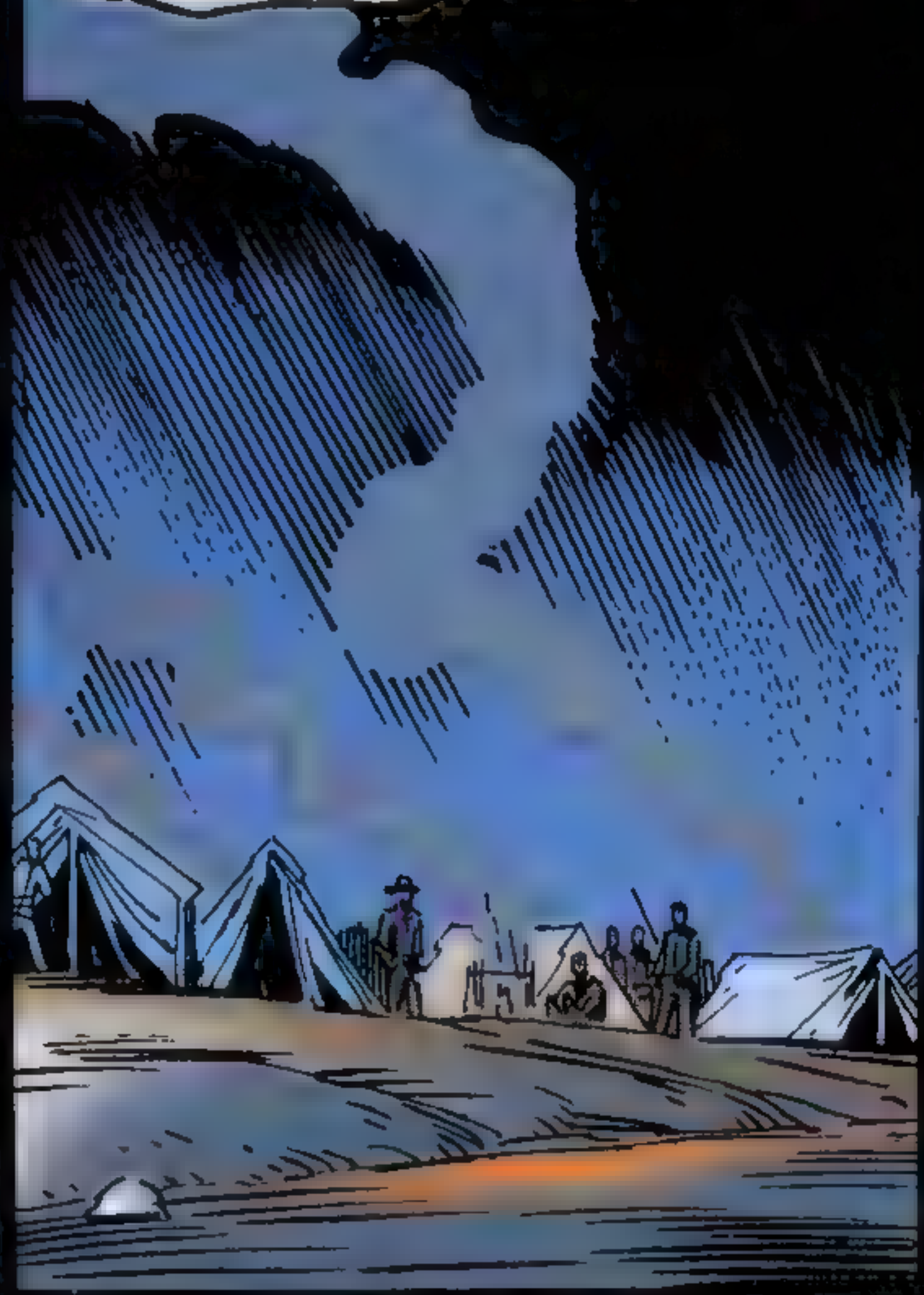
'BOUT DAMN TIME! HE OVER AT WESTPORT?



"NO. HE WAS RAIDIN' CROSS TH' MISSOURI AGIN TH' RAILROAD. I HEARD TH' MISSOURI MILITIA GOT HIM. DAMN GOOD THING, TOO."



"That night we finally halted to rest and the men seemed much relieved. I learned more. The soldiers spoke of a cavalry charge at Mine Hill which seemed to break the back of the Seccesh forces and of a brief engagement at Newtonia."



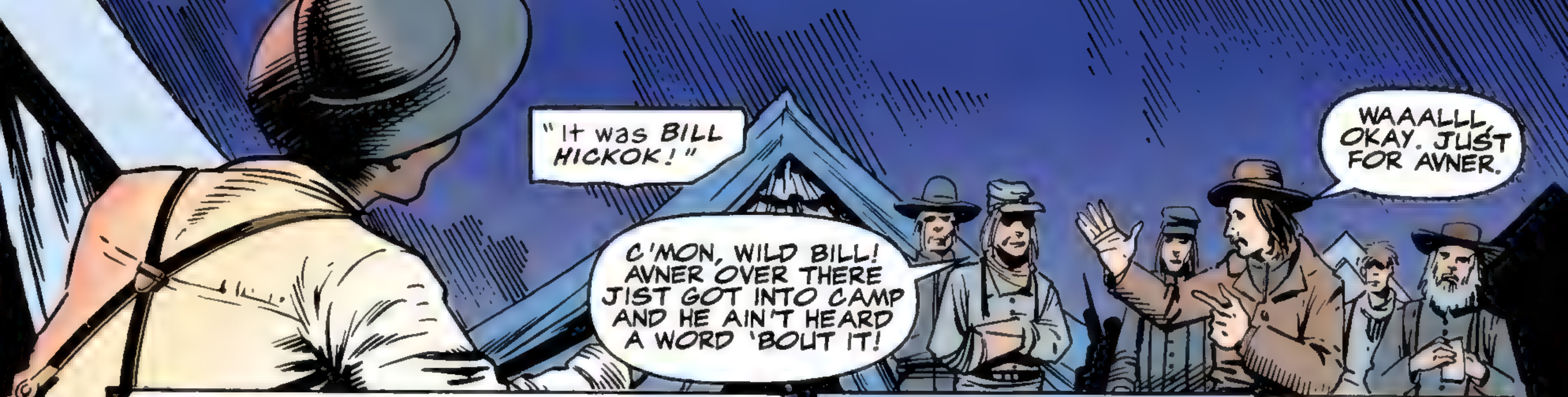
"I have explained my business and most of the men treat me fairly although some scowl at me as if they were Southerners."



"I was beginning to question the wisdom of my quest when I heard a familiar voice."



BOYS, I DONE TOLD YOU THE STORY FOUR OR FIVE TIMES!



"It was **BILL HICKOK!**"

WAAALLL
OKAY. JUST
FOR AVNER.

C'MON, WILD BILL!
AVNER OVER THERE
JIST GOT INTO CAMP
AND HE AIN'T HEARD
A WORD 'BOUT IT!

ALL THE TIME YOU BOYS BEEN KICKING CURTIS
TO AND FRO', ME AND MY PARTNER NATE
KENT WERE BEHIND HIS LINES, SEE, RIDING
WITH HIM! OUR JOB WAS TO FIND OUT OLD
PAP'S PLANS AND GET WORD TO
CURTIS, DON'T YA KNOW!

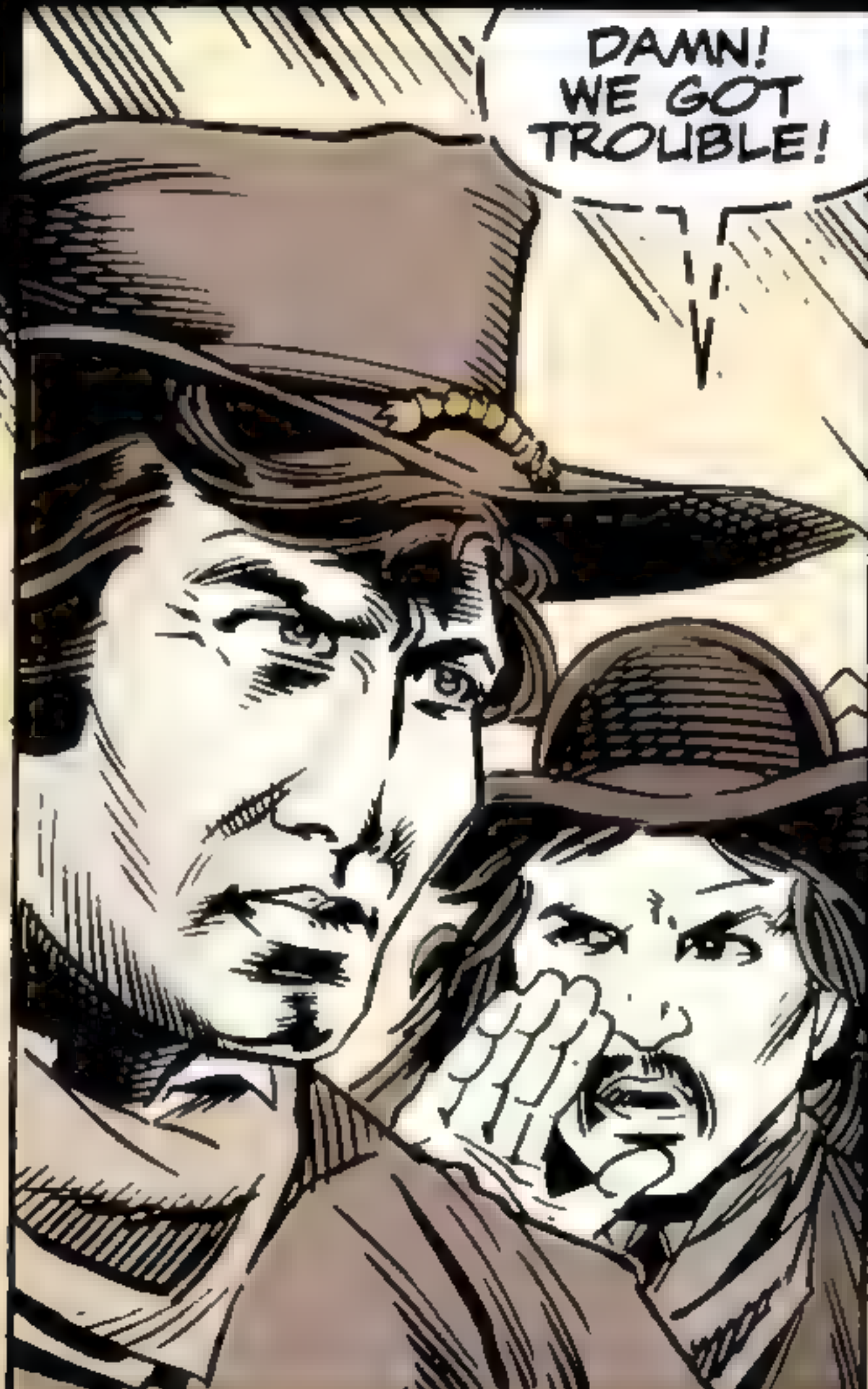
"BUT YOU BOYS DONE SUCH A
GOOD JOB THAT WE WAS
TRAPPED WITH CURTIS AND
HAD NO WAYS OF GETTING
BACK TO OUR OWN LINES!"



THIS IS NO GOOD, BILL.
WE'RE GONNA GET
CAUGHT FOR SURE.



DON'T YOU
WORRY, COUSIN. WE
PLAY IT EASY AND
BIDE OUR TIME AND
AN OPPORTUNITY WILL
PRESENT ITSELF.

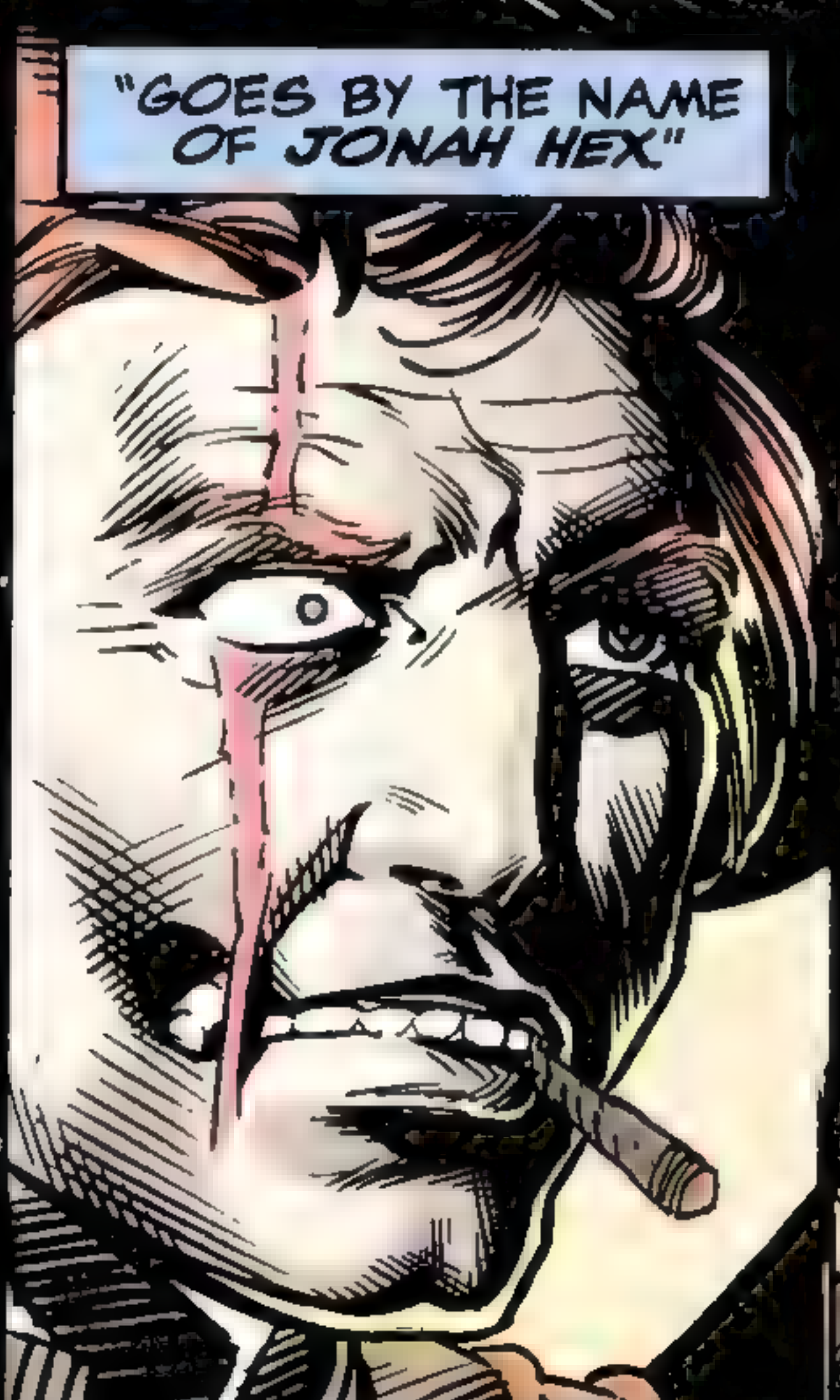


DAMN!
WE GOT
TROUBLE!



SEE THAT TALL
UGLY SLUMBITCH
RIDING IN?

HARD TO
MISS A MAN
THAT UGLY.
WHO IS HE?

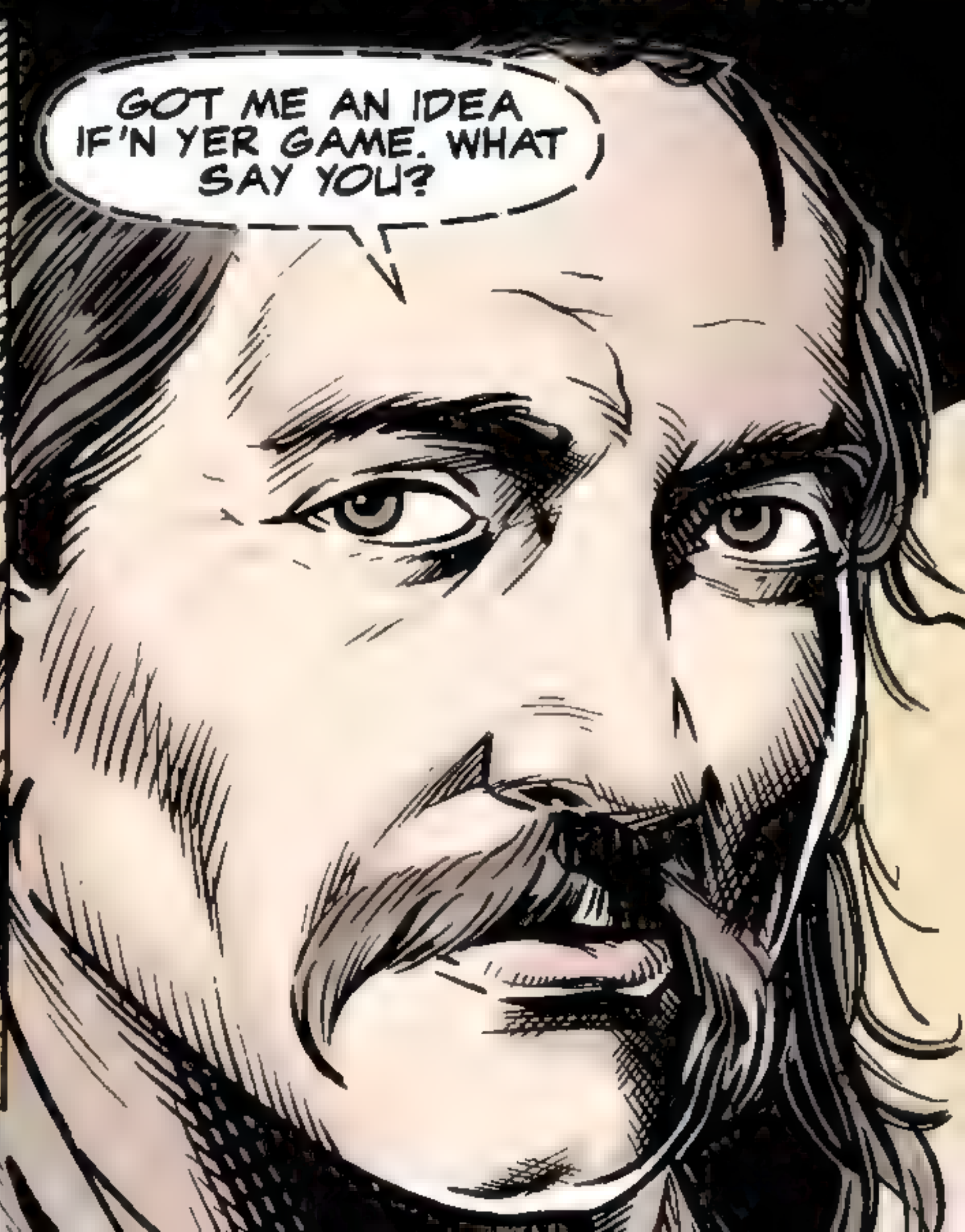


"GOES BY THE NAME
OF JONAH HEX"

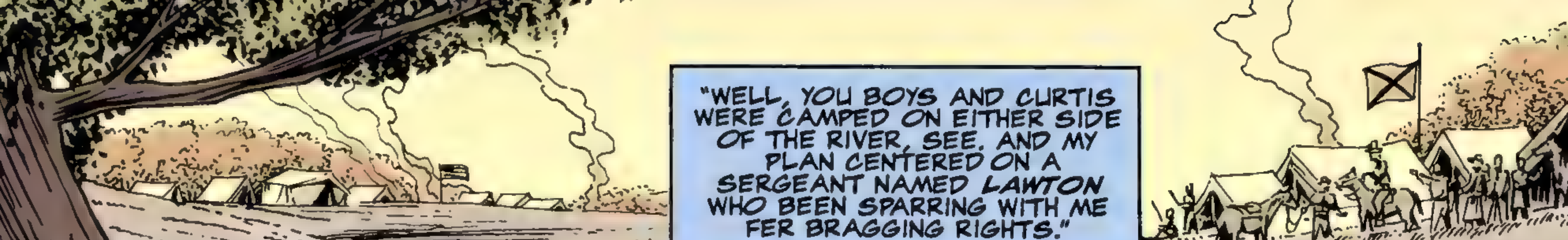


PROBLEM IS--
HE KNOWS ME
AND KNOWS I'M
A SPY.

SO
WHAT DO
WE DO?



GOT ME AN IDEA
IF'N YER GAME. WHAT
SAY YOU?



"WELL, YOU BOYS AND CURTIS WERE CAMPED ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, SEE, AND MY PLAN CENTERED ON A SERGEANT NAMED LAWTON WHO BEEN SPARRING WITH ME FER BRAGGING RIGHTS."



SO--YOU SEZ YOU CAN MATCH ME WHATEVER I DO, DOES YA, LAWTON?

I DO!



WAALLL--ME AND MAH FRIEND HERE HAVE A BET AS TO WHICH OF US CAN GET CLOSEST TO THE UNION SIDE O' THE STREAM WITHOUT GETTING KILT. YOU GAME FOR THAT?

WHUT? THAT'S JUST CRAZY!



"LAWTON DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OTHER CHOICE, THO'--NOT WITH ALL THEM OTHER FELLERS THERE AND LAUGHIN' AT HIM. SO ME AND NATE AND LAWTON WE ALL SADDLED UP THAT MORNIN'."



"I REARED UP MAH HORSE IN TH' HOPES YOU BOYS WOULD GET A GOOD LOOK AT ME."



WELL, I'LL BE! AIN'T THAT BILL HICKOK OVER THERE? WHAT'S HE UP TO?

TELL THE BOYS TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING, SON--BUT KEEP IT QUIET!

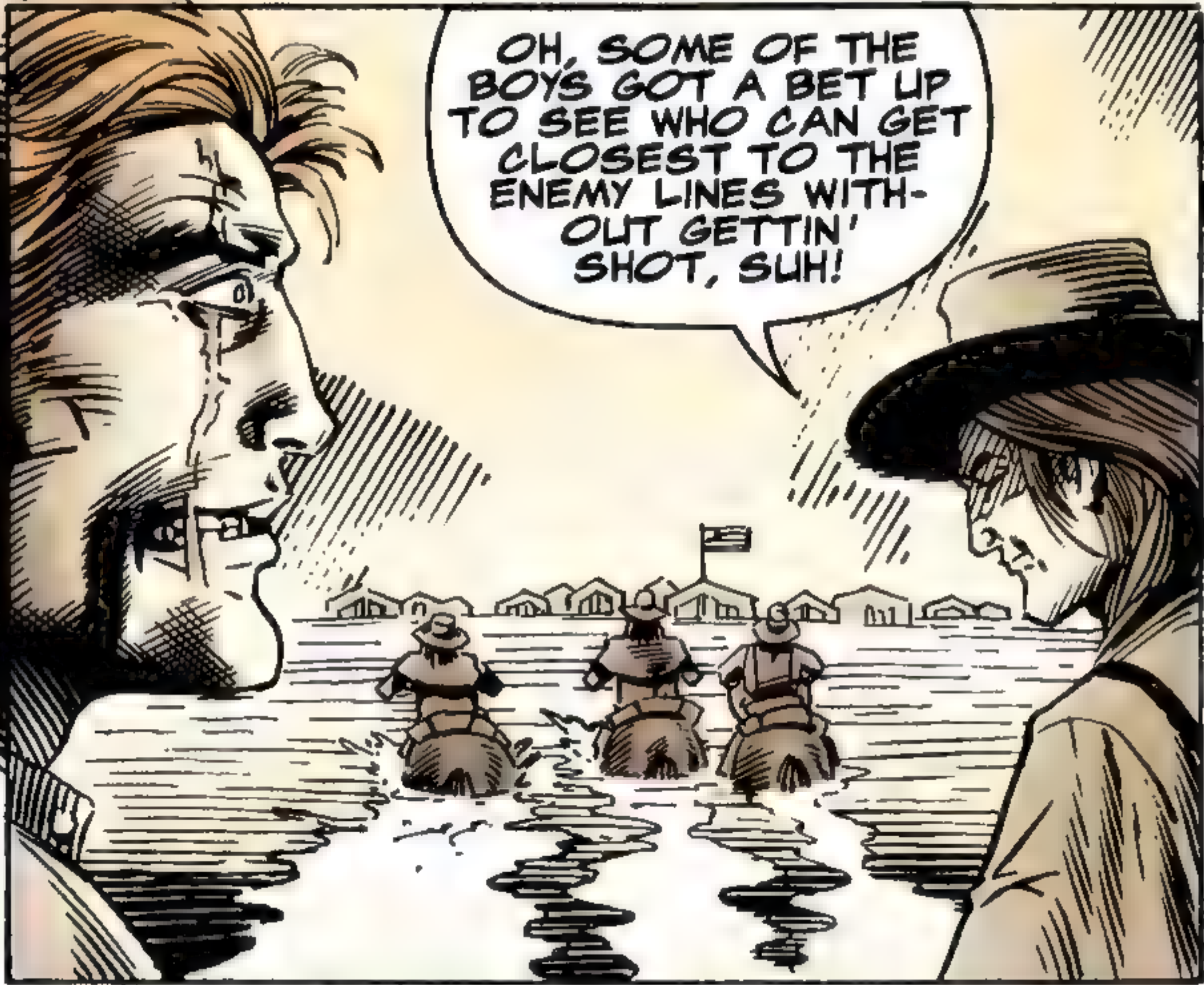


"AND THEN WE
PLUNGED IN!"

YEEEEHA!



WHUT IN
TERNATION'S ALL
THE RACKET?
MESSIN' WITH MAH
BEAUTY SLEEP!



OH, SOME OF THE
BOYS GOT A BET UP
TO SEE WHO CAN GET
CLOSEST TO THE
ENEMY LINES WITH-
OUT GETTIN'
SHOT, SUH!



WHUT THE HELL! THAT THERE
IS BILL HICKOK AND HE'S A
SPY! HE'S ESCAPIN' TO HIS
OWN LINES!

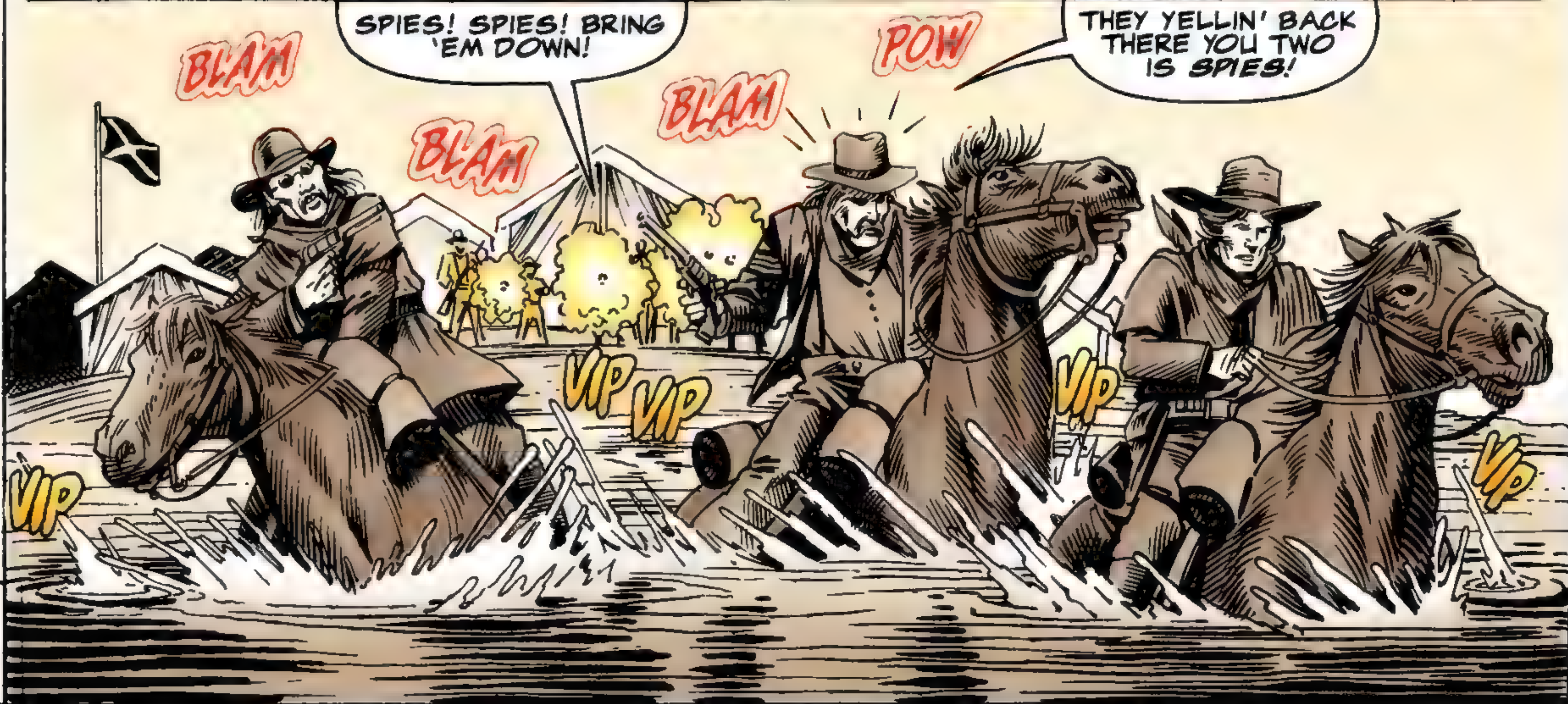


BRING 'EM
DOWN,
DAMMIT!

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM
BLAM

SPAK



BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

POW

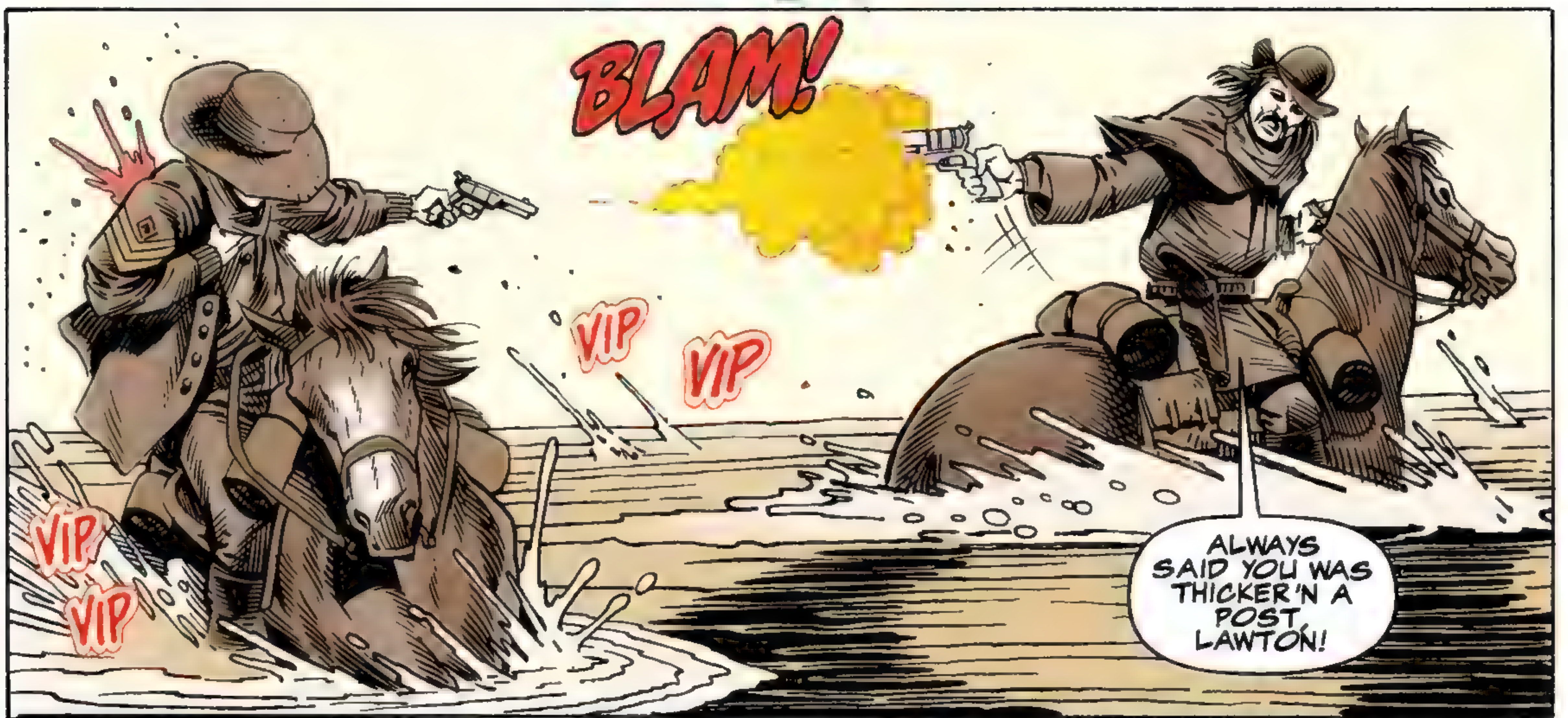
THEY YELLIN' BACK
THERE YOU TWO
IS SPIES!

VIP

VIP VIP

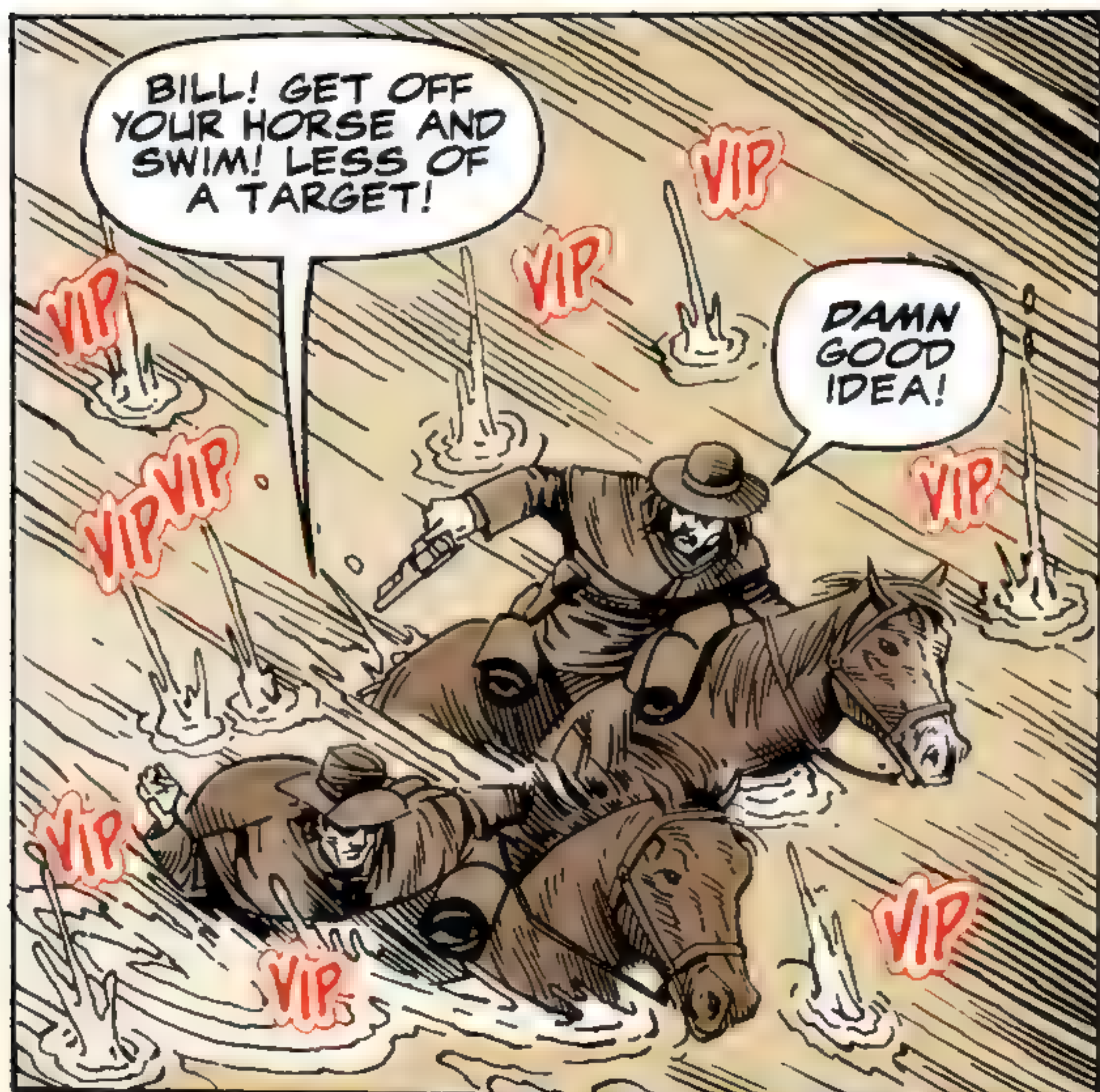
VIP

VIP



BLAM!

ALWAYS
SAID YOU WAS
THICKER'N A
POST
LAWTON!

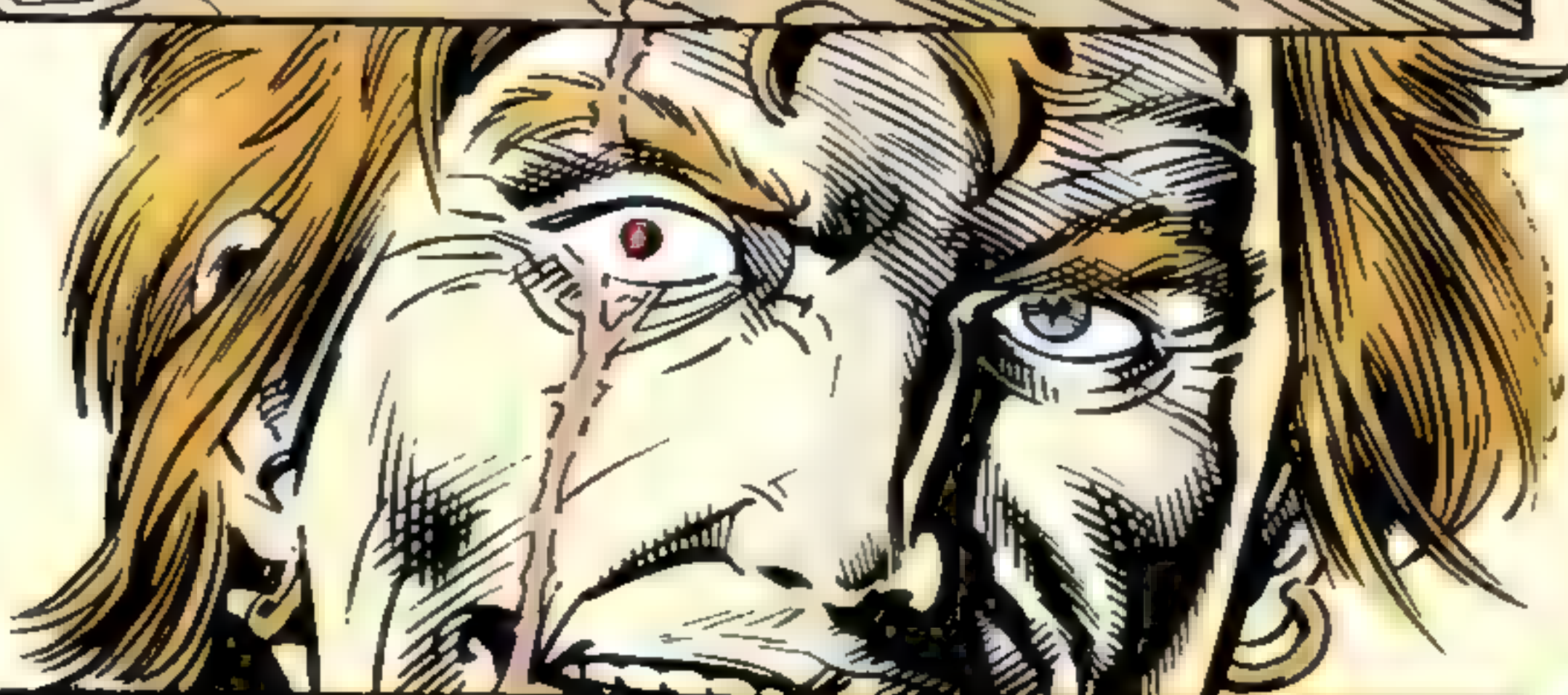


BILL! GET OFF
YOUR HORSE AND
SWIM! LESS OF
A TARGET!

DAMN
GOOD
IDEA!



COME
ON, BOYS! WE'LL
COVER FOR YOU!
MEN, PREPARE TO
FIRE!



HANG IT UP. THEY'RE
GONE.

GOTTA ADMIRE
TH' BRASS ON A MAN
LIKE THAT. MAYBE
WE'LL MEET AGAIN,
HICKOK--WHEN I DON'T
HAFTA KILL YA!

"WELL, YOU BOYS KNOW THE
REST. ME AND NATE PULLED
OURSELVES OUT OF THAT RIVER
THERE AND GOT MARCHED OFF
TO THE GENERAL AND HE
SEEMED RIGHT GLAD T' SEE US
AND ALL."

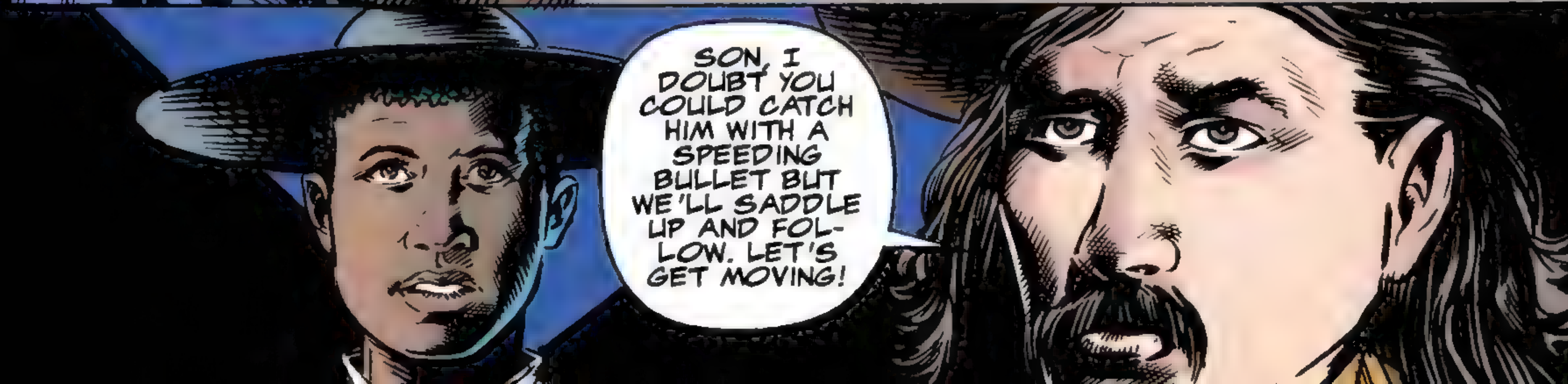
"AND I AIN'T TELLIN' THAT
STORY AGAIN ONE MORE TIME
TONIGHT AND THAT'S FLAT!"



BILL! MISTER
HICKOK!

WAALLL, I'LL BE DAMNED!
JOSHUA FREEMAN! YOU
HAVE GROWN, SON! BUT
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' ALL
THE WAY DOWN HERE?







"So we rode hard. At least we knew where Nate would be headed first-- for the Kent farm."

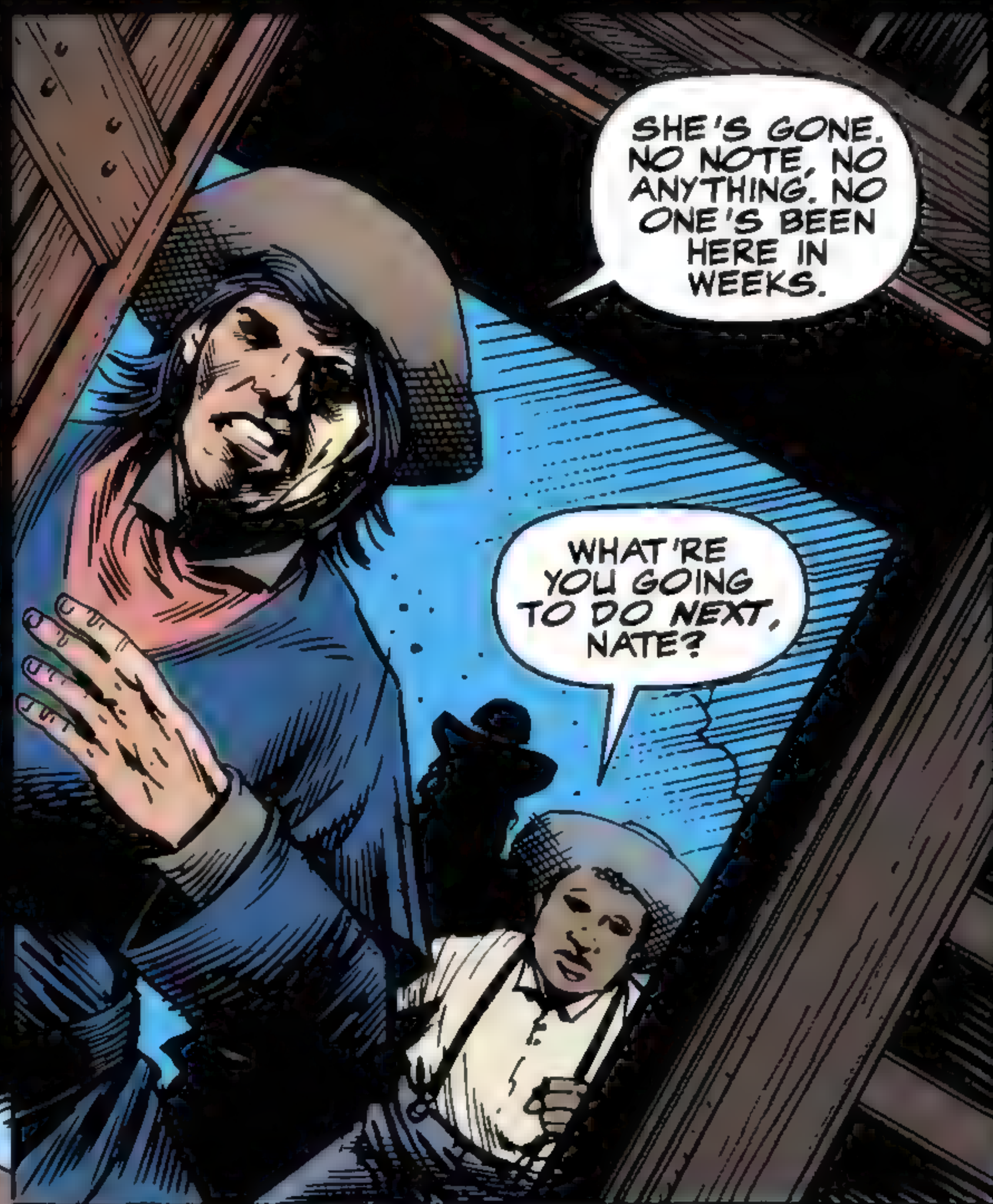


"What none of us knew was what we would find when we got there."



MARY?!

MARY?!



SHE'S GONE. NO NOTE, NO ANYTHING, NO ONE'S BEEN HERE IN WEEKS.

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO NEXT, NATE?



I'M GOING TO PUT SOME HARD QUESTIONS TO JIM LANE!

I GOT TO TELL YOU--LOVE IS HARD ON TH' HINDQUARTERS.

BEST SADDLE UP AGAIN, JOSH-- IT MAY BE UNWISE TO LET NATHANIEL RUN AROUND UNTENDED!



"If Lane was anywhere in Lawrence at this time of day, it would be in his office and it was there Nate went first."

LANE!

I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU!

GONE BACK INTO THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS KENT? AS YOUR LATE LAMENTED FATHER DID?

WHAM!

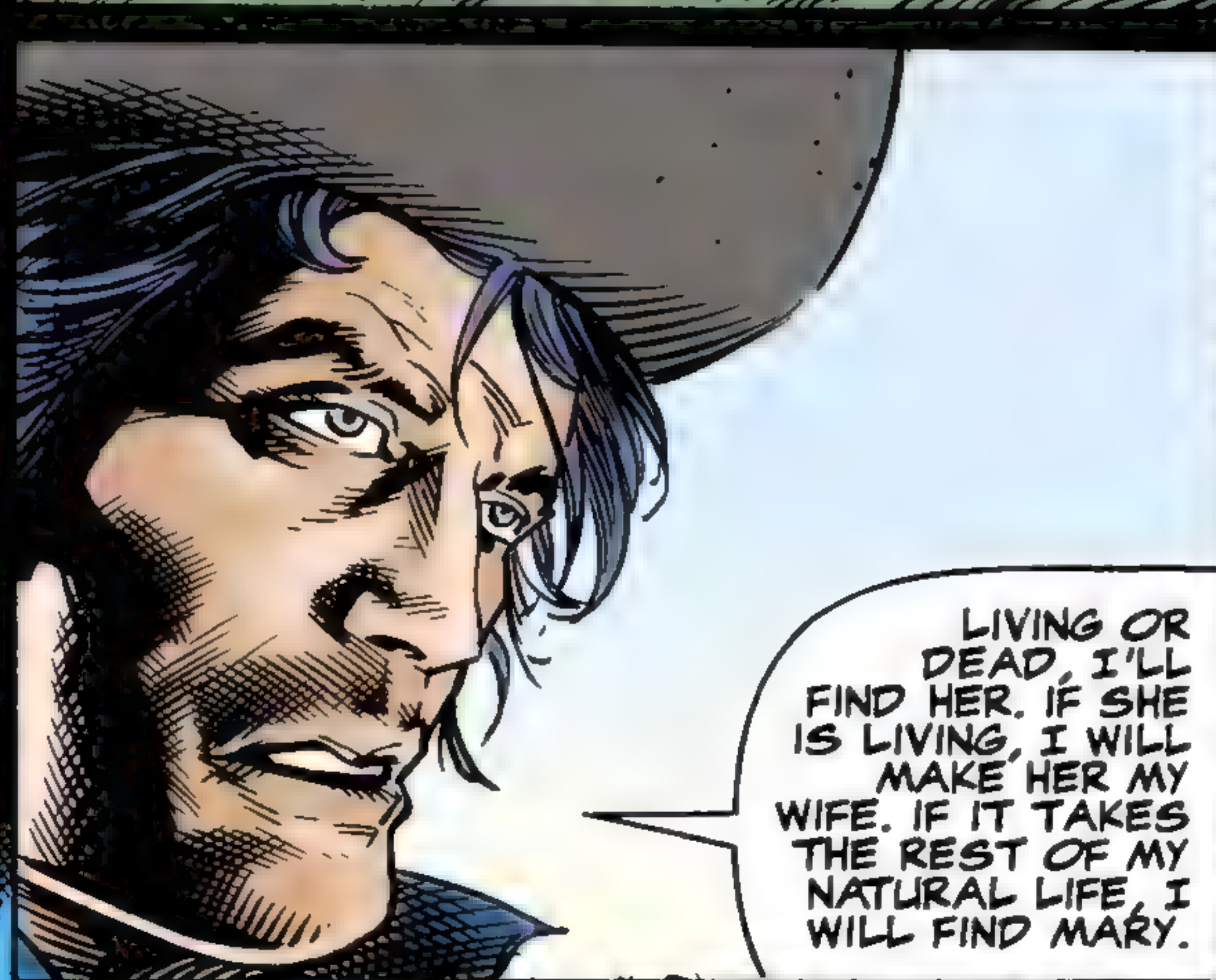
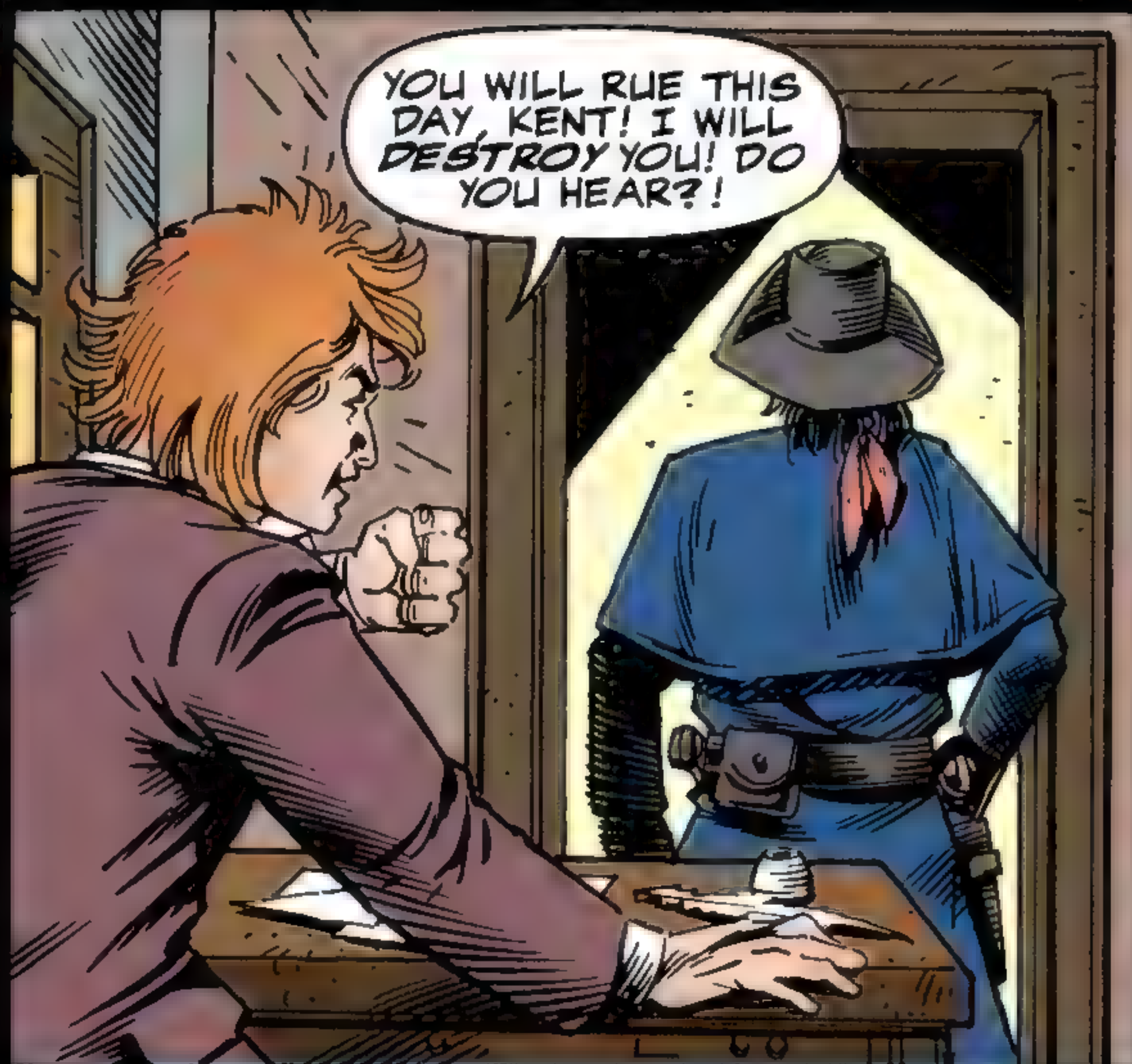
A WARNING LANE--I AM NOT IN A JOKING MOOD.

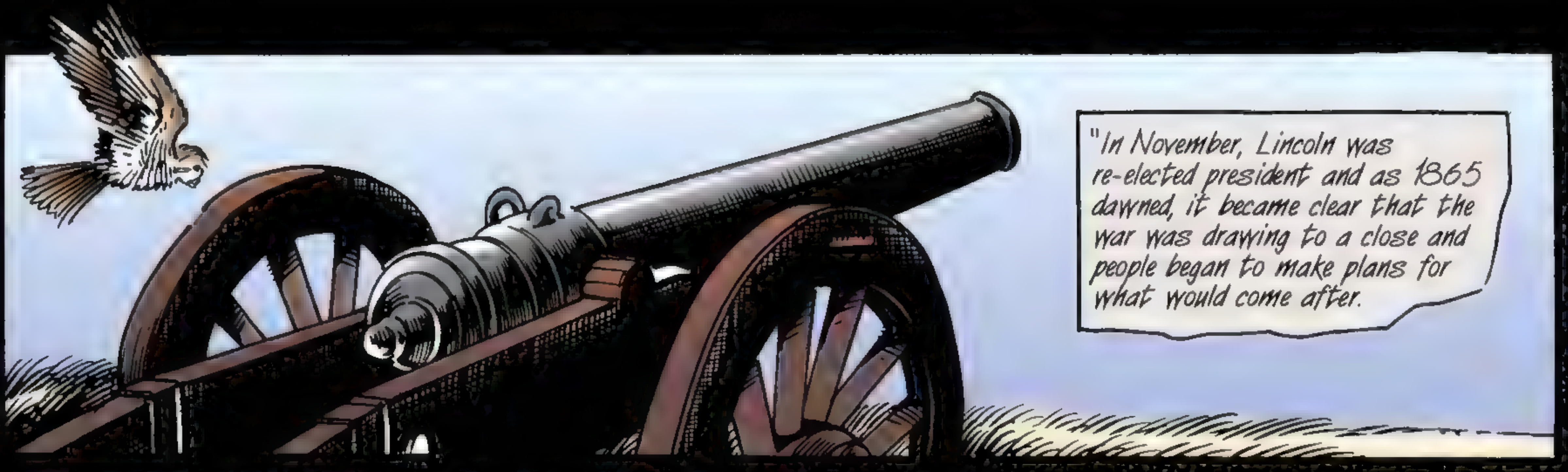
WHERE IS MARY GLENOWEN?

HOW DARE YOU, SIR? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I AM THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THIS STATE AND I WON'T BE HANDLED THIS WAY!

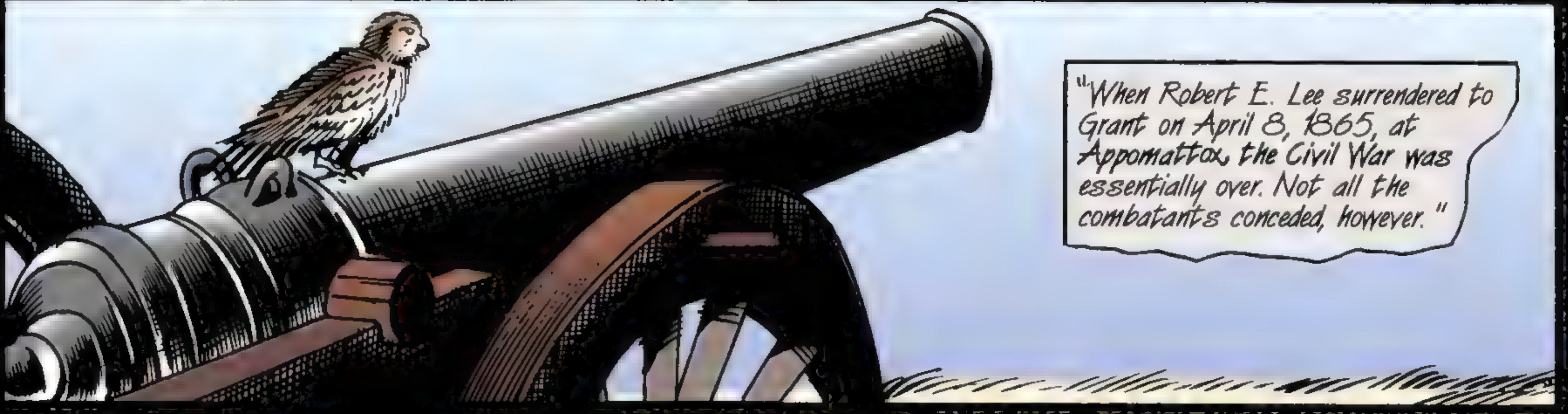
CH-KLIK

YOU ARE A LYING WHORE-MONGERING SON OF A BITCH AND IF YOU HAVE DONE ANYTHING TO MARY I WILL SPLATTER YOUR BRAINS ALL OVER THIS WALL.

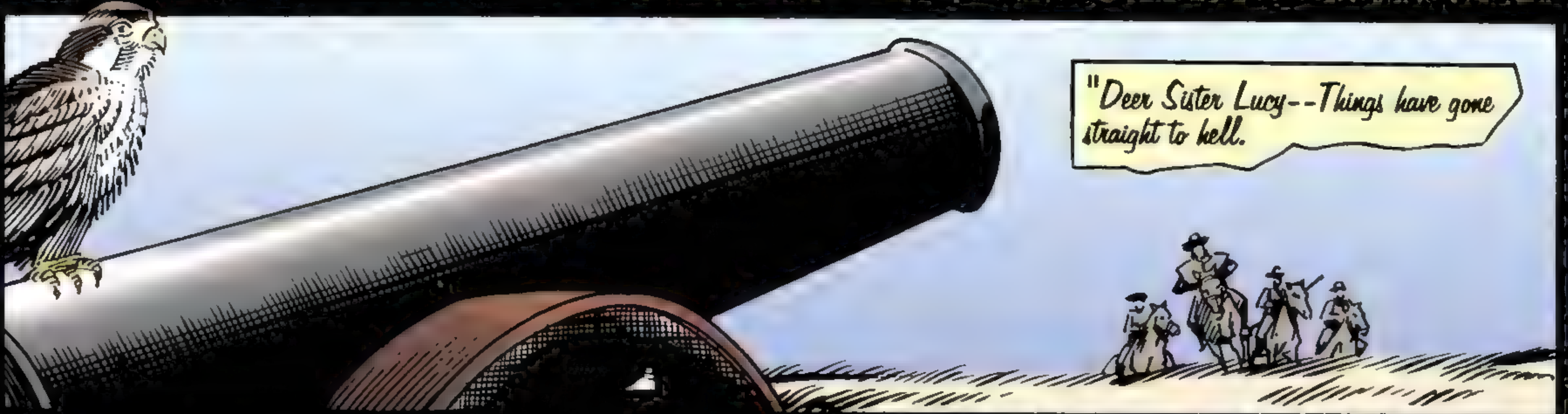




"In November, Lincoln was re-elected president and as 1865 dawned, it became clear that the war was drawing to a close and people began to make plans for what would come after.



"When Robert E. Lee surrendered to Grant on April 8, 1865, at Appomattox, the Civil War was essentially over. Not all the combatants conceded, however."

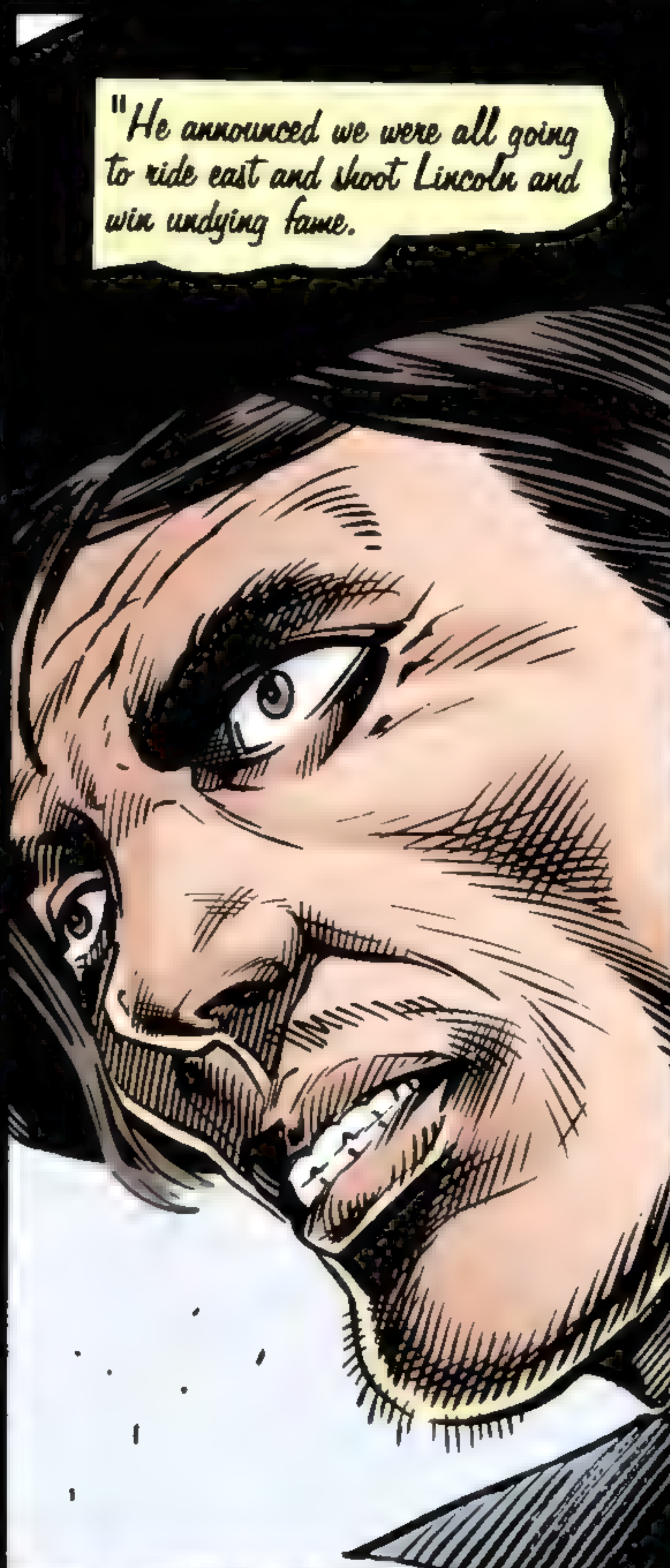


"Deer Sister Lucy--Things have gone straight to hell."

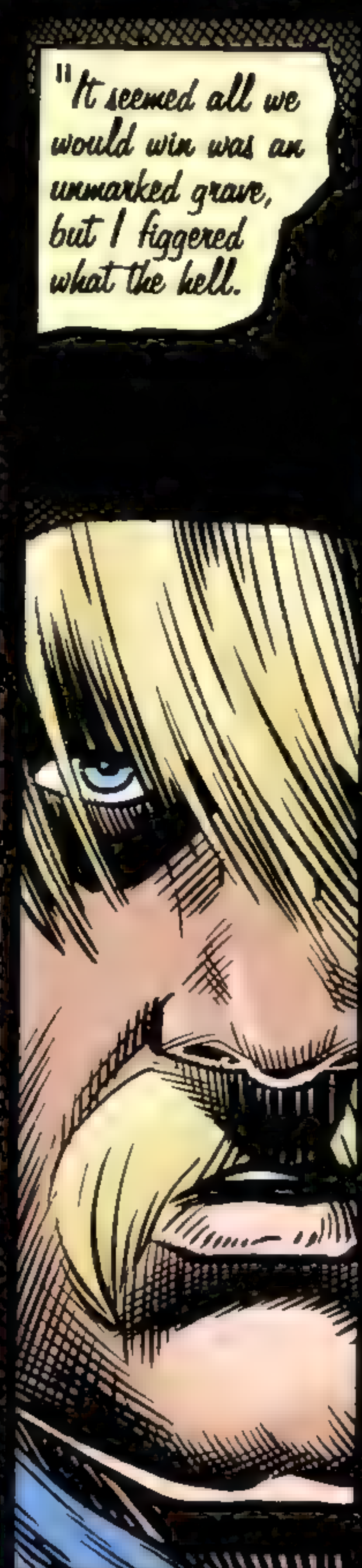


"Jesse James and a bunch of others split off of Quantrill and to be honest only a handful of us were still riding with him."

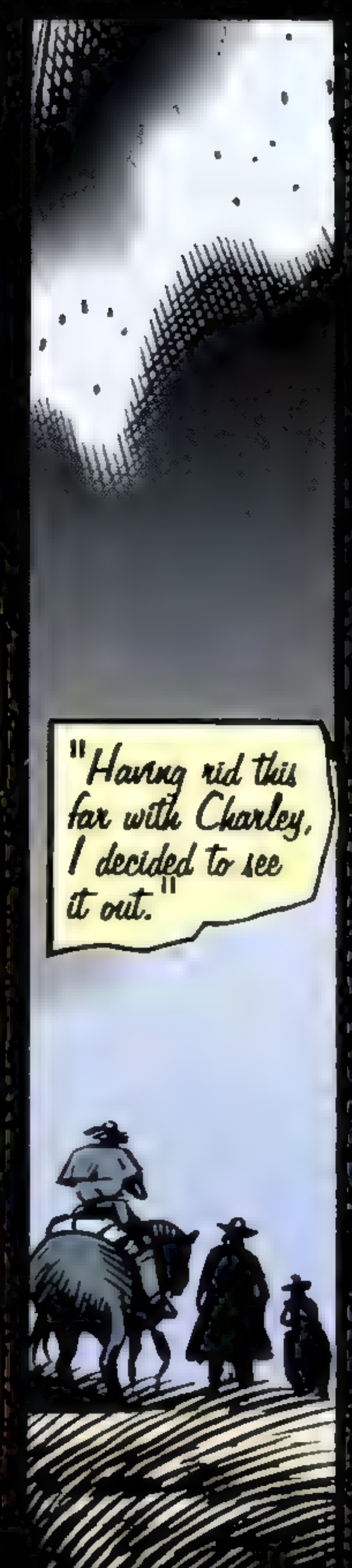
"Word come to us of Lee's surrender but that didn't seem to bother Quantrill none."



"He announced we were all going to ride east and shoot Lincoln and win undying fame."



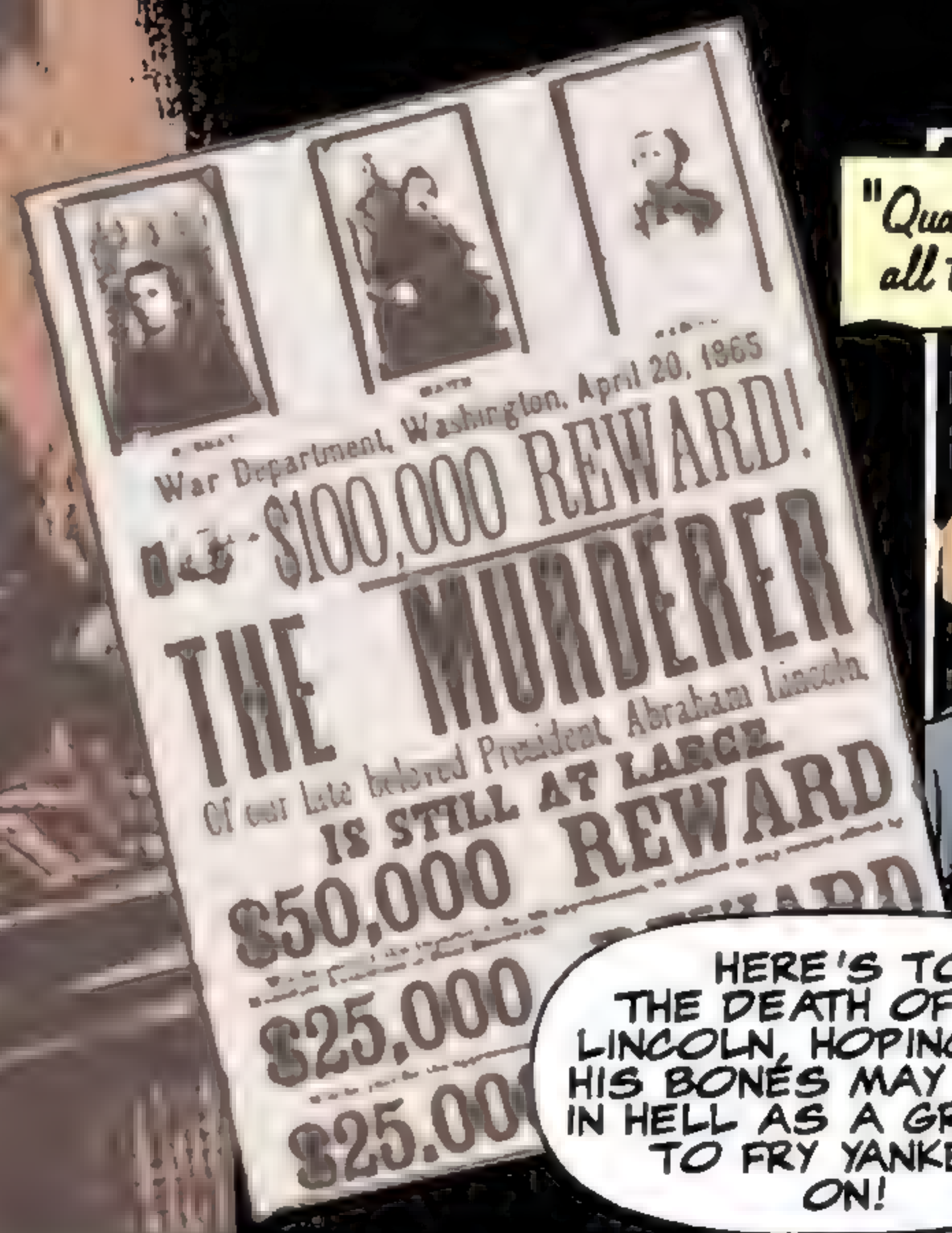
"It seemed all we would win was an unmarked grave, but I figured what the hell."



"Having rid this far with Charley, I decided to see it out."



"Damn if somebody didn't beat us to it--an actor if you can believe it."



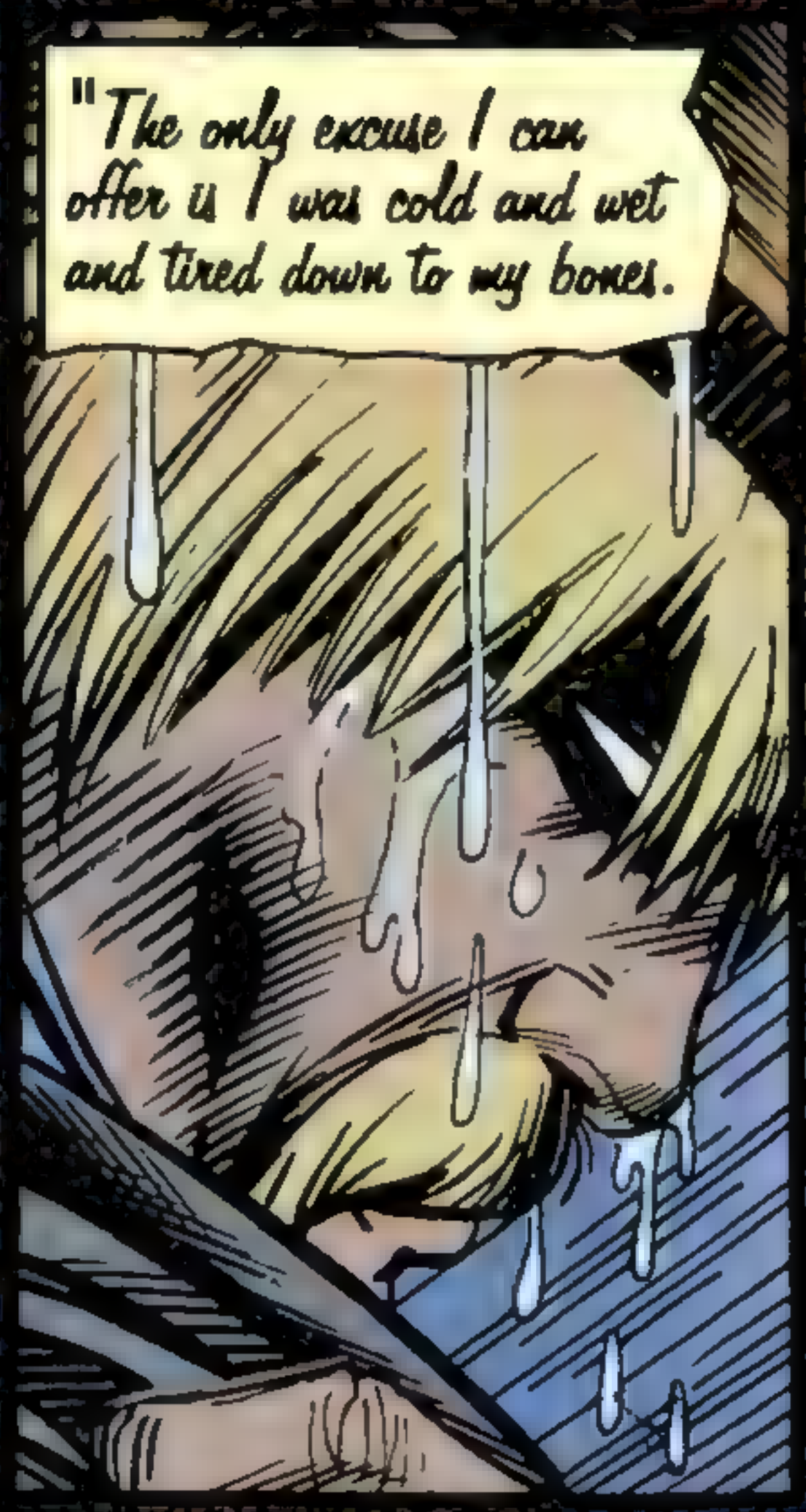
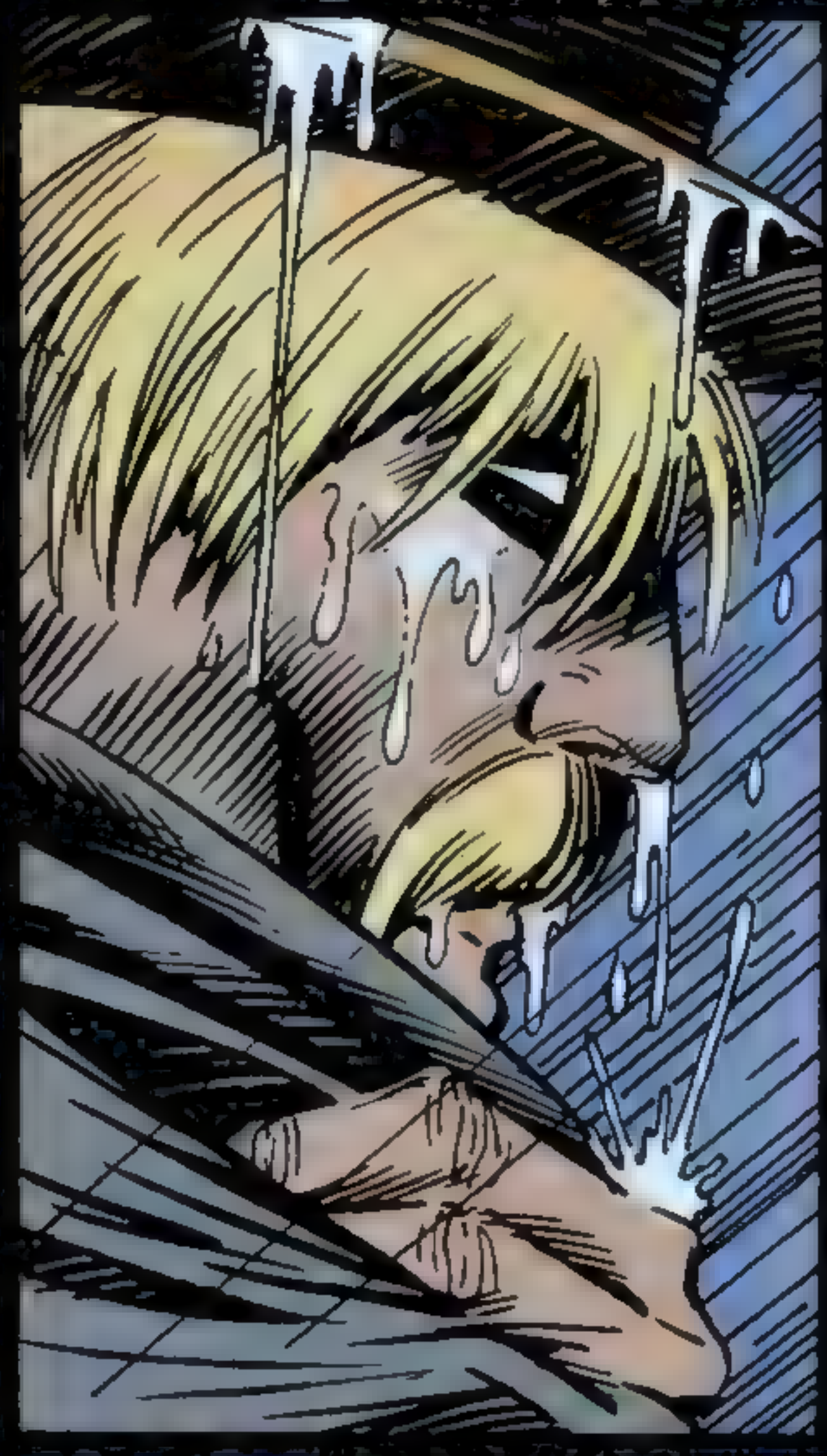
"Quantrell was a good loser all things considered."



HERE'S TO THE DEATH OF ABE LINCOLN, HOPING THAT HIS BONES MAY SERVE IN HELL AS A GRIDIRON TO FRY YANKEES ON!



"We holed up at this farmhouse in Kentucky. Frank James and Jim Younger and most of the others were staying at another place nearby. I stood watch."



"The only excuse I can offer is I was cold and wet and tired down to my bones."



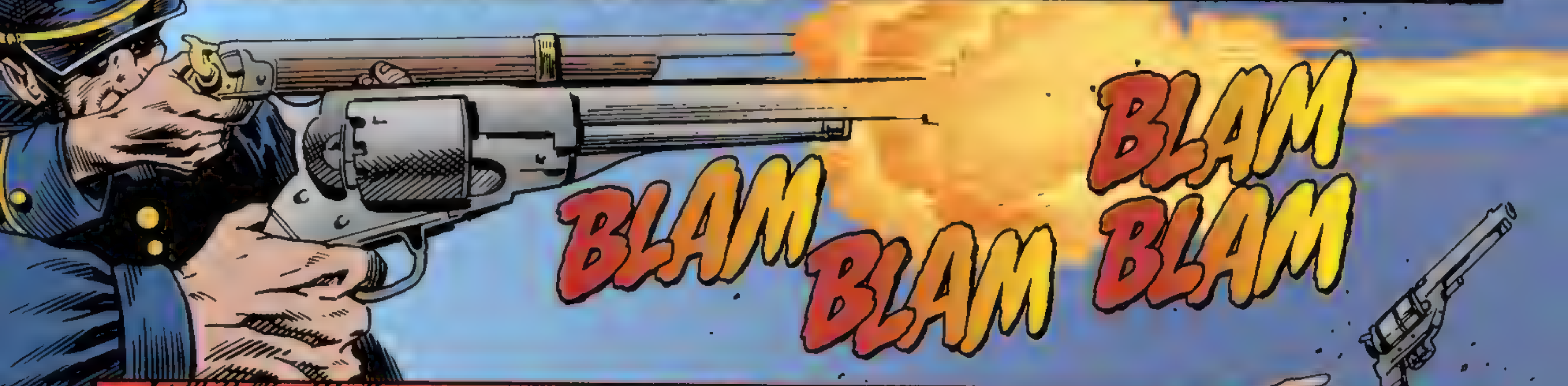
"None of us figured there was any bluebellies within miles but we surely had that wrong, you bet you!"

OPEN FIRE ON THE BARN! DON'T LET ONE O' THEM BASTARDS ESCAPE ALIVE!





"Charley ran out shooting and Clark Hockensmith came out riding hard."



"Just like that they were both cut down. And I couldn't raise my gun or shout out or anything."



"It was done, but it wasn't over."



"I seen them toting Charley into the farmhouse. That meant he had to still be alive!"



"I waited my chance and then slipped in that night."



BILL?



BILL! IT'S ME--JEB! I COME TO GET YOU AWAY!



CAN'T. I'M FINISHED. GAVE MY WORD...NOT TO RUN.

'SIDES, IF I RUN THEY'LL BURN DOWN THE HOUSE HERE.



WAKEFIELD DONE RIGHT BY US. WOULDN'T BE PROPER.

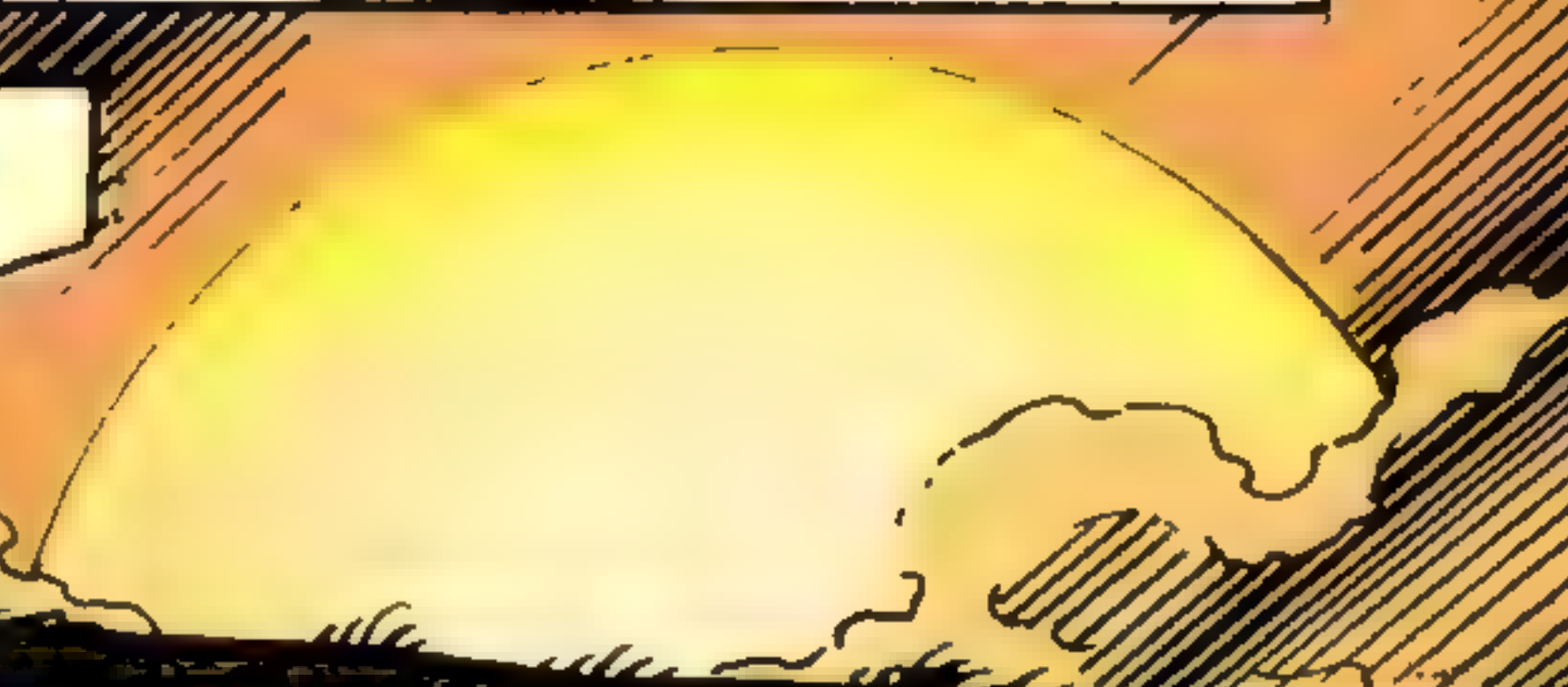


FIND JESSE JAMES, LI'L BROTHER. THAT BOY IS SMART. HE'LL STEER YOU FAIR. NOW...GO. YOU CAN'T HELP ME. I'M A DEAD MAN.

"Took him a better part of a month to die, I hear. As for me--well I do not know what I will do. When I do it I will write you again."

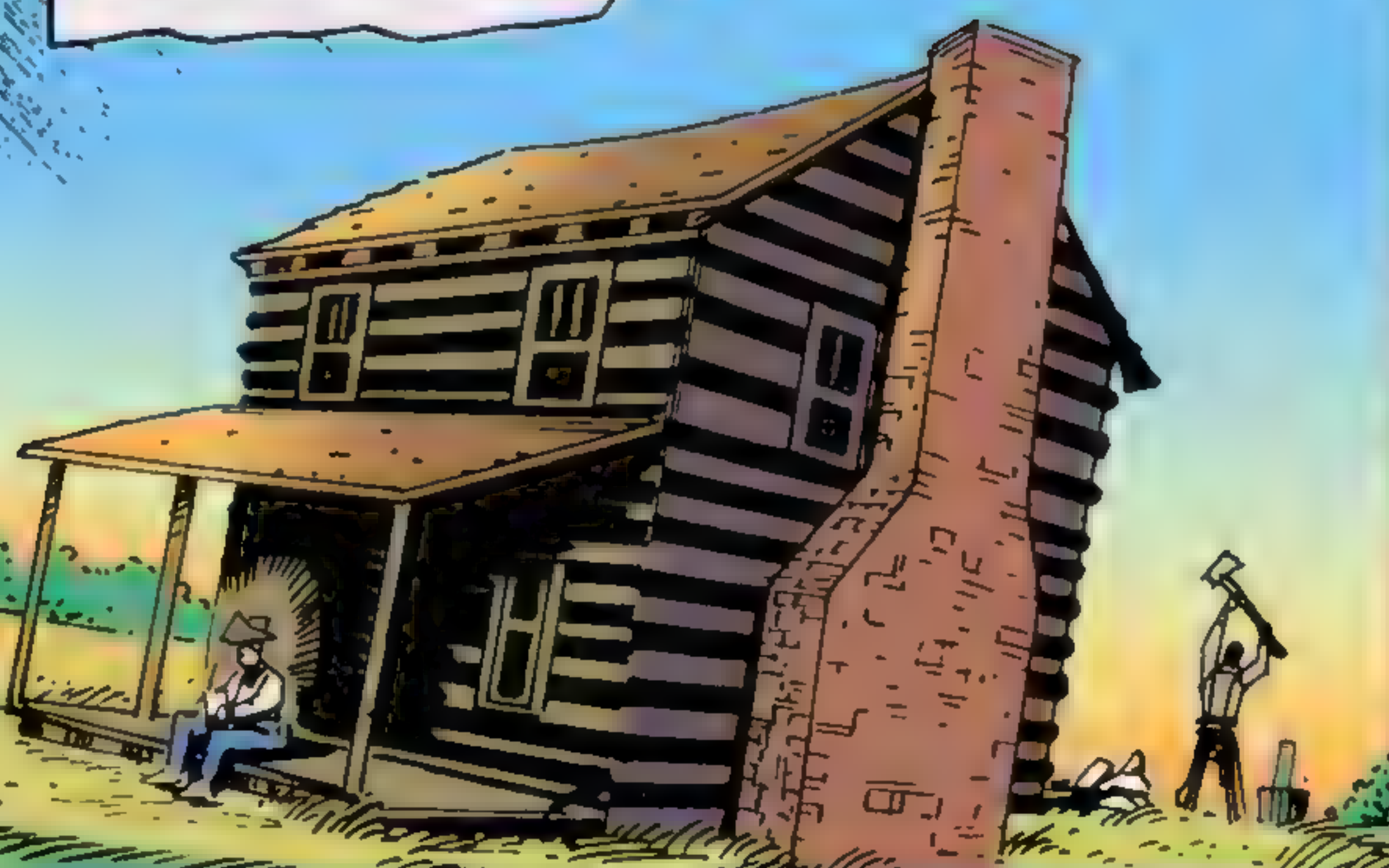


"Do not pray for me. I am past all that. Your brother--Jeb"



"Dear Belinda--

"Forgive me for not having written all this time.



"My heart has been very hard and angry and I am not proud of myself.

"It was with great sorrow that I read of the death of President Lincoln. I had met the cowardly murderer in December 1863. I wish I had shot him as I had a mind to at the time. I wish to God I had!

"I have lost a great deal lately, more especially Mary Glenowen whom I have written you about before.

"She has disappeared without a trace and I do not know where or how to look for her.



"I must also find Joshua's father as I have promised, and a man may only do so much.



"You asked me in your letter -- which I have kept -- to forgive Jeb for shooting me. That I cannot do. But I will no longer seek his death.

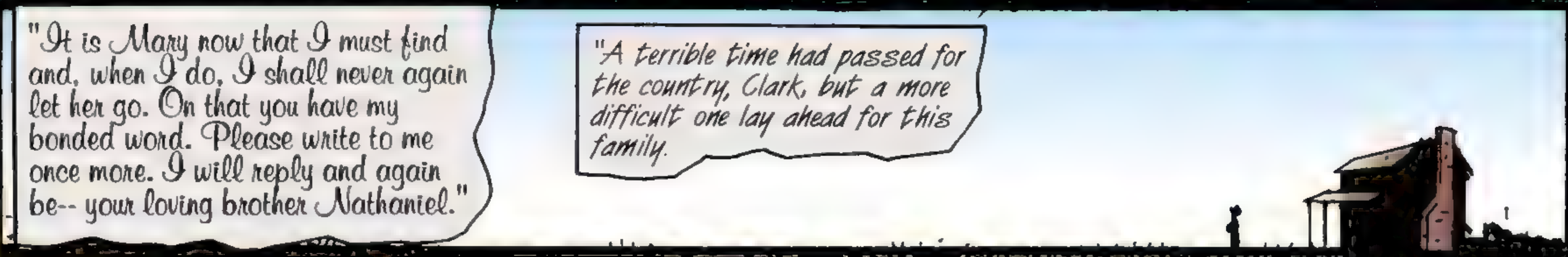


"I cannot say I will stay my hand if our paths should cross, but I will not seek him out.

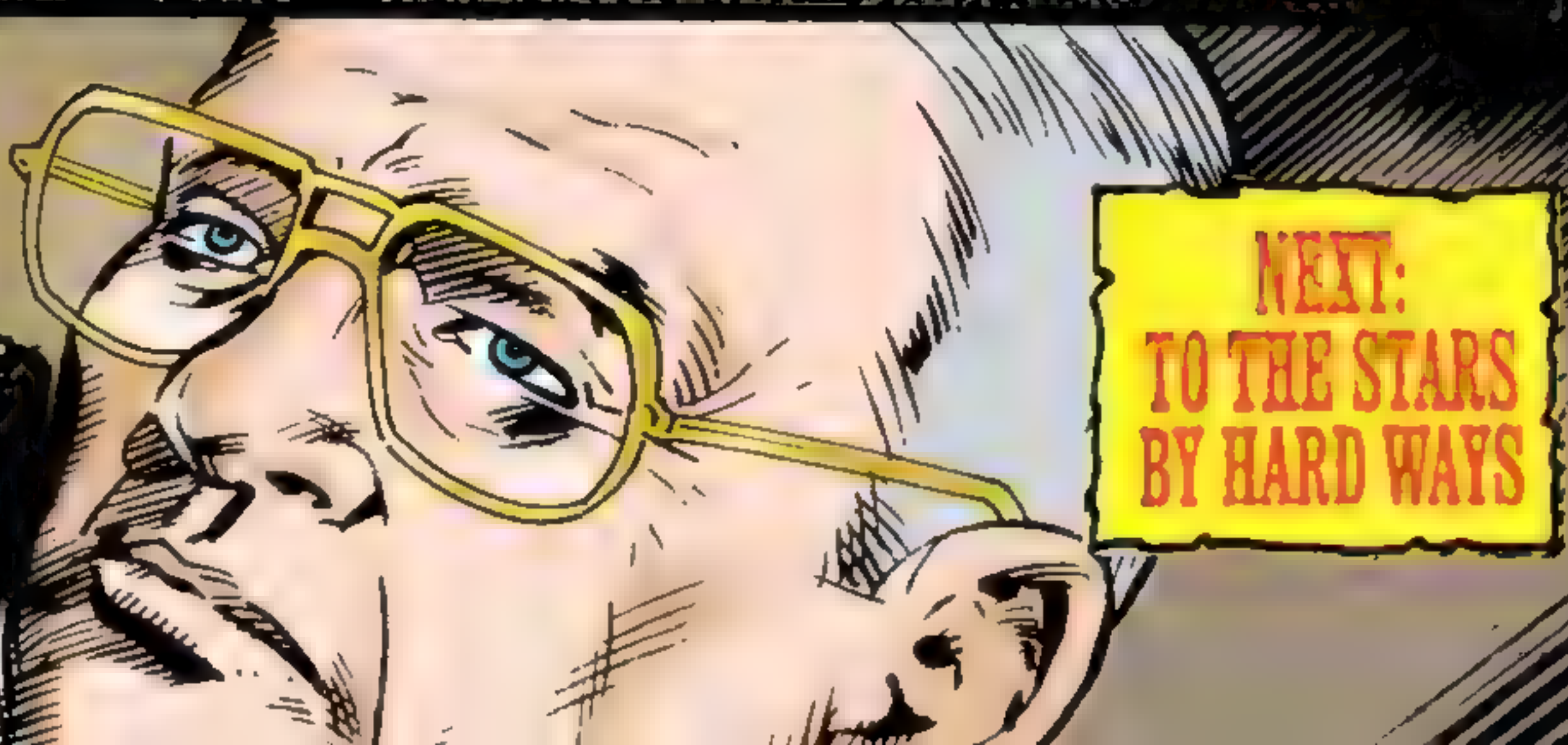


"It is Mary now that I must find and, when I do, I shall never again let her go. On that you have my bonded word. Please write to me once more. I will reply and again be-- your loving brother Nathaniel."

"A terrible time had passed for the country, Clark, but a more difficult one lay ahead for this family.



"I will send you another packet when I have it organized. Ma and I both send our love to you and Lois. Take care.--Pa."



**NEXT:
TO THE STARS
BY HARD WAYS**

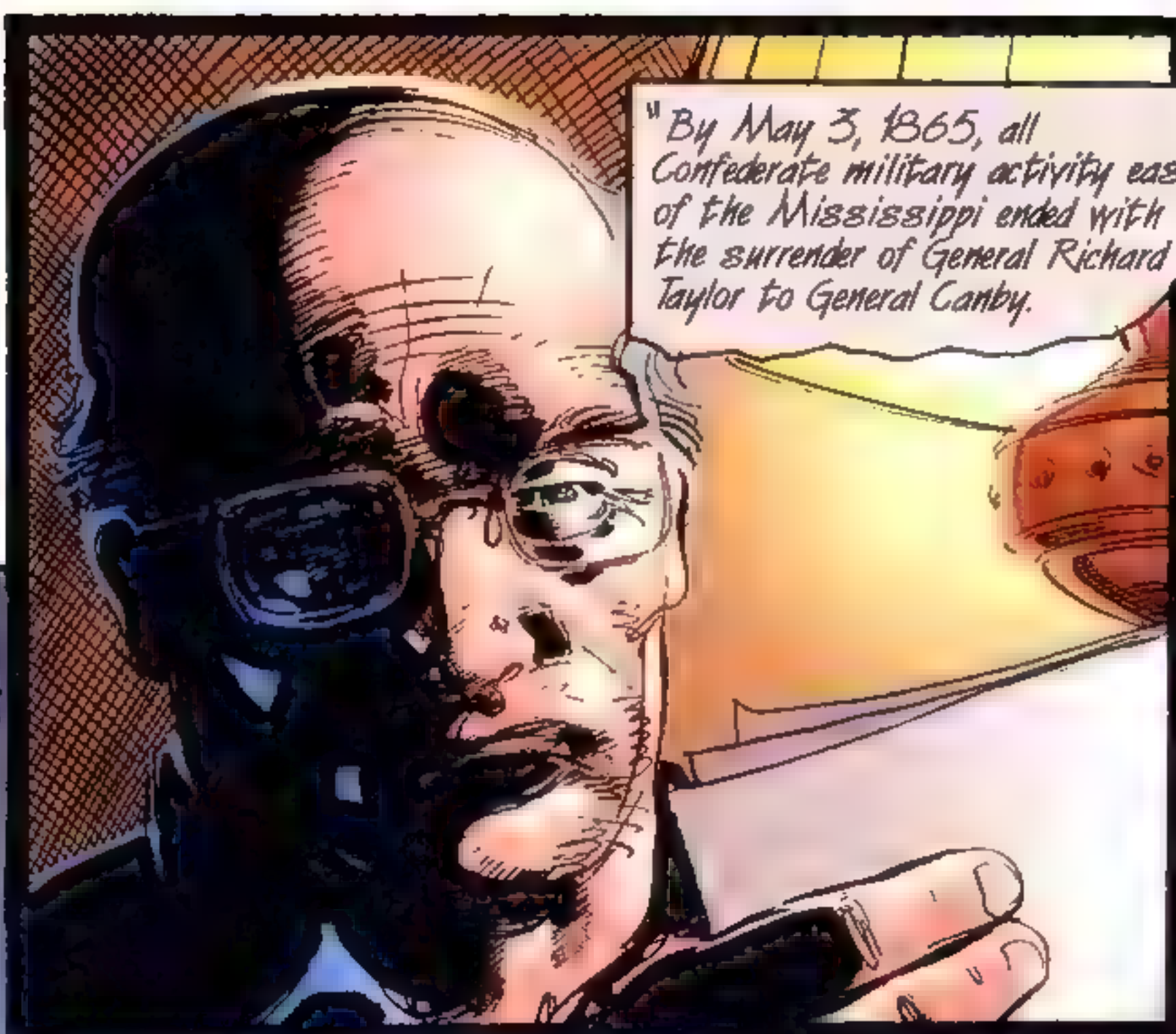
"Dear Clark--With this packet of letters and journals we take the story of Nate and Jeb into the post Civil-War period, although the debris of the war was still much in evidence.



"On the same day that Quantrill was shot and captured, President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy was captured in Georgia. One of the strange synchronicities that sometimes occurs in history

"All formal Confederate resistance ended on May 20 when General Kirby Smith, commander of the Confederate forces west of the Mississippi River, surrendered

"Quantrill died of his wounds on June 6. His men dispersed back to their homes only to find not much left. Their land was as broken and devastated as the souls of those coming back."



"By May 3, 1865, all Confederate military activity east of the Mississippi ended with the surrender of General Richard Taylor to General Canby.



TO THE STARS BY HARD WAYS PART ONE

JOHN OSTRANDER writer **BILL OAKLEY** letters **CARLA FEENY** colors **DIGITAL CHAMELEON** separations **PETER TOMASI** editor and trail boss all welcome our new artist--**TOM MANDRAKE!**



"Dear Sister Lucy-- The war is over for most I guess but not for me as I still have a price on my head and am considered an outlaw.



"Given what I have seen in recent days it don't strike me as wise to surrender neither.

"Me and Frank James and some of the others made to meet up with Frank's brother Jesse as Quantrell said I should before he died. Word has reached us that Jesse himself is shot and may be dying.



"They had Jesse over at some cousin's place whose name was Munn as I remember. There we found him."

"BUCK! THANK THE LORD YOU ARE HERE! YOUR BROTHER IS SHOT AWFUL BAD..."

"HOW'D IT HAPPEN?"



"WELL, THE WAY I HEARD IT, JESSE WAS LEADING SOME OF THE BOYS OVER TOWARDS LEXINGTON TO SURRENDER. THEY HAD THE WHITE FLAG UP AND ALL.



"THEY COME ACROSS SOME UNION BOYS. I HEARD THEY WERE DRUNK. ANYWAY, THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE WHITE FLAG OR THAT THE WAR WAS OVER."







"THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT NO PART OF JESSE AFTER THAT AND RUN OFF AND JESSE STUMBLING INTO THE WOODS."

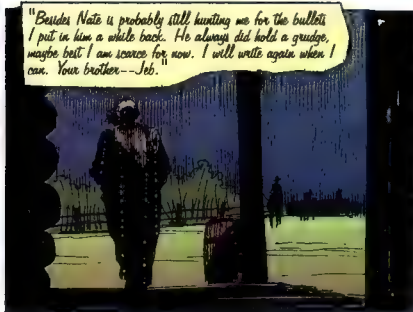
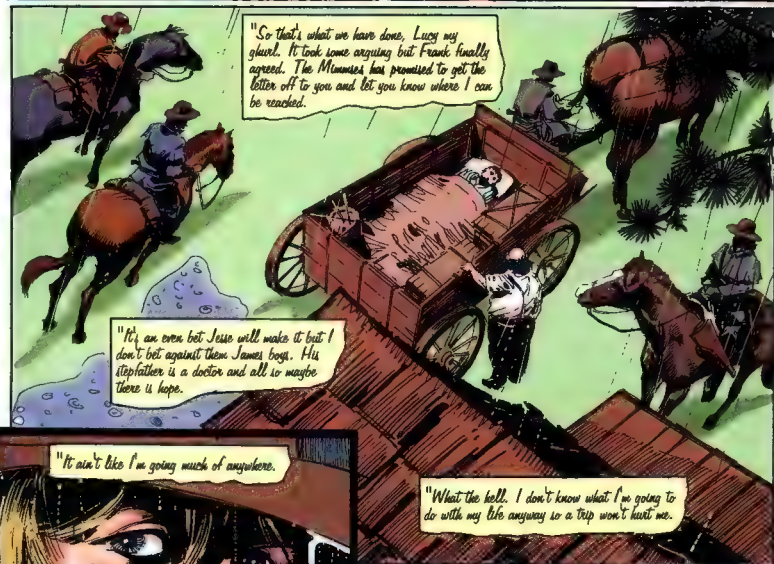
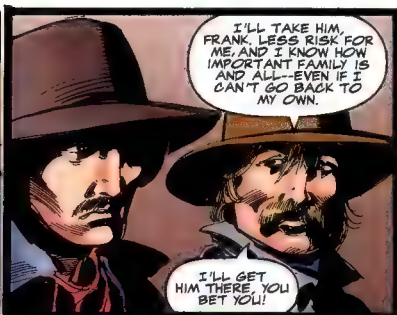


"JESSE LAY IN THE WOODS FOR THE BETTER PART OF TWO DAYS, BURNING UP WITH FEVER. THE BULLET GOT A LUNG AND DOC SAYS HE HAS PNEUMONIA. IT'S A MIRACLE HE HAS SURVIVED THIS LONG."

THE PROVOST MARSHAL OVER IN LEXINGTON, MAJOR ROGERS, HAS GIVEN JESSE A PASS TO GO TO WHERE YOUR MA AND STEPFATHER ARE UP IN RULO, NEBRASKA.

DON'T ASK FOR A PAROLE OR NOTHING. OBVIOUSLY HE DON'T EXPECT JESSE TO LIVE.

I'LL TAKE HIM UP.



From the journal of Nathaniel Kent: "May 23, 1865 - Continuing my search for Mary Glenowen, my own beloved Mary, has brought me to the Delaware, her mother's people."

"Fall Leaf, a noted scout for the Union, is Mary's cousin. It would make sense she would come here after fleeing Lawrence because of the persecution she suffered at Jim Lane's hands. I can only pray it holds true."

YOU ARE NATHANIEL KENT, I TAKE IT.

YES SIR. THIS HERE IS JOSHUA FREEMAN. HE'S MY FRIEND. MARY'S TOO. I TAKE IT YOU GOT MY NOTE?

YES. YOU SEARCH FOR MY COUSIN'S DAUGHTER, MARY GLENOWEN. SHE IS NOT HERE.

BLAST! I HAD REALLY HOPED...!

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE OR WHAT MIGHT HAVE BECOME OF HER?

NO.

WELL, IF SHE DOES SHOW UP, CAN YOU GET WORD TO US AT FORT KEARNEY?

IF I CAN.

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THAT. C'MON, JOSH. WE'VE GOT A WAYS TO RIDE.



THANK
YOU, FALL
LEAF.

I HAVE DONE
AS YOU HAVE ASKED,
COUSIN, BUT I MUST
TELL YOU--THIS IS NOT
WISE. THE MAN TRULY
LOVES YOU, I SEE IT
IN HIS FACE.



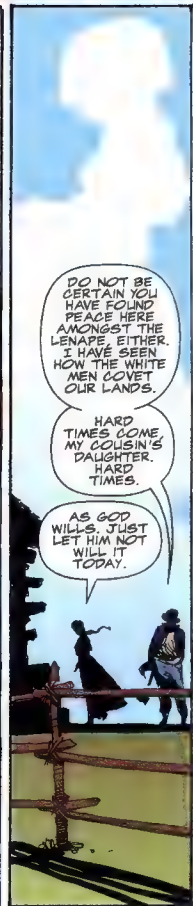
THERE IS
NO PLACE
FOR ME ANY
LONGER
AMONG MY
FATHER'S
PEOPLE AND
NO PLACE HERE
FOR MATE. WE
HAVE NO
FUTURE TO-
GETHER. IT IS
BEST HE
FORGETS ME
AND MOVES
ON.

I AM TIRED,
FALL LEAF.
TIRED OF
VIOLENCE AND
HATRED AND
WAR. I JUST
WANT PEACE
NOW.



THAT ONE WILL
NOT FORGET AND WILL
NOT GIVE UP. SOONER
OR LATER YOU WILL
HAVE TO CONFRONT
HIM--AND YOUR OWN
FEELINGS.

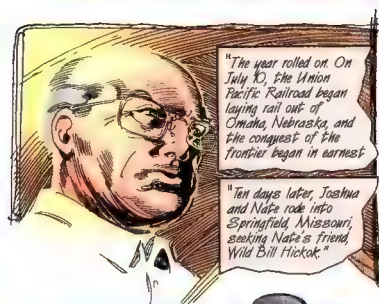
THEN
LET IT BE
LATER.



DO NOT BE
CERTAIN YOU
HAVE FOUND
PEACE HERE
AMONGST THE
LENAPE. EITHER,
I HAVE SEEN
HOW THE WHITE
MEN COVET
OUR LANDS.

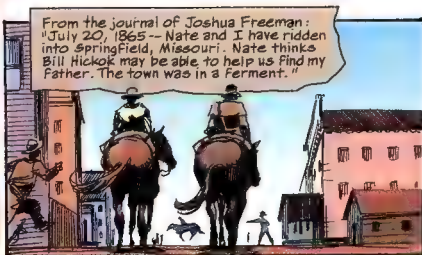
HARD
TIMES COME,
MY COUSIN'S
DAUGHTER.
HARD
TIMES.

AS GOD
WILLS, JUST
LET HIM NOT
WILL IT
TODAY.



"The year rolled on. On July 10, the Union Pacific Railroad began laying rail out of Omaha, Nebraska, and the conquest of the frontier began in earnest."

"Ten days later, Joshua and Nate rode into Springfield, Missouri, seeking Nate's friend, Wild Bill Hickok."



From the journal of Joshua Freeman:
"July 20, 1865-- Nate and I have ridden into Springfield, Missouri. Nate thinks Bill Hickok may be able to help us find my father. The town was in a ferment."



WHAT'S THE COMMOTION?

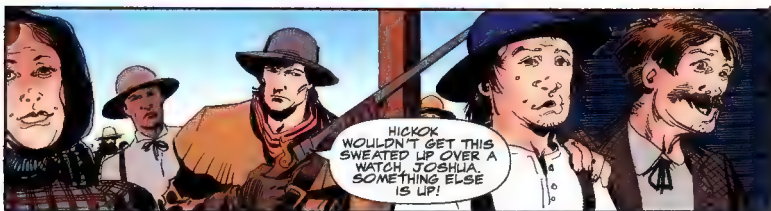
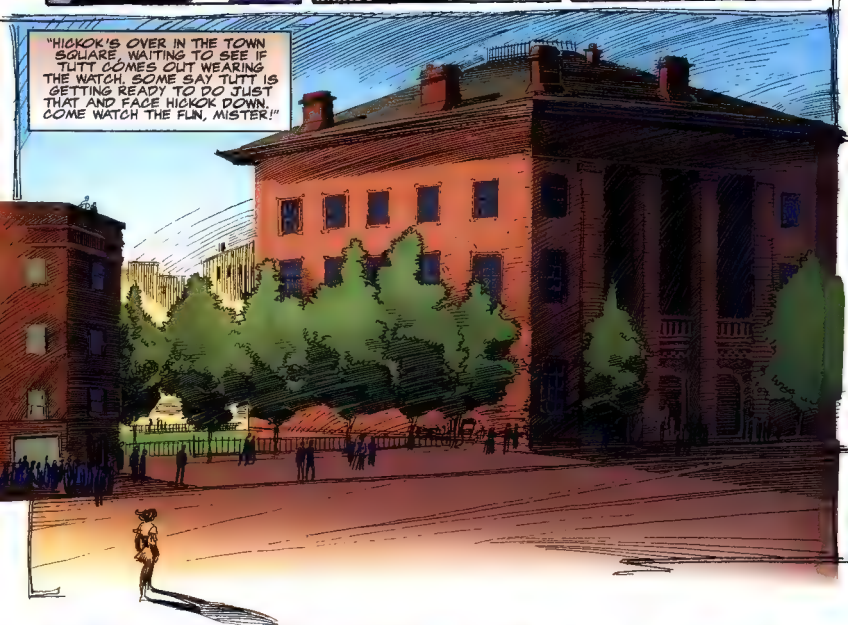
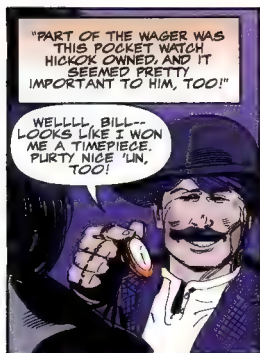
WHOOO-EEE!
AIN'T YOU HEARD? I
DAVE TUTT AND BILL
HICKOK'S GONNA
HAVE IT OUT RIGHT ON
THE TOWN SQUARE!

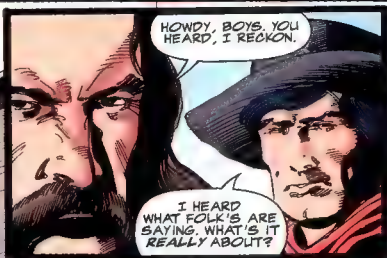


"IT ALL STARTED LAST NIGHT
IN A CARD GAME OVER AT THE
LYON HOUSE! BOTH MEN'RE
HANDY WITH THEIR GUNS BUT
I'D HAVE TO SAY TUTT'S THE
BETTER CARD PLAYER."

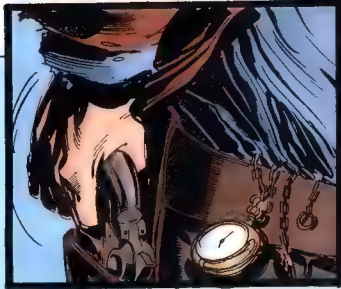


"WELL, SIR TUTT WAS
WINNING BIG AND
HICKOK DON'T MUCH
LIKE LOSING!"

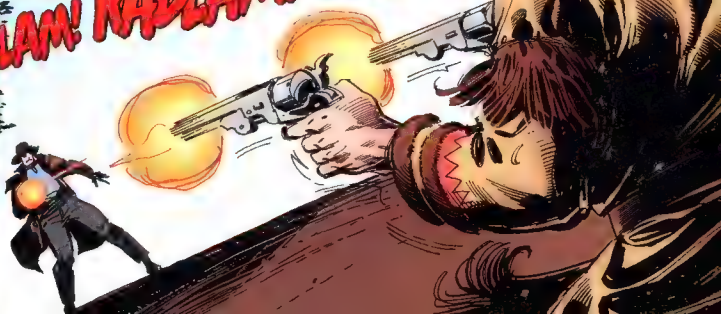


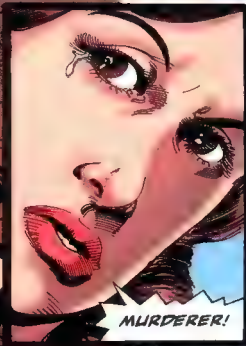






BLAM! KABLAM! BLAM!





"The sheriff came up and arrested Hickok who surrendered his guns peacefully. The body was taken away and the woman went with it. If Nate knows who she is, he isn't saying."



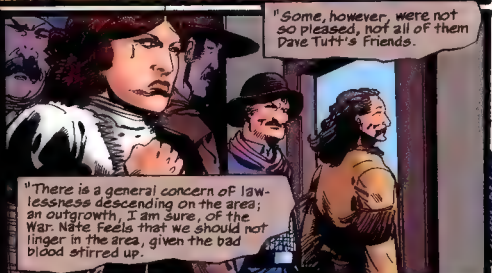
"August 5, 1865--We have remained in Springfield awaiting the outcome of Bill Hickok's trial, which was today."



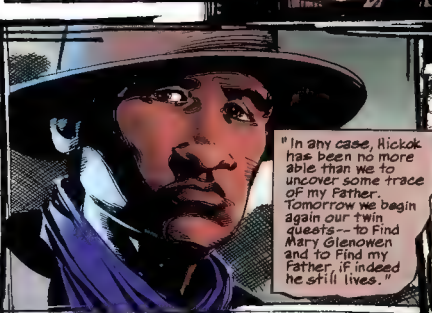
"The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty which pleased many of us."



"Some, however, were not so pleased, not all of them Dave Tutt's Friends."

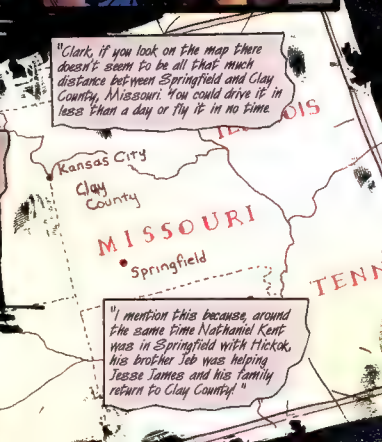


"There is a general concern of lawlessness descending on the area; an outgrowth, I am sure, of the War. Nate feels that we should not linger in the area, given the bad blood stirred up."

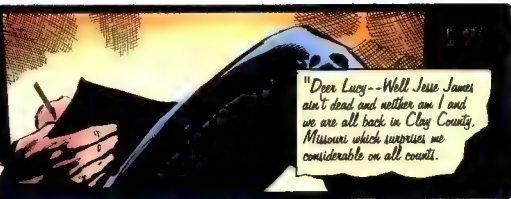


"In any case, Hickok has been no more able than we to uncover some trace of my Father. Tomorrow we begin again our twin quests--to find Mary Glenown and to find my Father, if indeed he still lives."

"Clark, if you look on the map there doesn't seem to be all that much distance between Springfield and Clay County, Missouri. You could drive it in less than a day or fly it in no time."



"I mention this because, around the same time Nathaniel Kent was in Springfield with Hickok, his brother Jeb was helping Jesse James and his family return to Clay County."

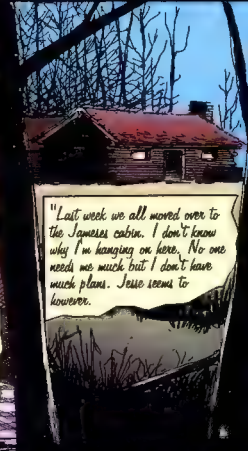


"Dear Lucy--Well Jesse James ain't dead and neither am I and we are all back in Clay County, Missouri which surprises me considerable on all counts.

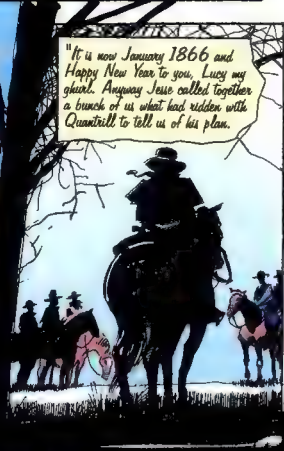


"We figure Jesse's stepped being a doctor and all had something to do with it. The Jameses all wanted to come back here and we stayed with the Minnisi.

"Zee Minnisi who is Jesse's cousin took over the nursing and she and Jesse seem to like each other pretty good you bet you. Anyway Jesse got stronger by the day.



"Last week we all moved over to the Jameses cabin. I don't know why I'm hanging on here. No one needs me much but I don't have much plans. Jesse seems to however.



"It is now January 1866 and Happy New Year to you, Lucy my girl. Anyway Jesse called together a bunch of us what had ridden with Quantrell to tell us of his plan.



"Jesse's brother Frank was there.



"Likewise the Younger brothers--Cole--



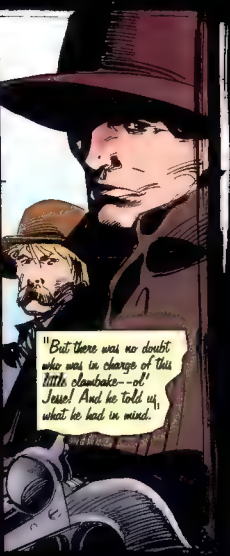
"--Bob--



"--John--



"--and Jim.



"But there was no doubt who was in charge of this little clambake--ol' Jesse! And he told us what he had in mind.

"There is a town nearby called Liberty which we had all gone into from time to time. It had itself a bank."



"Lots of us boys have the habit of 'hurraking' the town which means we ride wild down it whooping and hollering and shooting our guns in the air."



"Folks there don't mind too much but they know to get off the street whilst we have our fun."



"While the Youngers hurraked the town I held the horses and Frank and Jesse entered the bank."



HANDS
UP!

"Old Greenup Bird and his son William who were the cashiers got one hell of a surprise."





"As luck would have it a young man named George Wymore was running towards his class over at the seminary. I know because I read it in all the papers later.

"I had no idea that what happened next was going to happen. I swear that to you, Lucy ghurl.





"They got a posse to follow us but a blizzard whipped in and blew away all trace of our tracks so we lost them."

"The boys was dividing up the loot which was considerable and everyone was hooting and hollering and telling lies about what we did. All but me."

JESSE WHY DID YOU GO AND SHOOT THAT BOY DOWN LIKE THAT? WE WAS CLEAR OF TOWN!

TO LEAVE A LESSON FOR THE NEXT TOWN THAT WE ARE DEADLY AND DANGEROUS. THEY'LL STAY OFF THE STREET SURE NEXT TIME.

AND IF ANYONE IN LIBERTY DID RECOGNIZE US--WHY, THEY'LL KEEP THEIR TRAP SHUT. WORTH A LIFE TO MY WAY OF THINKING.

LISTEN UP. THEM BONDS IS WORTHLESS SO WE MIGHT AS WELL THROW THEM AWAY. AND WE CAN'T SPEND THAT GOLD LOCAL PIN TOO MUCH SUSPICION ON US.

WE'RE GONNA HEAD DOWN TO TEXAS AND A FELLER I KNOW THERE; EXCHANGE THEM COINS FOR GREENBACKS. WE LEAVE TOMORROW.

"It seems every step I take I sink lower. Sooner or later it will catch up to me. I figure I deserve it given how I shot Nate and all. Payment will come one day. Truth to say I don't much care any more."

"So I am off for Texas and whatever lies there. Your brother--Jeb"

From the journal of
Nathaniel Kent--

"July 1, 1866--Bill Hickok has been made a deputy U.S. marshal. By talking to some folks he knows, he got the same for me. It doesn't pay much but between that and occasional scouting for the army, it helps.

"Most of all it leaves me free to search for Mary and Joshua's daddy though neither has been too successful. So when a note came from Jim Lane suggesting he had something to tell me in this regard, I rode over to the farm he was staying at near Leavenworth.

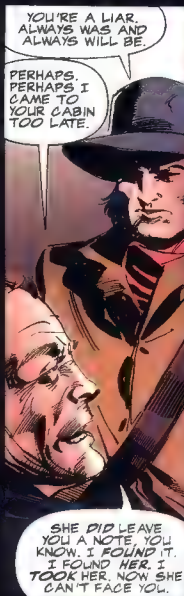
"Lane was broken both politically and physically. He had sided with the Republicans but the Radicals had taken over. His power was gone. They say he suffered a nervous breakdown and, given what I saw today, I believe it.

"Lane himself greeted me with a sneer.

AH, MY OLD
'FRIEND,' NATHANIEL
KENT! COME TO
GLOAT AT MY FALL,
HAVE YOU?

I CAME BECAUSE YOU
ASKED ME TO COME. YOU
SAID YOU HAD WORD
ABOUT MARY GLENOWEN.

I KNOW WHAT
BECAME OF HER. I
FOUND HER THE DAY
SHE FLED YOUR
CABIN. I HAD HER
THERE IN THE
BARNYARD, NEAR
YOUR PARENTS'
GRAVES.



YOU'RE A LIAR.
ALWAYS WAS AND
ALWAYS WILL BE.

PERHAPS.
PERHAPS I
CAME TO
YOUR CABIN
TOO LATE.

SHE DID LEAVE
YOU A NOTE, YOU
KNOW. I FOUND IT.
I FOUND HER. I
TOOK HER. NOW SHE
CAN'T FACE YOU.



WAIT.
THERE'S
MORE.



I AM
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE DEATH OF
YOUR FATHER!



NOW I KNOW YOU'RE
LYING! IT WAS
LUTHER REID WHO
KILLED PA AND REID
IS NOW DEAD!

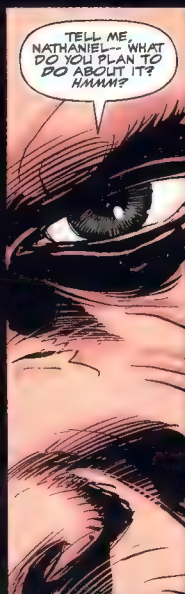
I PUT HIM UP
TO IT! I SAW IN
SILAS KENT A
POTENTIAL RIVAL,
ONE ALREADY TOO
INFLUENTIAL WITH
THE PEOPLE OF
KANSAS!



I
NEEDED
HIM
CLEARED
AWAY! I
ARRANGED
FOR REID
TO KILL HIM
AND THEN
GOT HIM
AWAY!



YOU...
DIRTY...!



TELL ME,
NATHANIEL... WHAT
DO YOU PLAN TO
DO ABOUT IT?
HMMM?



YOU'RE TRYING TO GOAD ME INTO IT. THEN YOU'D BE A MARTYR AND I'D BE JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

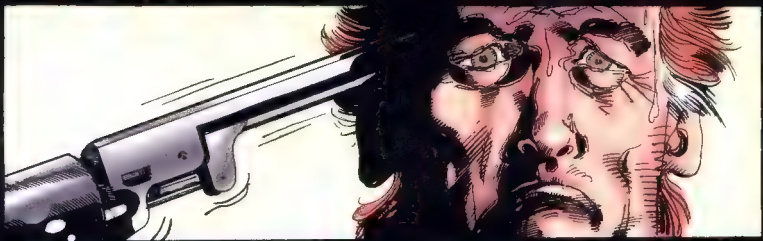
SORRY, LANE...

SOME THINGS YOU JUST HAVE TO DO YOURSELF.

NICE TRY LANE. VERY NEARLY WORKED.

TRUTH IS-- YOU WANT TO KILL YOURSELF. BUT YOU DON'T HAVE THE NERVE, DO YOU?

SLAM



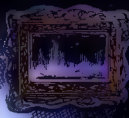
BLAM!



"Lane lingered for nearly ten days before he died. What a strange, dark, twisted man. He very nearly made me his tool and it has taught me something."

"A man may deserve to die. He may even need killing. But if I had pulled the trigger I would have become an outlaw as much as Jeb and Lane. I would have had his final revenge."

"I have stood on the precipice and walked back and am a better man for it. And for that, I suppose I must thank Jim Lane. May God have mercy upon him. May God have mercy on us all."



NEXT--ABILENE

"Dear Clark-- I have sorted out more of the journals and letters I found out back. Things seem pretty complete in 1886 but then there are large gaps. If I have this figured out right, Jeb Kent's letter should come first chronologically in this pack."

"Dear Sister Lucy-- I am down in Gonzalez, Texas. Jesse has me and Frank and Cole Younger with him, selling the gold coin we took from Liberty for greenbacks. As I told you before the gold coins don't spend well, making it too easy to identify us as the robbers."

"Feels strange to be in Texas again. Last time was with Quantrill about a year or so ago and we left in a god-awful hurry with some of the locals a bit peeved. So far all is quiet but I ran into somebody I did not expect or want to see again."

TO THE STARS BY HARD WAYS **PART TWO**

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colors

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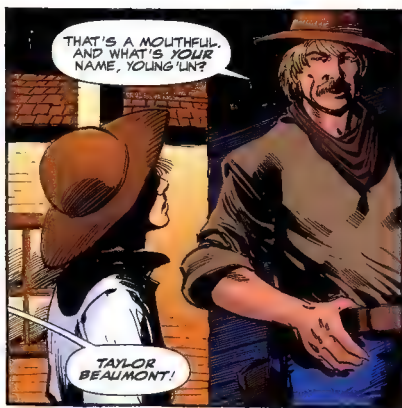
PETER TOMASI
editor and boss honcho

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WHY YOU
LOOKIN' AT ME
LIKE THAT,
MISTER?



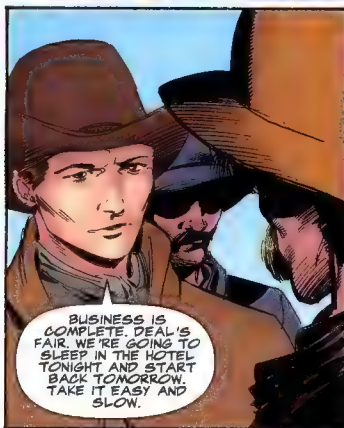
NEVER YOU MIND,
TAYLOR! HE'S
JUST A SADDLE
TRAMP! HE IS
NUTHIN' TO US!



WHO'S YOUR FRIENDS,
JEB?

NOBODY,
JESSE. I WAS
JUST SHOWIN'
MY GUN TO
SOME KIDS AND
THEIR MAW GOT
SPOOKED.

SHE
AIN'T MY
MAW!



BUSINESS IS
COMPLETE. DEAL'S
FAIR. WE'RE GOING TO
SLEEP IN THE HOTEL
TONIGHT AND START
BACK TOMORROW.
TAKE IT EASY AND
SLOW.



SOUNDS
GOOD TO ME.
WHAT SAY WE
CHECK IN?



"I glanced over my shoulder and Lily
was staring at me real strange like so
I wasn't surprised when I got a note
from her later.

"I hadn't seen Lily Beaumont since old John Brown carved up her daddy and her brothers back before the war. You may remember we did not part friendly-like although we had been plenty friendly before then.

"I thought maybe she wanted to be friendly that way again, so when she asked me to meet her that night out back o' the livery stable, I went you bet you!

"But it weren't the reunion I thought it might be.

DON'T TURN AROUND JEBEDIAH! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU TRACKED ME DOWN BUT I AM NOT GIVING UP OUR SON!

THAT BASTARD BROTHER OF YOURS MUST HAVE TOLD YOU 'BOUT MEETING US. DIDN'T HE?

NATE AND I DON'T TALK MUCH SINCE I PUT SOME BULLETS INTO HIM A FEW YEARS BACK.

AS FOR THE BOY--HELL, MY BASTARDS ARE PROBABLY SPRINKLED FROM HERE TO KANSAS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR BRAT MEANS *SQUAT* TO ME? OR THAT YOU DO?

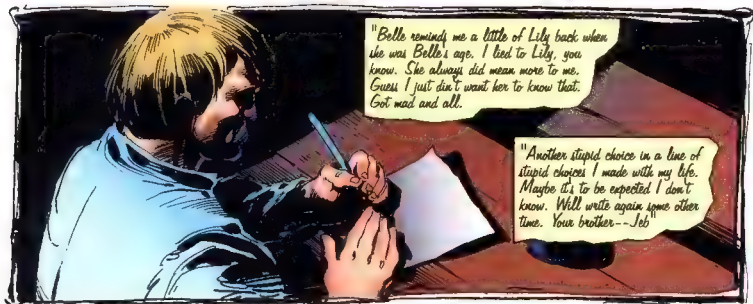


"Hue and his wife and their daughter Belle live up towards Dallas and Jesse says we can rest here a little time.

"That suits us all fine but especially Cole Younger, who seems to be sparking up some with young Belle.

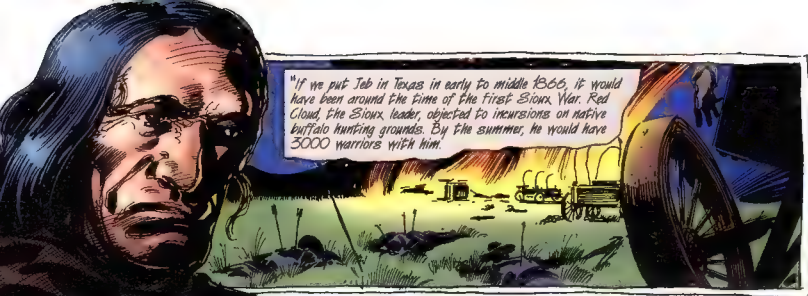


"Anyway we left Gonzalez next morning and are now staying with a man Jesse knows name of John Shirley.



"Belle reminds me a little of Lily back when she was Belle's age. I lied to Lily, you know. She always did mean more to me. Guess I just didn't want her to know that. Got mad and all.

"Another stupid choice in a line of stupid choices I made with my life. Maybe it's to be expected I don't know. Will write again some other time. Your brother--Jeb



"If we put Jeb in Texas in early to middle 1866, it would have been around the time of the First Sioux War. Red Cloud, the Sioux leader, objected to incursions on native buffalo hunting grounds. By the summer, he would have 3000 warriors with him.



"New cavalry units were being assembled to fight the Indians and were responsible, in part, for bringing Nate Kent and Joshua Freeman to Leavenworth, Kansas, late that summer."



From the journal of Nathaniel Kent-- August 29, 1866-- Joshua and I have arrived at Fort Leavenworth and the day has been full of surprises.

NATE, LOOK!



ALL THOSE SOLDIERS! THEY'RE COLORED FOLK-- LIKE ME!



THAT'S ONE OF THE SURPRISES I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, JOSH! THE 10TH CAVALRY UNIT BEING FORMED HERE IN LEAVENWORTH-- THE OFFICERS ARE WHITE BUT ALL THE ENLISTED MEN ARE COLORED.



SECOND SURPRISE IS IN HERE, JOSHUA. I WANT YOU TO MEET MY BROTHER-- CAPTAIN JOEL WILLIAM KENT!



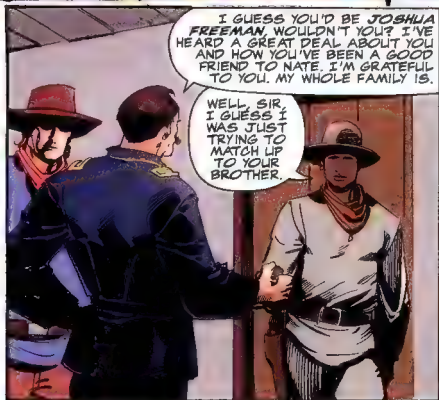
NATE? IS THAT YOU?

IT SURELY IS, BUT YOU—GOOD HEAVENS! YOU WERE, WHAT 12 WHEN I LAST SAW YOU?! YOU HAVE GROWN INTO A PROPER MAN, BROTHER!

BELINDA WROTE ME AND I CAME HERE DIRECTLY WHEN I LEARNED YOU WERE HERE!

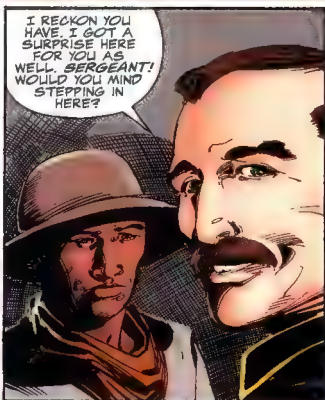


WHEN COLONEL GRIERSON TOLD ME HE WAS PUTTING TOGETHER A COLORED REGIMENT AND SAID HE NEEDED SOME WHITE OFFICERS AND ASKED IF I'D VOLUNTEER, I SAID YES. I THINK PA WOULD HAVE WANTED ME TO DO THAT.



I GUESS YOU'D BE JOSHUA FREEMAN, WOULDN'T YOU? I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU AND HOW YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO NATE. I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU. MY WHOLE FAMILY IS.

WELL, SIR I GUESS I WAS JUST TRYING TO MATCH UP TO YOUR BROTHER



I RECKON YOU HAVE. I GOT A SURPRISE HERE FOR YOU AS WELL, SERGEANT! WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING IN HERE?



HELLO, SON. REMEMBER ME?



PA!



OH, PA!

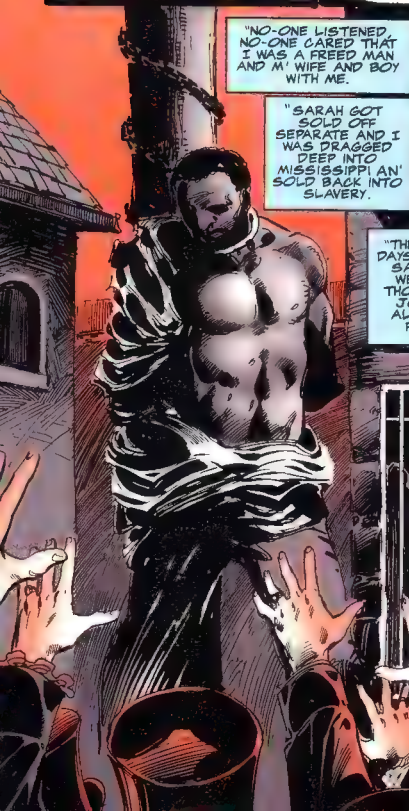


NATHANIEL, I WANT T' THANK YOU FO' TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF M' SON.

HE SAVED MY LIFE, TOBIAS. DAMN, BUT IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHAT BECAME OF YOU?



"LAST WE SEEN OF EACH OTHER WAS WHEN THEM SLAVECATCHERS DRAGGED ME AND SARAH OFF AND SHOT YOU DOWN.



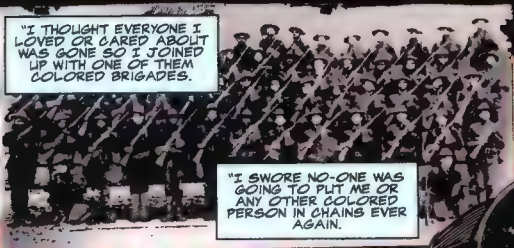
"NO-ONE LISTENED. NO-ONE CARED THAT I WAS A FREED MAN AND M' WIFE AND BOY WITH ME.

"SARAH GOT SOLD OFF SEPARATE AND I WAS DRAGGED DEEP INTO MISSISSIPPI AN' SOLD BACK INTO SLAVERY.

"THEM WAS THE DARKEST DAYS OF M' LIFE. I SWEAR. SARAH WAS GONE. YOU WERE DEAD--OR SO I THOUGHT--AND I FEARED JOSHUA WAS BURNED ALIVE. I JUST GAVE UP FOR A LONG WHILE.



"I HAD TO THROW OFF THE CHAINS AROUND M' HEART BEFO' I COULD UNSHACKLE M' BODY BUT I DID IT. AND I RAN TOWARDS FREED ONCE MORE."



"I THOUGHT EVERYONE I
LOVED OR CARED ABOUT
WAS GONE SO I JOINED
UP WITH ONE OF THEM
COLORED BRIGADES.

"I SWORE NO-ONE WAS
GOING TO PUT ME OR
ANY OTHER COLORED
PERSON IN CHAINS EVER
AGAIN.



"WE FOUGHT LIKE HELL BECAUSE
WE KNEW WE COULD EXPECT NO
SURRENDER, NO MERCY FROM
THE REBS. WHEN THE WAR ENDED,
IT WAS ALL I KNEW, SO WHEN
THEY ANNOUNCED THIS REGIMENT
BEING FORMED, I JOINED UP."



THAT'S
WHEN I MET CAPTAIN
KENT HERE AND HE WAS
KIND ENOUGH TO TELL
ME HOW YOU BOTH
WERE STILL
ALIVE.



TOBIAS...
I, I DID
FIND SARAH
BUT...

BUT SHE
DIED BEFORE
YOU COULD
GET HER AWAY,
I KNOW.



SERGEANT FREEMAN, I
HEREBY ORDER YOU TO
TAKE THE REST OF THE
DAY OFF AND SHOW
YOUR SON AROUND THE
POST AND GET BETTER
ACQUAINTED, YOU
HEAR?

YES SIR!



WITH THE CAPTAIN'S
PERMISSION, WE'LL MEET UP
LATER WITH NATE AS WELL.

GRANTED.



CAPTAIN
TOLD ME
THAT, TOO.
YOU DONE
YOUR BEST,
NATHANIEL,
YOU A TRUE
FRIEND TO
ME AND
MINE.



THAT WAS A NICE THING TO DO BY THE FREEMANS, JOEL. SO--HOW'S YOUR COMMAND SHAPING UP?

IT'S ROUGH. CONDITIONS HERE ARE DEPLORABLE. THE COMMANDANT HERE AT FORT LEAVENWORTH IS A RACIST OF THE WORST KIND AND THE UNIT GETS THE WORST SUPPLIES AND HORSES.



GRIERSON'S DETERMINED TO GET US OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND I THINK IT'S A DAMN GOOD IDEA.



BELINDA AND THE OTHERS BACK EAST ARE ALL THRIVING. THEY ALL ASK AFTER YOU. ONE THING WE ALL WANT TO KNOW IS--NATE, DO YOU STILL INTEND TO FIND JEB AND KILL HIM?

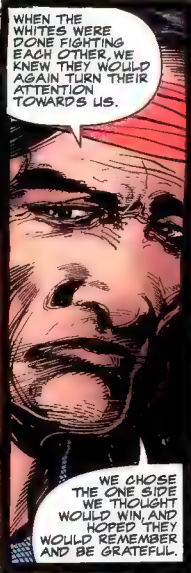
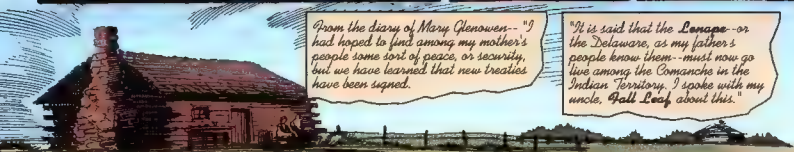
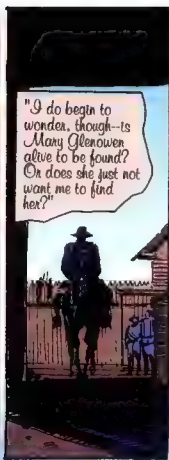
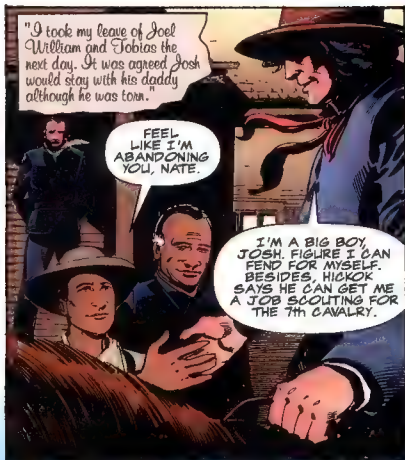
I'M NOT HUNTING HIM, BUT JEB HAS TURNED OUTLAW JOEL. HE'S DONE SOME TERRIBLE THINGS.



YOU INTEND TO BRING HIM FOR TRIAL OR KILL HIM?

I FIGURE THAT'LL DEPEND ON JEB.

JEB SULLIES THE NAME THAT PA FORGED. THAT YOU AND THE OTHERS HAVE BURNISHED. HE HAS TO BE STOPPED.





A YEAR GOES BY AND WE SEE HOW LONG THEIR MEMORIES ARE AND HOW GRATEFUL THEY ARE.

I KNOW MY FATHER'S PEOPLE. BEFORE THE WAR, THEY EYED YOUR LANDS COVETOUSLY. THE RAILROADS WANT IT, SO THEY STEAL IT.

THEY ARE STRONG. WE ARE WEAK. IT IS WRONG BUT THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO. WITHIN THE YEAR WE MUST GO.

"Out on the plains, Clark, some other Native Americans didn't feel so weak."

"On December 21, 1866, Captain William J. Fetterman led about 80 Troopers into an ambush near Fort Phil Kearney and got jumped by Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors."



"It was known as the Fetterman Massacre and stood as the worst defeat the U.S. suffered at the hands of the natives for almost ten years."



"There's a gap in the journals and letters for most of 1867. However, we know the James gang struck at least twice--once, without Jesse, in Richmond, Missouri, which was a disaster. The townsfolk fought back this time.

"In May, the gang struck Richmond, Missouri with greater success although we have no idea whether or not Jeb was with them at the time.

"In March, the Kansas Pacific Railroad--an offshoot of the Union Pacific--reached as far as the sleepy town of Abilene.

"An entrepreneur named Joe McCoy dreamed up the idea of shipping cattle directly East from Abilene and convinced trail drivers to come his way.

"By September 5th, the first shipment of 20 boxcars of cattle were headed towards Chicago from Abilene and the first post-war cowtown was born.

"In August, the 10th Cavalry fought a six-hour battle with the Cheyenne and managed to beat them back although outnumbered two to one.

"In September, a nine-man unit guarding a railroad detail out near Fort Hayes was pinned down by more than 70 Cheyenne but managed to beat back every attack. The colored soldiers began to be called the 'Buffalo Soldiers', a sign of respect from their adversaries."



"In October, Bill Cody was hired to kill 12 buffalo a day along the path of the Kansas Pacific Railroad to feed the workers. His activities would earn him his nickname of 'Buffalo Bill'."

"The same month, on October 21, 7000 Indians would gather at Medicine Lodge Creek in southwestern Kansas to sign a series of peace treaties with the U.S. government. Clark were any of the treaties kept from the U.S. side?"



"The next entry we have is in the summer of 1868, from Mary Glenbow."

"And so we left what was supposed to have been our final home to make a new home in what is now called Indian Territory."



"Behind we left schools, churches, mills, homes--everything that has been built since being driven from our last final homeland."

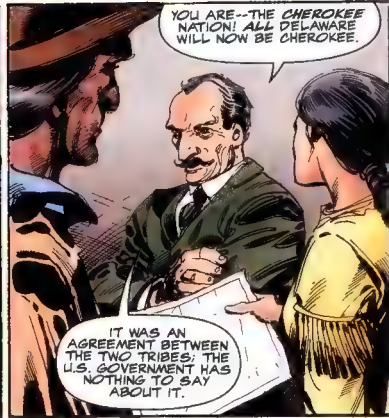
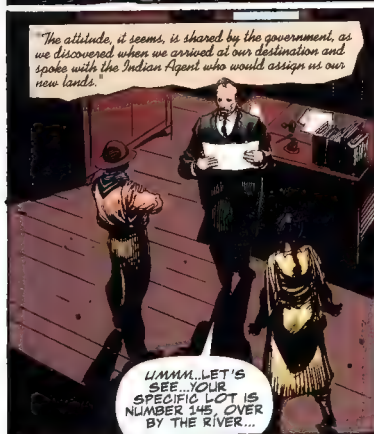
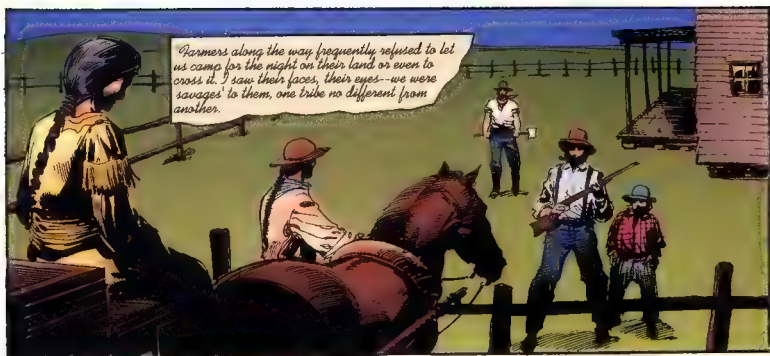
"That which we could not take with us had to be left behind."



"Our white neighbors did not offer much for our goods, figuring they could pick up for free what was abandoned. They will find nothing in one piece."



"For two weeks, we traveled over hard and dusty ways. It was hard on us all but especially the very young and very old. Nor did it get easier as we went."





THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
MANUFACTURED IT! TWO OF
OUR CHIEFS ARE ILLITERATE!
DO YOU THINK ANY OF THEM
UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS
HAPPENING?!



DO YOU
THINK ANY
LENAPE WOULD
WILLINGLY GIVE
UP THEIR OWN
WAYS, THEIR OWN
TONGUE, THEIR
OWN IDENTITY?
TO BE
CHEROKEE?!

THEY FOUGHT AGAINST
YOU IN THE CIVIL WAR, WE
FOUGHT FOR YOU! DO YOU
SEE NO DIFFERENCE?!



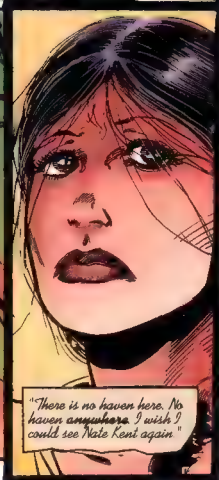
NONE OF THAT
MATTERS ANY LONGER.
YOU ARE NOW LEGALLY
CHEROKEE AND THAT IS
THAT! GOOD DAY!



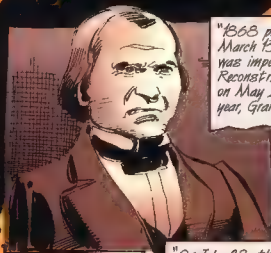
'But that was not that. We
have run into trouble with the
Osage.



"It seems they were promised many
of the farms given to us and the
Indian Authority do little about the
brush-ups between their people and
ours.



"There is no haven here. No
haven anywhere. I wish I
could see Nate Kent again."



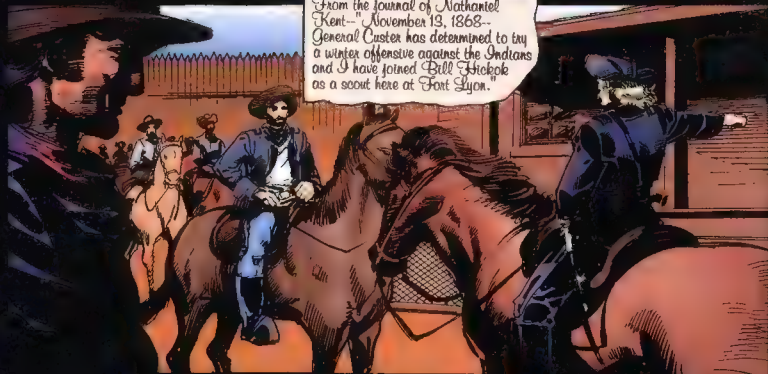
"1868 proceeded at a wild pace. On March 15, President Andrew Johnson was impeached by the Senate over Reconstruction. He would be acquitted on May 25 but by the end of the year, Grant would be elected president."

"The James Gang robbed the Long & Norfolk Bank in Russellville, Kentucky, and escaped with some \$4,000. They would lie low then for awhile, some accounts have Jesse and Cole going to California and Texas during this time. Maybe Jeb went with them."

"On July 28, the 14th Amendment was ratified giving full suffrage to black males. On October 21, a major earthquake hit San Francisco, presaging the devastating earthquake of 1906. Down in Texas, John Wesley Hardin killed his first man in November of that year and the Taylor-Buffum feud began."

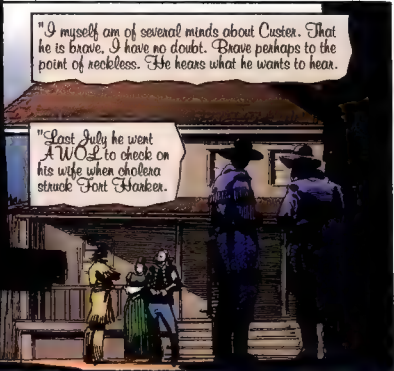
"Both of these events would play into the lives of the Kent brothers. Nafe, at this time, had begun working as a scout for the Seventh Cavalry and George Armstrong Custer."

From the journal of Nathaniel Kent-- "November 13, 1868-- General Custer has determined to try a winter offensive against the Indians and I have joined Bill Hickok as a scout here at Fort Lyon."



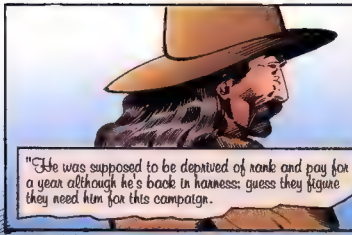


"Bill seems to get along well with Custer who seems almost as outlandish a character as Bill."



"I myself am of several minds about Custer. That he is brave, I have no doubt. Brave perhaps to the point of reckless. He hears what he wants to hear."

"Last July he went AWOL to check on his wife when cholera struck Fort Harker."



"He was supposed to be deprived of rank and pay for a year although he's back in harness; guess they figure they need him for this campaign."



"I might have done the same if it were Mary but I am not a soldier and Custer is a commander. He should know what his duty is."



"He'll probably be president some day unless he gets us all killed first."



"November 26--We rode into a blizzard, me and some other scouts, looking for the hostiles' camp."

"Hickok was with General Carr. I was partnered up with this odd duck named Brian Savage, a white man raised by the Kiowa who call him Ke-Woh-No-Tay. Around the post they just call him Scokephunter."

"We found a large Cheyenne encampment up the Washita River which we thought might belong to Black Kettle, the Cheyenne chief. We alerted the advance guard under Major Elliot and reported back to Custer."

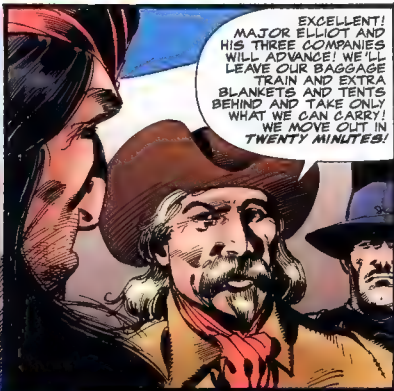


"And we did. We pushed hard, slowing up only for an hour around 9 PM to meet with Major Elliot's troops and then we pushed on again until midnight."



"Custer split his command into four groups to surround the Cheyenne camp which seemed to me mighty risky, considering how few we really were."

EXCELLENT! MAJOR ELLIOT AND HIS THREE COMPANIES WILL ADVANCE! WE'LL LEAVE OUR BAGGAGE TRAIN AND EXTRA BLANKETS AND TENTS BEHIND AND TAKE ONLY WHAT WE CAN CARRY! WE MOVE OUT IN TWENTY MINUTES!



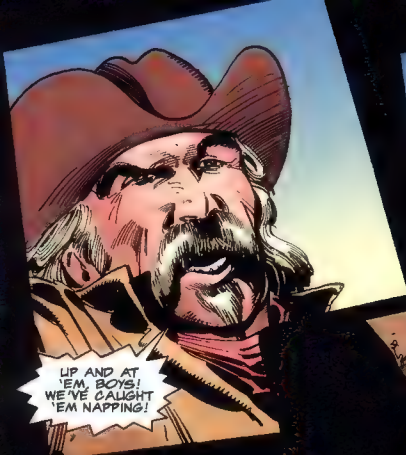
"He kept us scouts with his group. The plan was to attack at dawn."



BLAM!

SHOT FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAMP! WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED!





LIP AND AT
'EM BOYS!
WE'VE CAUGHT
'EM NAPPING!



NOTHING
ELSE FOR
IT NOW!



"Then we were almost
in the camp! All I
could see were old men
and women and children!
Where were the
warriors?"



"It didn't matter. The
shooting began."



BLAM!
BLAM!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! POW! POW!



"We 'triumphed'. 103 Cheyenne were killed, 92 of whom were old men, women and children. Black Kettle was dead. 800 ponies were slaughtered. The lodges were all burned. 50 women and children were taken away as prisoners.

"The warriors were away, maybe on a hunting expedition, maybe on a raid. Custer was jubilant, very keen on the glory he had won.



"My God, at that moment I think I could have killed him myself.

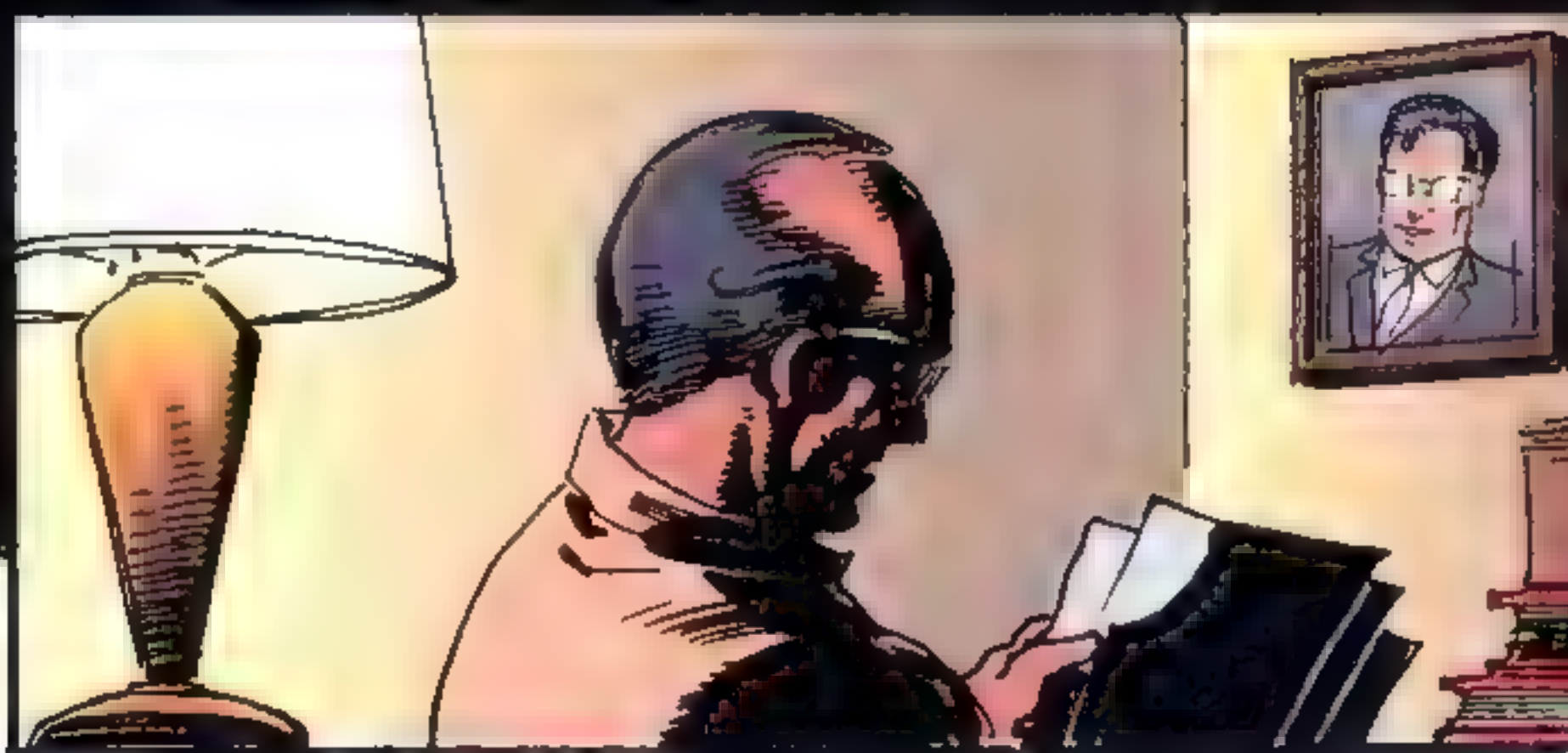
"Brian Savage and I both quit the same day. There must be cleaner ways of making a living.



"Hell, I'm not so sure what job does isn't better. I will not live my life this way."



CONTINUED...



"Dear Clark--Yet another batch from the journals and letters found out back. Lord, they are disorganized! I've tried making order out of it all but there are large gaps. Maybe we can fill it in some day."

"This batch all seems to date from around 1869 and some fifteen years have passed since the Kents first came to Kansas. All over the country, things were happening that would have a great mark on the country--and our family."

"On May 10th at Promontory Point in Utah, the Central Pacific RR's Jupiter and the Union Pacific No. 119 touched after the last spikes were driven and the first transcontinental railroad was completed."



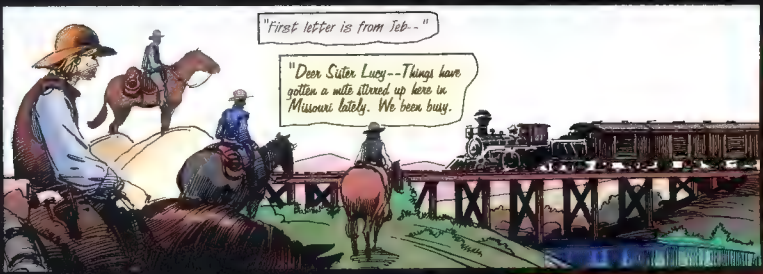
"On January 19th, the National Equal Rights Association was formed in Washington with Susan B. Anthony as its first president. You may remember her brother, Daniel, was an abolitionist and a friend to Silas Kent."

"On September 1st the National Temperance Convention met in Chicago to form the Prohibition Party. Kansas would be the first state to go dry some years later."

"And America continued the war within. On July 1st 8 companies of the U.S. 5th Cavalry attack Cheyenne Dog Soldiers under Tall Bill at Buffalo Springs."



"Buffalo Bill later makes its reenactment a part of his Wild West Show."



"First letter is from Jeb--"

"Deer Sister Lucy--Things have gotten a mite stirred up here in Missouri lately. We been busy."



"Jesse says maybe we ought to lie low for awhile and he and Cole are going out to California and maybe down to Texas. I think I will ride with them."



"I don't think it would do much good as I think Nate would come looking wherever I was. We will meet one day."



"I think it would be good to get some distance between me and Nate. I got word he is still looking for me. Sometimes I think I should just up and leave for good."

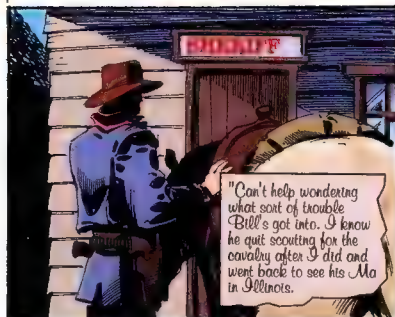


"Hell, I probably won't send this one neither. I'd like you to read them though. Maybe when I am dead, I guess. Just know I always have been, Your Loving Brother -- Jeb"



"Maybe by then I will have the courage to actually mail you all these letters I have written since I shot Nate. I keep thinking you would just throw them away."

From the journal of Nathaniel Kent: "June 22, 1869. Heading into Hays City, Kansas, today, after receiving a letter from Bill Hickok. He suggested I come by the sheriff's office and inquire after him."



"Can't help wondering what sort of trouble Bill's got into. I know he quit scouting for the cavalry after I did and went back to see his Ma in Illinois."



MORNING. I'M HERE TO--



HOWDY, COUSIN.



YOU?! YOU'RE THE NEW SHERIFF HERE IN HAYS?! THE FOX IS RUNNING THE HEN COOP NOW, I GUESS.

SURE IS A PRETTY PIECE OF TIN YOU'RE WEARING, BILL! HAW!

GLAD YEW LIKE IT.



CATCH.

TING!



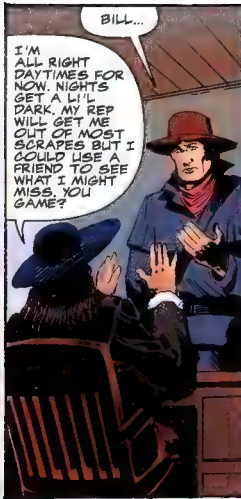
COULD
USE A DEPUTY,
NATE.

I DUNNO,
BILL...



I NEED YOU, NATE.
THING IS--MY EYES
ARE GOING BAD. WHEN
I WAS BACK IN
ILLINOIS I GOT A
DOC TO CHECK 'EM
OUT. SAYS IT'S
SOMETHIN' CALLED
GLAUCOMA.

IT'S GONNA
MAKE ME BLIND DOWN
THE ROAD. IT'S
ALREADY NIBBLING
AWAY AT THE EDGES.
NOTHIN' T'BE DONE
ABOUT IT.



BILL...

I'M
ALL RIGHT
DAYTIMES FOR
NOW. NIGHTS
GET A LITTLE
DARK. MY REP
WILL GET ME
OUT OF MOST
SCRAPES BUT I
COULD USE A
FRIEND TO SEE
WHAT I MIGHT
MISS. YOU
GAME?



LET ME THINK
ON IT, OKAY?



"Over at the fort, the 10th
Cavalry's been stationed-- Joel
William's outfit, as well as
Tobias Freeman's. Josh has
been staying with his Pa.

"They've mostly been transferred to
new quarters down in Texas but
Josh has stayed behind whilst the
new fort is built.



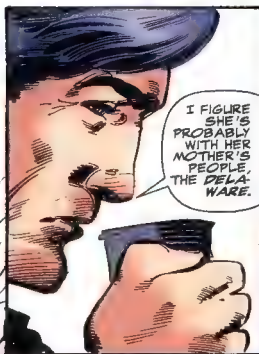
"I told him about Hickok's offer."

YOU'RE GOING
TO TAKE IT
AREN'T YOU?

I
GUESS. I
GOT NOTHING
ELSE MUCH
DOING.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOUR
SEARCH
FOR
MARY?



I FIGURE SHE'S PROBABLY WITH HER MOTHER'S PEOPLE, THE DELAWARE.



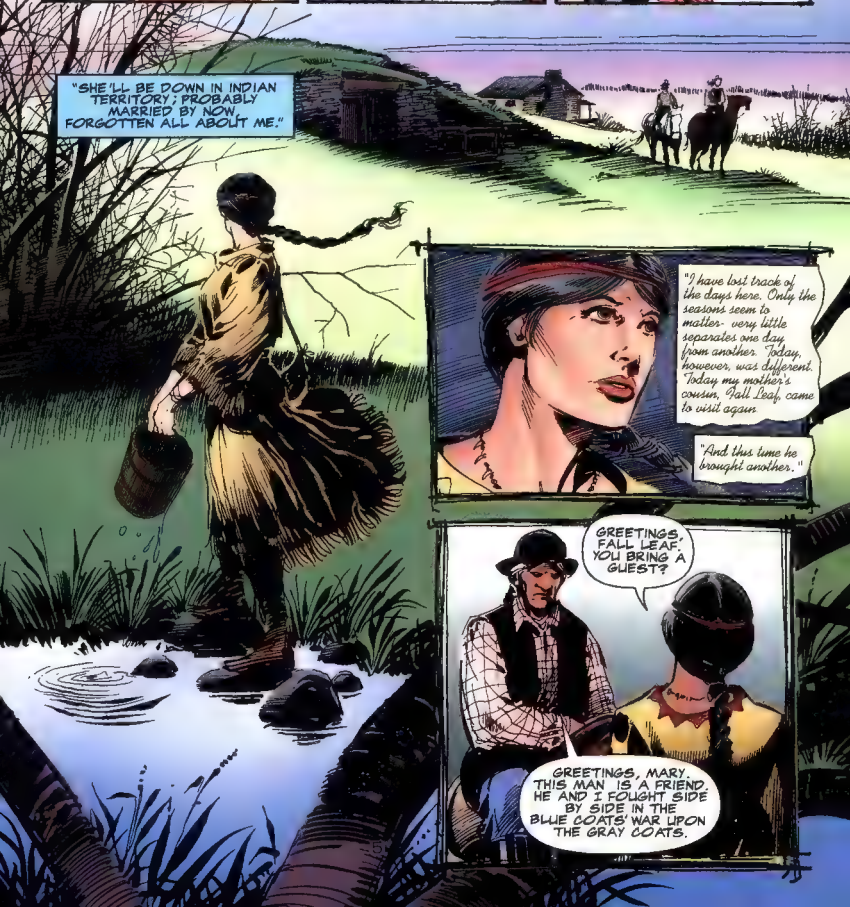
WE LOOKED THERE!

I KNOW, BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES SENSE, JOSH.



IT'S PLAIN-- SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND.

"SHE'LL BE DOWN IN INDIAN TERRITORY; PROBABLY MARRIED BY NOW, FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT ME."



"I have lost track of the days here. Only the seasons seem to matter- very little separates one day from another. Today, however, was different. Today my mother's cousin, Fall Leaf, came to visit again."

"And this time he brought another."



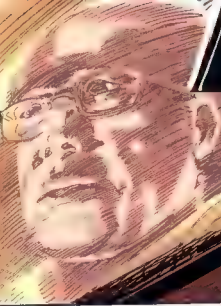
GREETINGS, FALL LEAF. YOU BRING A GUEST?

GREETINGS, MARY. THIS MAN IS A FRIEND. HE AND I FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE BLUE COATS' WAR UPON THE GRAY COATS.

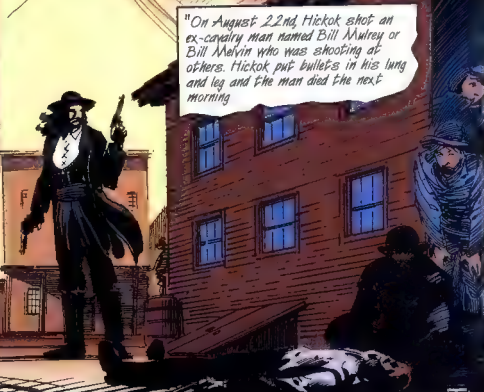




YES, TELL
HIM THAT AND
MORE. THAT MY
HEART WOULD
LEAP TO SEE
HIM AGAIN.



"We know that Ke-Wah-No-
Toy didn't find Nafe, not
right away. Through 1869
it would seem Nafe was
still in Hays. He must have
witnessed two incidents
that bolstered Hickok's
legend.

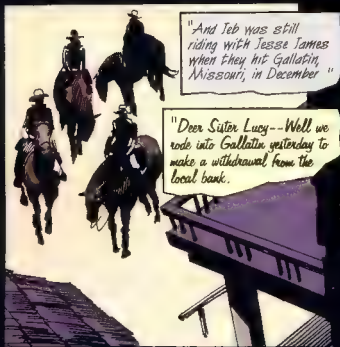


"On August 22nd, Hickok shot an
ex-cavalry man named Bill Mulvey or
Bill Melvin who was shooting at
others. Hickok put bullets in his lung
and leg and the man died the next
morning



"On September 27, Hickok and Nate
confronted one William Strayhorn where
he and his cronies were tearing up a bar.
Hickok intervened and Strayhorn
threatened to kill anyone who interfered
with his fun and went for Hickok with
a beer stein

"Moral of this story--a gun beats a
beer glass most days of the week."

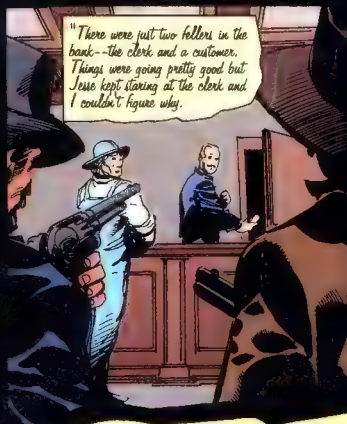


"And Jeb was still riding with Jesse James when they hit Gallatin, Missouri, in December."

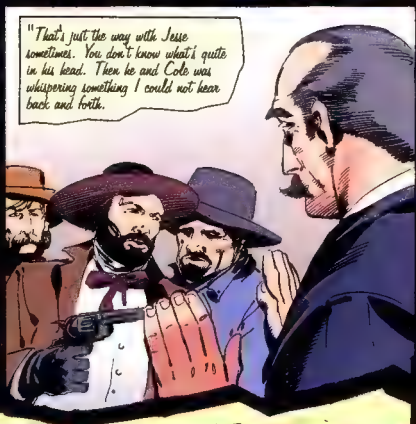
"Dear Sister Lucy--Well we rode into Gallatin yesterday to make a withdrawal from the local bank."



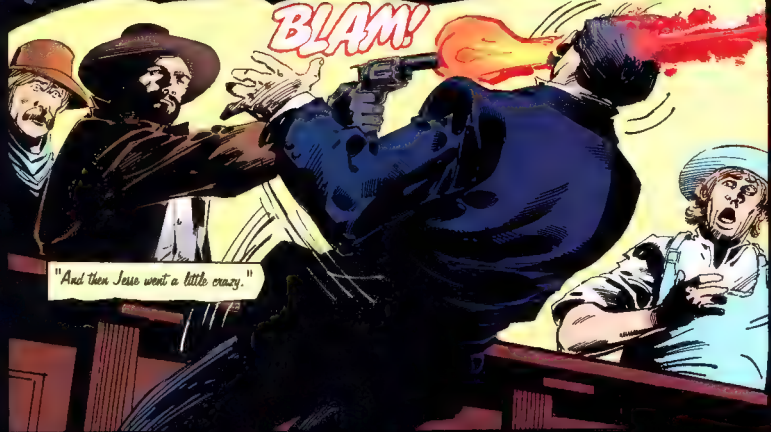
"We went in quiet, not hurrahing the town or nothing. Frank watched the horses while me and Jesse and Cole went into the bank."



"There were just two fellows in the bank--the clerk and a customer. Things were going pretty good but Jesse kept staring at the clerk and I couldn't figure why."



"That's just the way with Jesse sometimes. You don't know what's quite in his head. Then he and Cole was whispering something I could not hear back and forth."



BLAM!

"And then Jesse went a little crazy."

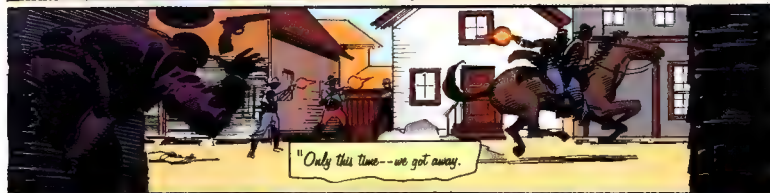


"For a second, everyone stopped shooting."

GRAB
UP!



"I don't know what I was thinking, *ALL*! I could see was Charley Quantrell coming out of that barn there at the last and I was Clark Hockerswith coming for him."



"Only this time--we got away."

"Didn't keep me from being pissed with Jesse."

WHAT
THE HELL WERE YOU DOIN'
SHOOTIN' THAT FELLER? HE
DONE EVERYTHING YOU TOLD
HIM TO DO AND YOU SHOT
HIM ANYWAY!



I AM
REASONABLY SURE
THAT TELLER WAS S.P.
COX THE UNION
OFFICER WHO LED THE
CONTINGENT THAT
KILLED BLOODY BILL
ANDERSON IN THE
CLOSING DAYS
OF THE WAR!



I RODE WITH
ANDERSON AS
WELL AS
QUANTRILL AND
I HAVE AVENGED
HIS MURDER!



IF
IT WAS
COX!

"Turned out it wasn't Cox but a man named John Sheets--not that it bothered Jesse much.

"I've ridden off--

"--headed back down towards Texas.

"Something tells me this may be my last chance. I'll let you know how it turns out.

"I'm sick of this outlaw life. Think I'll try driving some steers up towards Abilene. Try going straight.

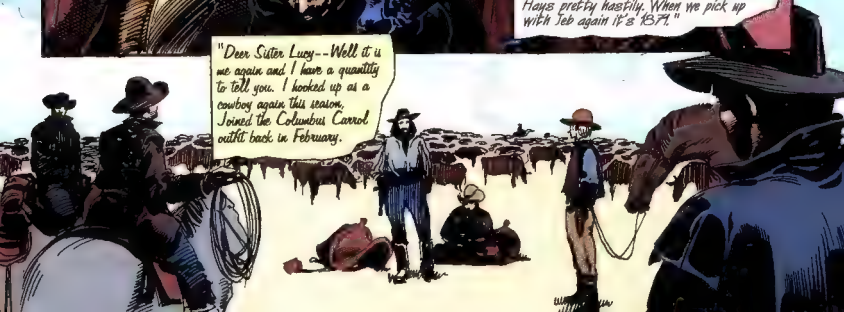
"If it goes good maybe I will even mail you your letters. Your Loving Brother--Jeb



"Well, Clark--we lose track of almost everyone in 1870. We know Hickok quit as sheriff in Hays but returned by summer. On July 17 he got into a bar fight with soldiers of the 7th Cavalry.

"Most accounts agree that Hickok killed one and fought his way free but then left Hays pretty hastily. When we pick up with Jeb again it's 1871."

"Dear Sister Lucy--Well it is me again and I have a quantity to tell you. I hooked up as a cowboy again this season. Joined the Columbus Cattle outfit back in February.



"Trail Boss was a man named of Matt Savage, who I had worked for last season.

WELL, I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. SAVAGE, BUT TROUBLE SEEMS TO LIKE MY COMPANY.

GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT ARE YOU JEB? WELL, YOU'RE A GOOD HAND AND A PERSONABLE SORT OF FELLOW--IF YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE THIS TIME.

IT DOES SEEM THAT WAY, DON'T IT? RECKON IT'S NOT ALL YOUR FAULT, OKAY. YOU'RE ON IF YOU WANT IT.

I DO.

"I don't know much what they tell you people about cattle drives but let me say it is long, hard, dusty, dirty, and--most of the time--damn boring work. Surprises do spice it up some, though.

KENT! JEB KENT!

WHO THE HELL--?

MR. KENT! REMEMBER ME?!

REFRESH MY MEMORY, BOY.



JOHN WESLEY
HARDIN! WE MET IN
GONZALEZ, TEXAS
SOME YEARS BACK!
YOU LET ME HOLD
YOUR GUN!

OH, THAT'S RIGHT.
I RECOLLECT NOW. YOU
WERE WITH THAT OTHER
BOY AND HIS MAMA.
WHAT WAS HIS
NAME?

TAYLOR
BEAUMONT. HE'S
SORT OF A COUSIN
ON MY MA'S SIDE
THEY'RE LIVING WITH
THE TAYLORS WHO
ARE ALSO KIN
TO ME.



LAST I HEARD SHE WAS
DOING POORLY. TAYLOR
WANTED TO COME ON THIS
DRIVE BUT HE'S STILL TOO
YOUNG. THEY'RE ALL CAUGHT
UP IN A FEUD WITH THE
SUTTONS DOWN THERE
ANYWAY. THINKING OF
LENDING A HAND MYSELF.



BLOOD
FEUD? WHAT
YOU GONNA
DO, BOY?



OH, I'VE ALREADY
KILLED MY FIRST MAN.
KILLED A COUPLE, IN
FACT.



WELL, I
GUESS THAT
MAKES YOU
A MAN.
DON'T IT?

THANK'EE MR. KENT.
THAT MEANS SOME
THING, COMING FROM YOU,
SEEING HOW YOU RODE
WITH QUANTRILL AND
JESSE JAMES
AND ALL!

I'LL CATCH
YOU UP 'FORE
WE HIT
ABILENE!





"From what I heard, the kid wasn't lying, which makes him a bigger lunatic than Jesse."

"By the first of May, we were getting close to Abilene where the railroad was. I'd been there the previous season and it was a fun-lovin', wide-open town and I was looking forward to it again, you bet you!"



"Or I was until that lunatic Hardin come riding up again."

"YO, JEB! YOU READY TO HIT ABILENE?"

"I RECKON."



"I HEAR THERE'S A NEW ATTRACTION THIS YEAR--THEIR NEW SHERIFF IS NONE OTHER THAN WILD BILL HICKOK HIMSELF!"

"HICKOK!"



"THAT BOTHER YOU?"

"NAW--IT'S JUST THAT HICKOK'S A FRIEND OF MY BROTHER--AND MY BROTHER AND I DON'T MUCH GET ALONG."



"WELL, YOU HAVE FRIENDS TOO, SO RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF ONCE WE GET THERE."



"I did not think that likely. I know Nate was Hickok's deputy in Hays. What if he was here in Abilene as well?"



"We hit town in mid-May, the first drive of the season to complete the trip."



"Savage paid us off and I took a room over at the Drover's Hotel and got myself cleaned up."



"Then I kept watch."



"It wasn't long before I saw Hickok and his two deputies. I figured he'd show himself quick—make himself felt. One deputy I didn't know. The other I hadn't seen in maybe ten years."



"It was Nate—sure enough."

"He was looking for me, Hardin told me--asking if anyone answering to my description was in the drive. Methodical, that's Nate.

"So there I was last night in an alleyway and I dint know why. I dint know what I wanted to do. Call him out? Shoot him from behind?

"I was just so tired of running. Tired of hiding. Tired of waiting.

"And then there he was in the street by the alley. And he just stopped there.

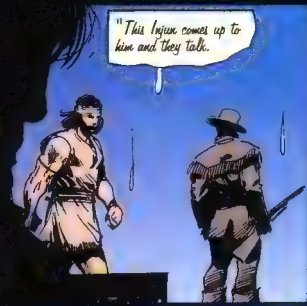
PEARL

"Wain't he wanting to kill me?

"And my gun was in my hand.

"I was getting ready to shoot my brother in the back again.

"He turned his head."



"This Injun comes up to him and they talk.



"And then Nate's running off as fast as he can go. And my chance is gone.



"And the realization of what I almost did sink in. And I almost use the gun on myself.

"I know what I am now and there is no coming back for me. I have sunk as low as a man can.

"The hell with all this! I am going back to Texas and find my son. Maybe I can make something of my life there. Maybe I can do something better with my life! God forgive me. Pray for me. -- Jeb"



From the journal of Mary Glenowen -
"It is almost summer and the crops are
in but they are not doing well."

"This farm, as small as it is, is
more than one person can do. It
breaks my heart sometimes - as
well as my back!"

"I was hot, I was
sweaty, I was tired,
I was dirty - the
worst time for
someone to come
calling. So, of
course, someone did."

CAN
I HELP
YOU?

HELLO,
MARY.

HELLO
NATHANIEL.

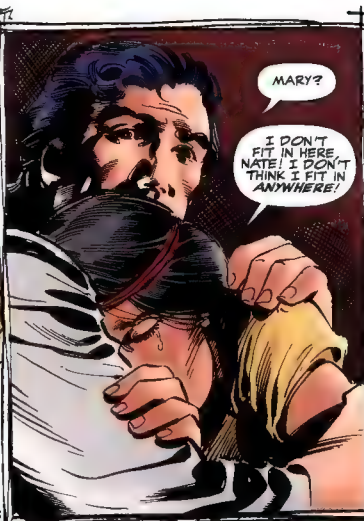
CAN
YOU SIT
AWHILE?

"We sat and talked all that day. We
were a little awkward at first. I had
given up on seeing Nate but he
explained it had taken our friend
Ke-Wh-Wh-Wh a year to find him.
Nate had taken off at once."

IT...IT'S NICE
TO SEE YOU, MARY.
NICE LITTLE SPREAD
YOU HAVE HERE. ARE
YOU...ARE YOU HAPPY
HERE, MARY?

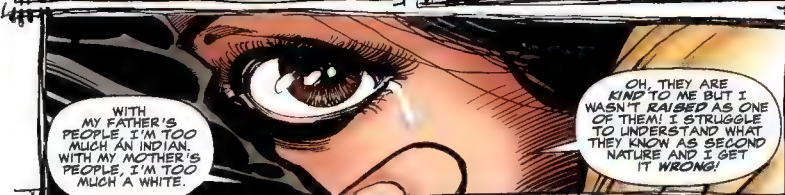


OH,
GOD!



MARY?

I DON'T
FIT IN HERE
NATE! I DON'T
THINK I FIT IN
ANYWHERE!



WITH
MY FATHER'S
PEOPLE, I'M TOO
MUCH AN INDIAN.
WITH MY MOTHER'S
PEOPLE, I'M TOO
MUCH A WHITE.

OH, THEY ARE
KIND TO ME BUT I
WASN'T RAISED AS ONE
OF THEM! I STRUGGLE
TO UNDERSTAND WHAT
THEY KNOW AS SECOND
NATURE AND I GET
IT WRONG!



YOU REMEMBER
THE HEALING
BLANKET I GAVE
YOU? I TOLD YOU
THE DELAWARE WERE
ONE OF THE FIVE
ORIGINAL TRIBES OF
THE IROQUOIS.

WELL THEY'RE
NOT! I GOT IT
WRONG! MY MOTHER'S
PEOPLE'S CULTURE
AND I GET BASIC
FACTS WRONG! I'M
NOT A PART OF
THEM!



WHERE IN
THE WORLD DO
I FIT, NATE?
WHERE DO I
BELONG?



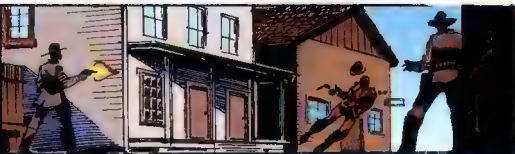
"June 13, 1871--Dearest Belinda--
You may now count me among the
happiest men on the face of the earth,
for today Mary Glenowen finally
became my bride.

"It was not a large to-do but a merry one. Joel
William got leave to attend and be my best man and
was able to bring both Joshua and Tobias Freeman
with him. Mary's cousin, Foll Leaf, gave away the
bride, and Briton Savage, Ke-Woh-No-Tay, our
savage Cupid, also attended.

"The money from the selling of Mary's land will
help us until I can find steadier employment. We
hope to come back to see you within the year.
Rejoice for me. Your happy brother--Nathaniel."



From the journal of Nathaniel
Kent--October 15--This has been
a terrible day. Bill Hickok
confronted a bunch of Texans
and was forced to kill their leader,
Phil Coe.



"Bill caught a glimpse of
movement out of the corner
of his eye."



"Bill accidentally
shot and mortally
wounded Mike
Williams. Bill's
other deputy.



"Lord in heaven, it
could've been me."

"Bill is inconsolable. First he went on a rampage and cleared out all the saloons and gambling houses. And then he made himself very drunk."



"December 13—I am out of a job. Following the death of Coe, the Texans will no longer come to Abilene, and the city fathers feel they can do without the services of Bill Hickok and myself."

"Mary is almost five months pregnant. We have a little money but I shall need a job and soon."

"I was thinking of trying farming again when I received a visit from one Ethan Clarke from a town called Smallville just down the Arkansas River a ways."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW SHERIFF, MR. KENT, AND MR. HICKOK SUGGESTED YOU. JOB DON'T PAY MUCH BUT A HOUSE COMES WITH IT. DON'T NEED ANYONE FLASHY—JUST HONEST AND RELIABLE.



TO THE STARS BY HARD WAYS

PART 3

JOHN OSTRANDER — writer
BILL OAKLEY — CARLA FEENY — artist
DIGITAL CHAMELEON — color seps.
PETER TOMASI — editor and boss honcho

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT—ESPECIALLY THE PART ABOUT NOT BEING FLASHY.

IF SMALLVILLE WANTS ME, THEN SMALLVILLE CAN HAVE ME, MR. CLARKE, AND THANKS.



NEXT-- THE CONCLUSION!



"Dear Clark--this is the last of the batch of papers I found in the trunk relating to Nate and Jeb. Things get a little spotty here. Dampness and all got into some of them so they can't be read."

"Your Ma says I've been lecturing too much. You probably know most of the history of this time, you always were keen on that. I admit it as much for me as for you, reminding myself of the context."

"I think we left things in '87. I can't find my notes anywhere. Your Ma came in and cleaned up my office again and I can't lay hands on anything."

TO THE STARS BY HARD WAYS

FINALE

JOHN OSTRANDER - writer
TOM MANDRAKE - artist
BILL OAKLEY - letters
CARLA FEENY - colors
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
color separations
PETER TOMASI - editor
and boss honcho

SMALLVILLE -HOTEL-

Anyway, we take up the story now in 1873, here in Smallville. Nathaniel had agreed to become the town sheriff and had been there almost two years. The first entry is from Joshua Freeman--Nate's friend and almost adopted son."

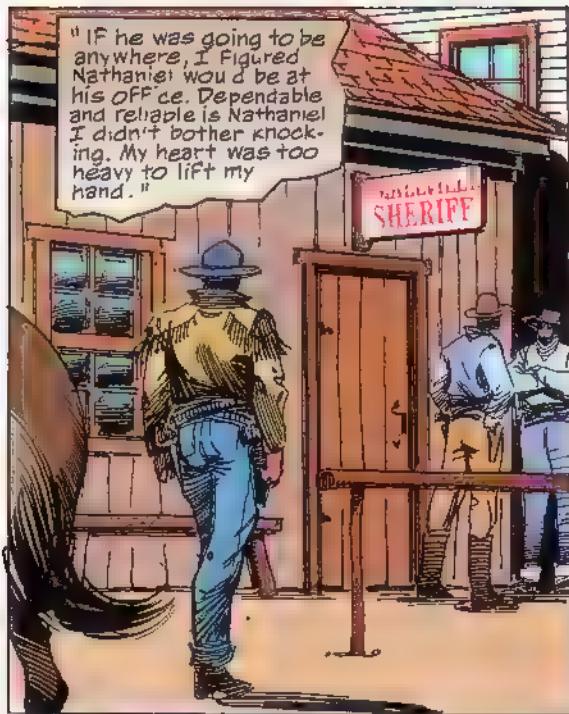
"August 23, 1873 -- So this is Smallville, named --or so Nathaniel claims --for Ezra Small, trapper and trader. Quiet enough looking town."

"I haven't seen Nathaniel or Mary since the wedding. I wish to heaven I did not have to see them today or tell them the tale I had to tell. Life, however, is not always of our choosing."

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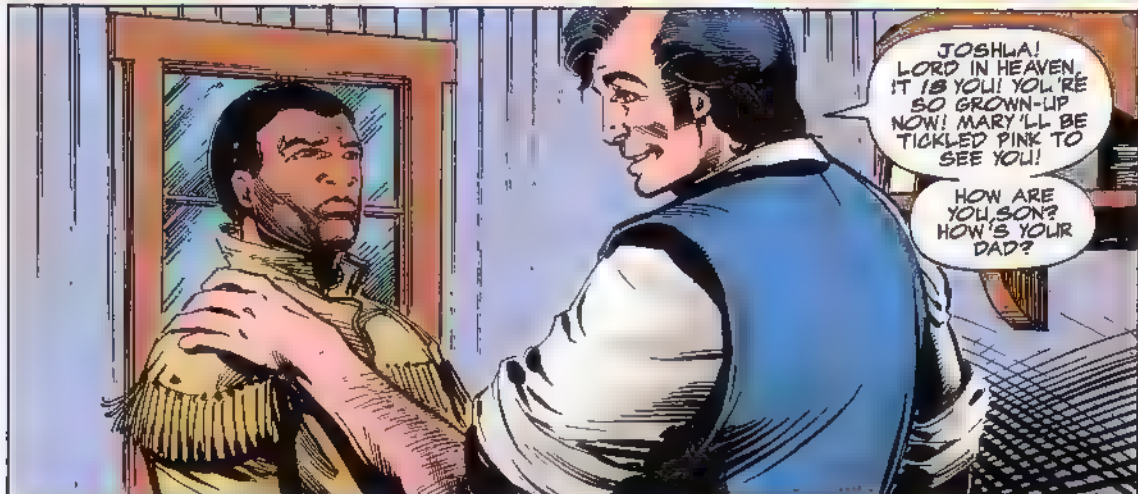


"IF he was going to be anywhere, I figured Nathaniel would be at his OFFICE. Dependable and reliable is Nathaniel. I didn't bother knocking. My heart was too heavy to lift my hand."



H'LO NATHANIEL.

JOSHUA?!

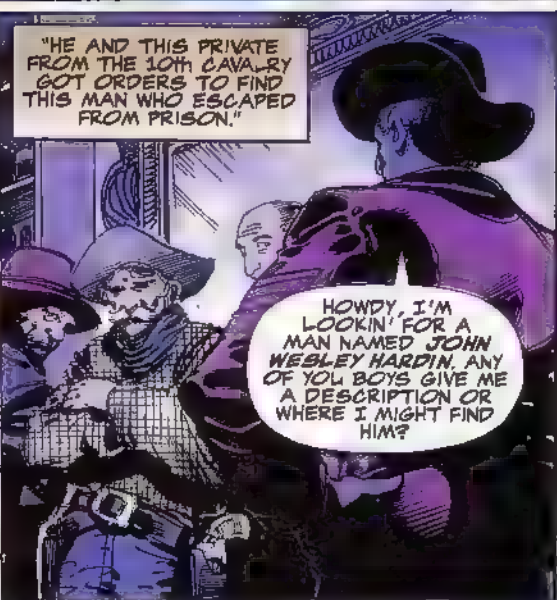


JOSHUA! LORD IN HEAVEN, IT IS YOU! YOU'RE SO GROWN-UP NOW! MARY'LL BE TICKLED PINK TO SEE YOU!

HOW ARE YOU, SON? HOW'S YOUR DAD?

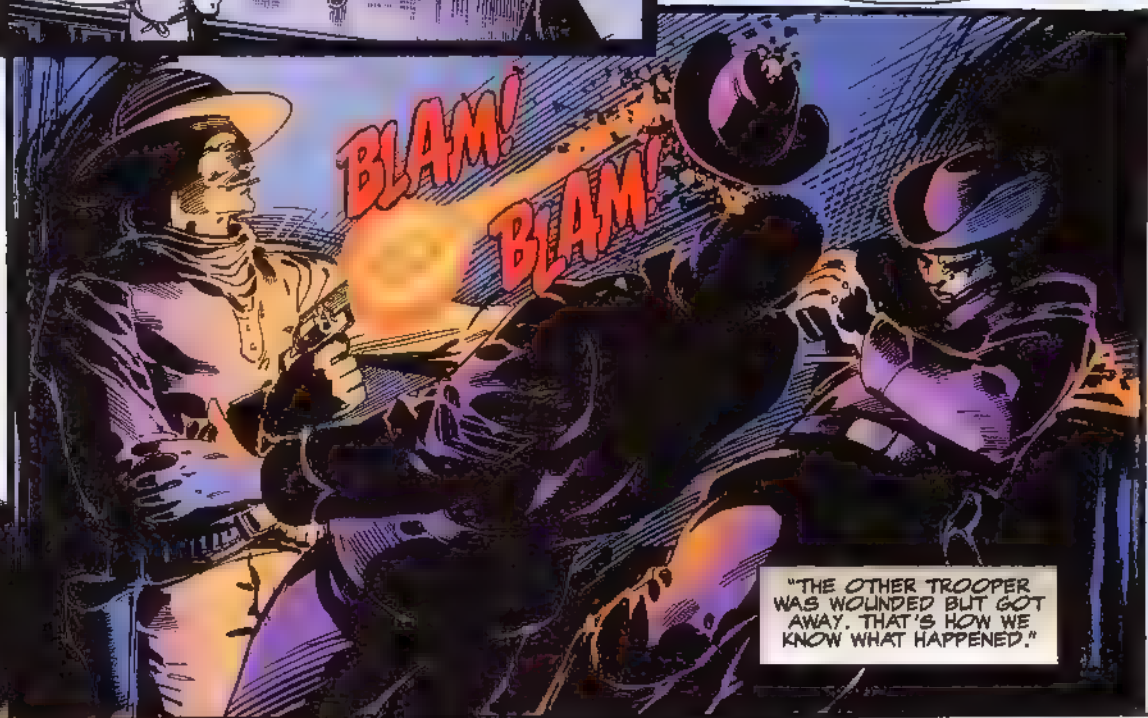


PA IS DEAD, NATHANIEL.

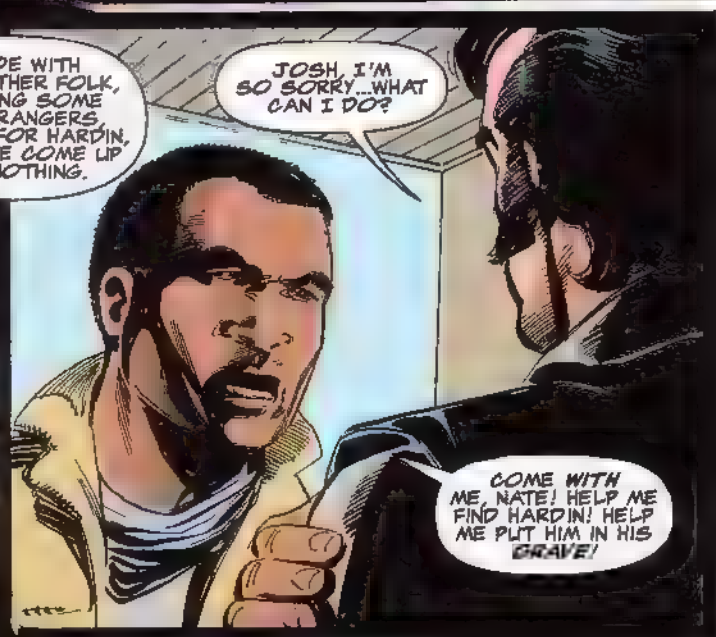


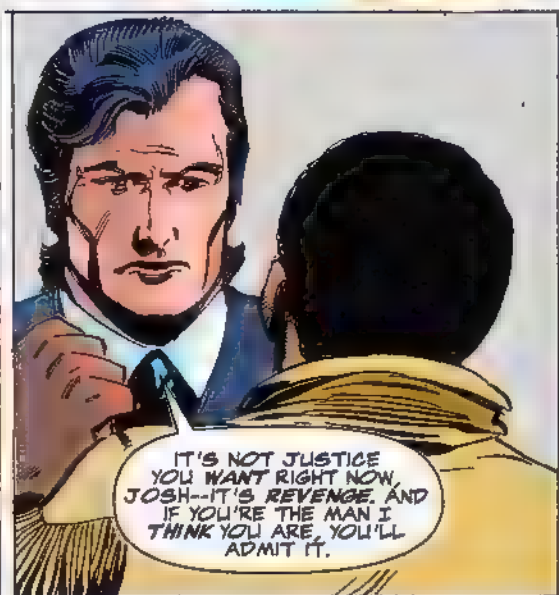
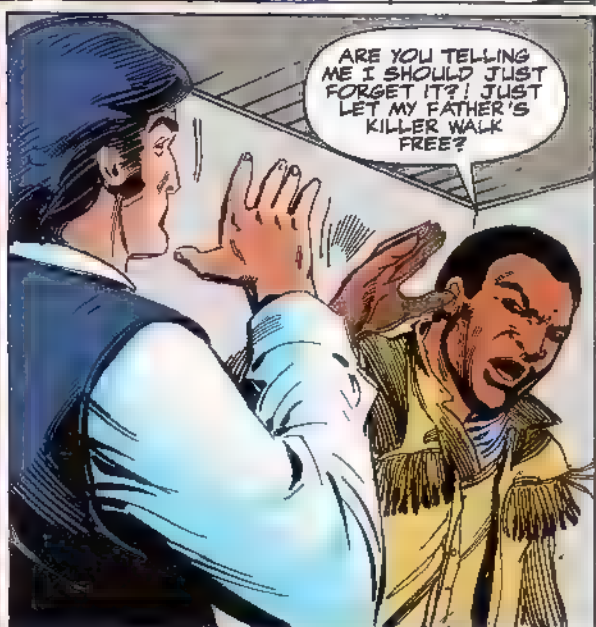
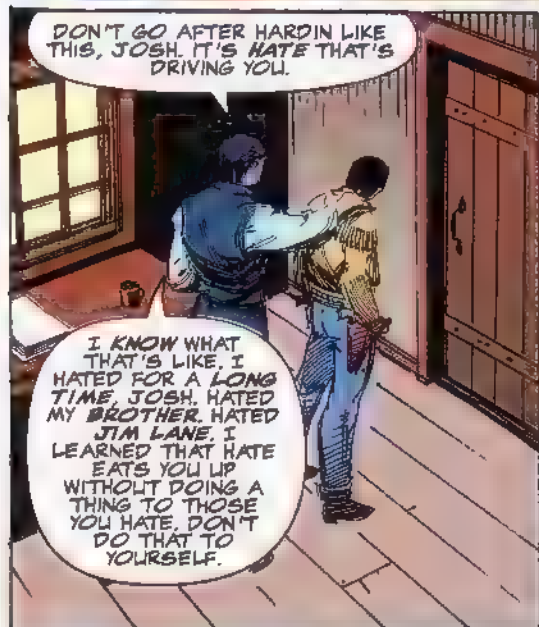
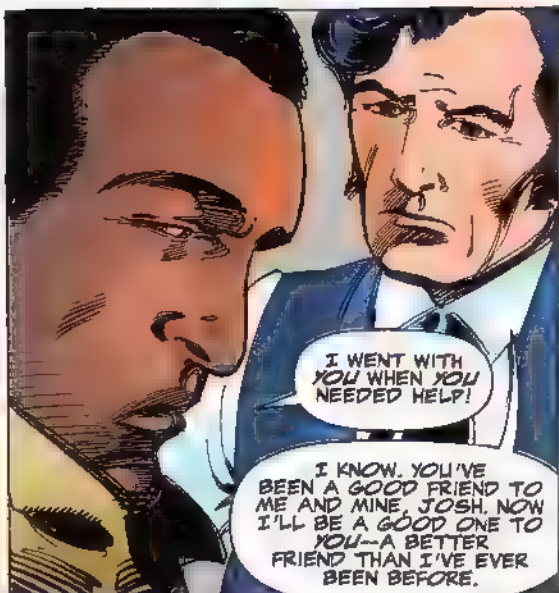
"HE AND THIS PRIVATE FROM THE 10TH CAVALRY GOT ORDERS TO FIND THIS MAN WHO ESCAPED FROM PRISON."

HOWDY, I'M LOOKIN' FOR A MAN NAMED JOHN WESLEY HARDIN. ANY OF YOU BOYS GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OR WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM?



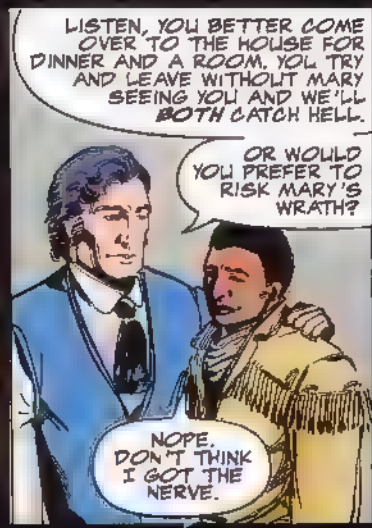
I RODE WITH SOME OTHER FOLK, INCLUDING SOME TEXAS RANGERS, LOOKING FOR HARDIN. BUT WE'VE COME UP WITH NOTHING.







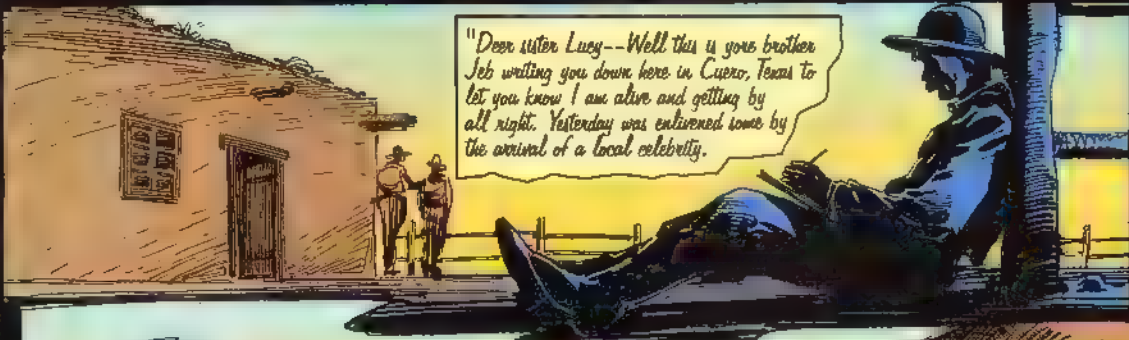
WISH YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME SO WELL.



LISTEN, YOU BETTER COME OVER TO THE HOUSE FOR DINNER AND A ROOM. YOU TRY AND LEAVE WITHOUT MARY SEEING YOU AND WE'LL BOTH CATCH HELL.

OR WOULD YOU PREFER TO RISK MARY'S WRATH?

NOPE. DON'T THINK I GOT THE NERVE.



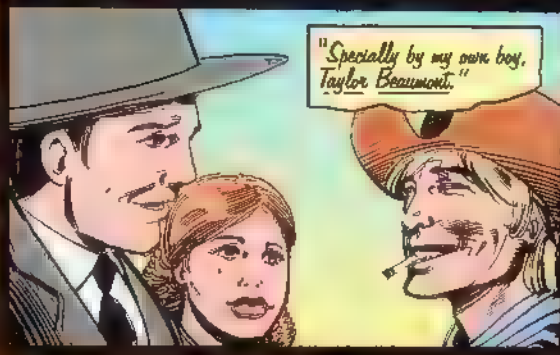
"Dear sister Lucy--Well this is your brother Jeb writing you down here in Cuero, Texas to let you know I am alive and getting by all right. Yesterday was enlivened some by the arrival of a local celebrity.



"Wes Hardin and his blushing bride have arrived to set up housekeeping.

"That boy has had himself a busy year what with getting shot a few times and killing a few men, then surrendering to the law and then running away and now coming here.

"Greeted like a big hero.

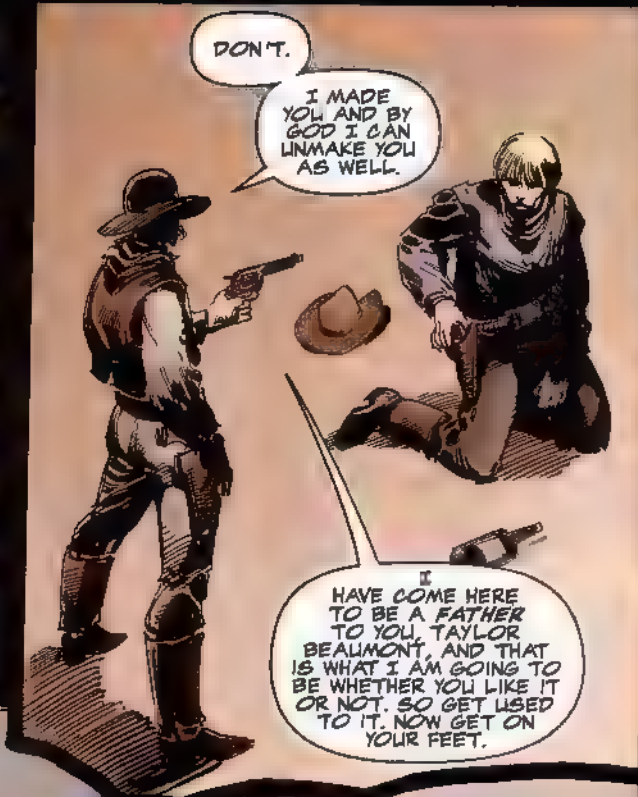


"Specially by my own boy, Taylor Beaumont."



GODDAM
YOU!

GODDAM
YOU!



DON'T.

I MADE
YOU AND BY
GOD I CAN
UNMAKE YOU
AS WELL.

I
HAVE COME HERE
TO BE A FATHER
TO YOU, TAYLOR
BEAUMONT, AND THAT
IS WHAT I AM GOING TO
BE WHETHER YOU LIKE IT
OR NOT. SO GET USED
TO IT. NOW GET ON
YOUR FEET.



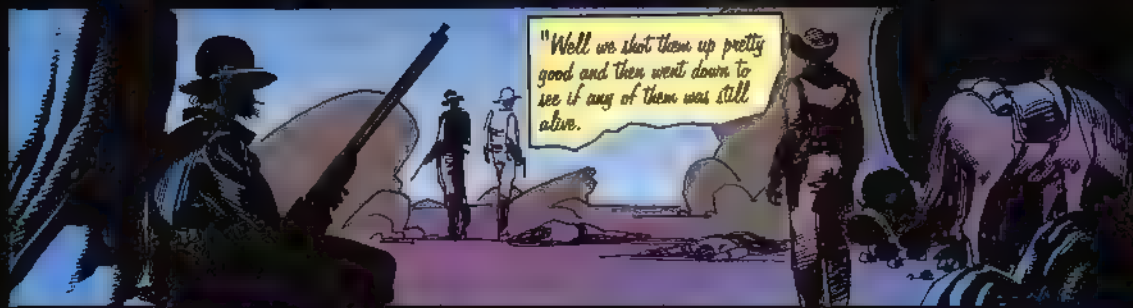
"The Taylors are hunting
the Suttons and the other
way around. I forget who
killed who first or what
started the feud. I have
sided with the Taylors since
they are closest to kin I
had in these parts.



BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

"I took the boy out hunting with me
and the other Taylors just to see
what sort of man he was.

"I got an eyeful."

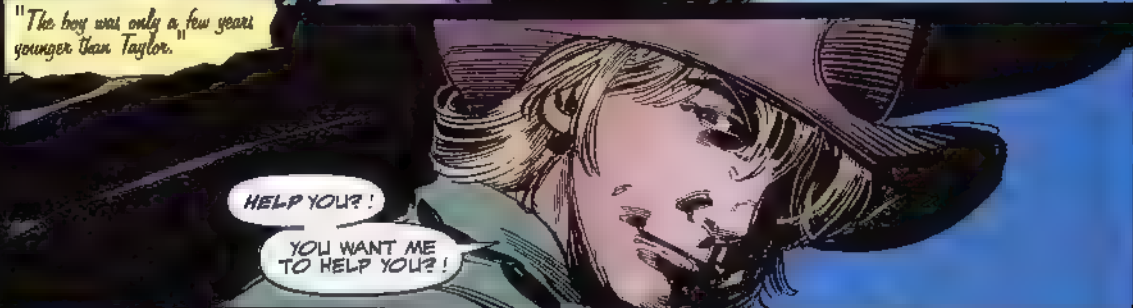


"Well we shot them up pretty good and then went down to see if any of them was still alive."



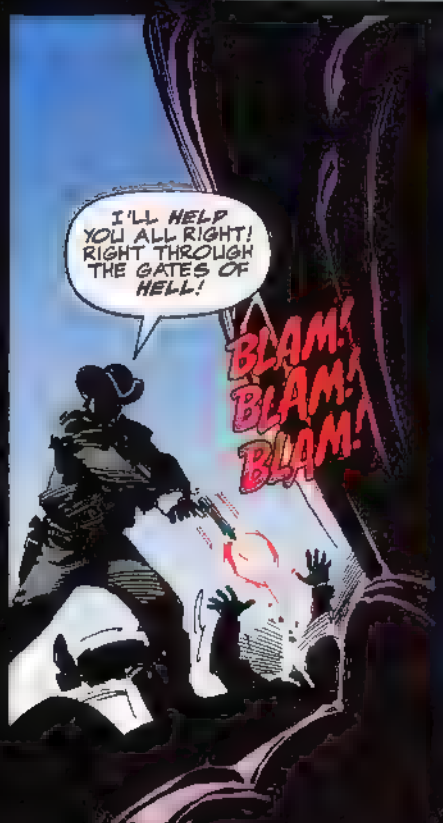
PLEASE...HELP ME...HELP ME...I DON'T WANT TO DIE...MISTER!

"The boy was only a few years younger than Taylor."



HELP YOU?!

YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU?!



I'LL HELP YOU ALL RIGHT! RIGHT THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



I GOT HIM! I KILLED ME ONE! YEEHAH! I'M A MAN NOW!

"Tell you the truth, Luv my ghoul--I can see a bit too much of myself in the boy and it scares me to hell."

"There's no without Pa. If there's any prayers left in you, pray for us both."



"Pray I don't wind up killing him myself. Your brother--Jeb"



As you can see, there's nothing much to tell for the Kents in 1873 but there were a few items of historical interest. Did you know, for example, that barbed wire was invented that year? Meant a lot out on the plains where there wasn't much wood for fencing

Jesse James and his gang did their first train robbery that year. The initial method was a bit crude- they derailed it, killing the engineer and several passengers

1873 also saw the creation of the Winchester 44-40 also known as the Winchester '73. Many say it was the gun that famed the West

"By 1874, the Taylor-Sutton feud ended and Jeb seems to have started up his own outlaw gang, probably at the goading of his son, Taylor. They ranged from Texas up into the Indian territories and into Kansas."



"Buffalo Bill Cody had gone theatrical, creating a Wild West play and dragging some of his friends into it - one of whom was Wild Bill Hickok!"

From the journal of Nathaniel Kent-- Rochester, NY -- March 10, 1874. Our visit home to see Belinda and the others has been a great success and it does my heart glad to see my remaining family doing well. We have stopped on the way back to glimpse Bill Hickok trotting the stage.



"It was...an experience."

MARY, TELL ME THIS ISN'T AS BAD AS I THINK.

IT ISN'T NATE, IT'S FAR, FAR WORSE.



"We went backstage afterwards to pay out... respects."

WA-ALL, HOW WAS I COUSIN? DON'T HOLD BACK NOW.



THAT WAS THE WORSE BIT OF HORSE MANURE I HAVE EVER WITNESSED AND YOU WERE THE BIGGEST DAMN FOOL I EVER SAW.



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOUR HONESTY IS A DAMN PAIN, COUSIN.



CODY! LISTEN UP! I QUIT! FOR GOOD THIS TIME!

"And so we saved the American Theater."



"Dear Clark-- the plague they couldn't stop that year were the grasshoppers. They were so thick, they blocked the sun and they attacked crops, trees, and even farm equipment from Texas up to the Canadian border"

"Combined with the economic collapse caused by the failure of Jay Cook and Company that year-- I don't think the country saw anything like it, even under the depression or the Dustbowl"



"Folks were getting more desperate, and so the stage was set for the final, fatal events in this history"

From the diary of Mary Glenowen Kent "September 4, 1874. It all started so peacefully tonight."



"Nate kissed the children good-night in their beds before starting his rounds. He really is such a loving father. He told me once he regarded them as miracles - the children he never thought he would see."



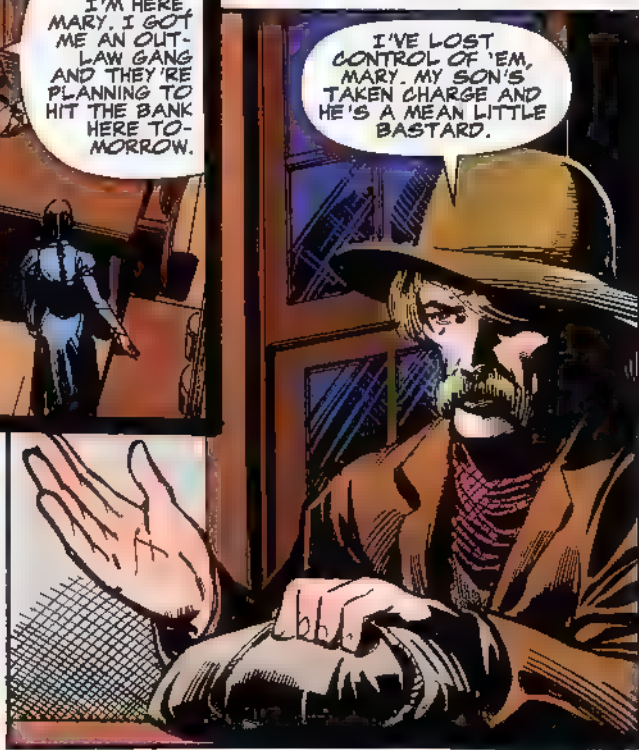
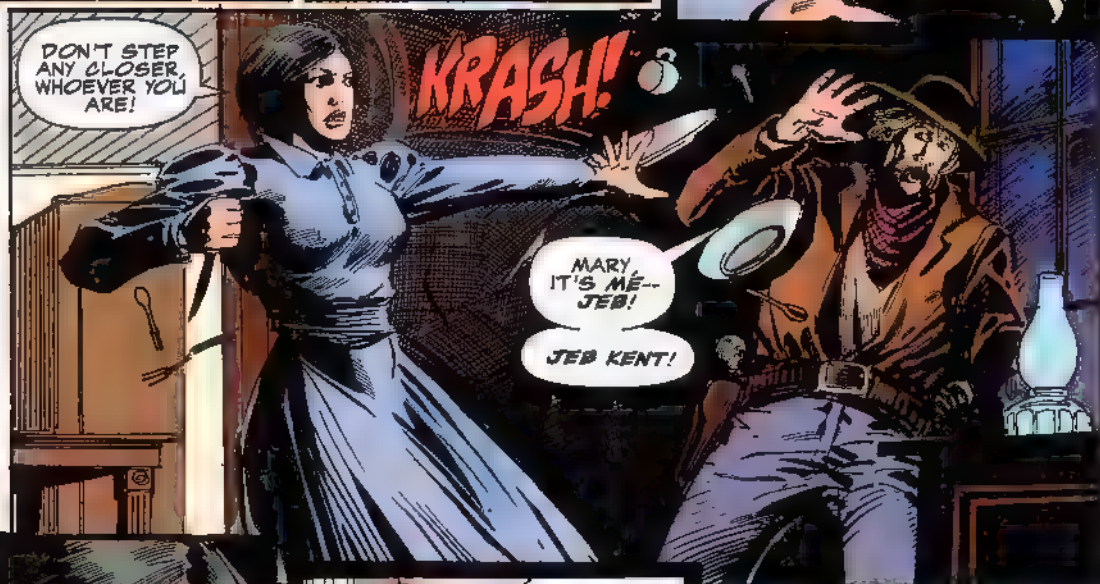
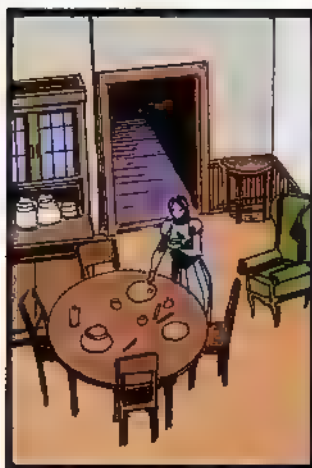
"Smallville is a quiet town, a peaceful one, and we have been welcomed and well received here."



"But you never know what the night will bring. Just as I had no idea what that night would bring."



"Then he kissed me as well. I never let him out the door without that."



TELL NATE, MARY. TELL HIM TO SET A TRAP. TELL HIM TO LET US ALL RIDE IN BUT MAKE SURE NONE RIDE AWAY--OR THEY'LL BE BACK.

AND SOME NIGHT SOMEBODY'LL BLISH-WHACK NATE FROM BEHIND.

JES, THANK YOU, BUT...WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? YOUR GANG... YOUR OWN SON...!

NATE'S MY BROTHER, MARY. AND HE'S A FINE MAN. ALL THE MAN I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I OWE HIM, MARY. THE WAY I FIGURE--THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE TO SET THINGS RIGHT.

DON'T GO BACK TO THEM, JEB! RIDE AWAY--OR STAY WITH US!

CAN'T, MARY. IF I GO MISSING, THE GANG'LL KNOW SOMETHIN'S UP. THEY'LL CALL IT OFF AND DO IT SOME OTHER TIME--WHEN YOU'LL HAVE NO WARNING. I HAVE TO RIDE IN WITH 'EM.

GOT ONE REQUEST, THOUGH

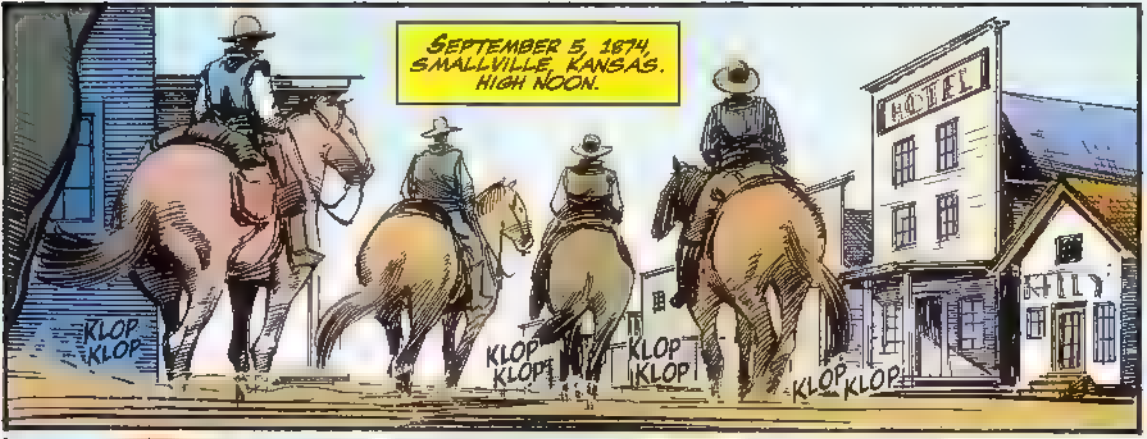
CAN YOU MAKE SURE THEY GET WHERE THEY'RE MEANT TO GO--WHATEVER HAPPENS TOMORROW?

OF COURSE!

THESE ARE THE LETTERS I ALWAYS MEANT TO MAIL TO MY SISTER LUCY AND NEVER HAD THE NERVE TO.

S'LONG, MARY.

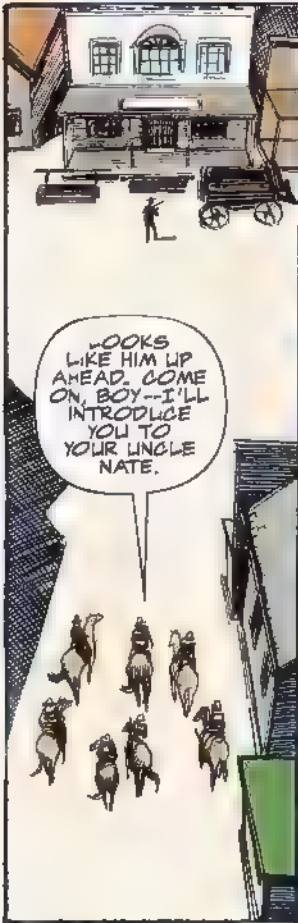
SEPTEMBER 5, 1874
SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.
HIGH NOON.



I DON'T
LIKE IT. IT'S TOO
QUIET!

SCARED
TAYLOR? YOU
CAN ALWAYS RIDE
OFF, BOY, IF N'
YOU WANT.

HUH! NOT
LIKELY, OL'
MAN! I MEAN TO
KILL ME A
SHERIFF!



LOOKS
LIKE HIM UP
AHEAD. COME
ON, BOY--I'LL
INTRODUCE
YOU TO
YOUR UNCLE
NATE.



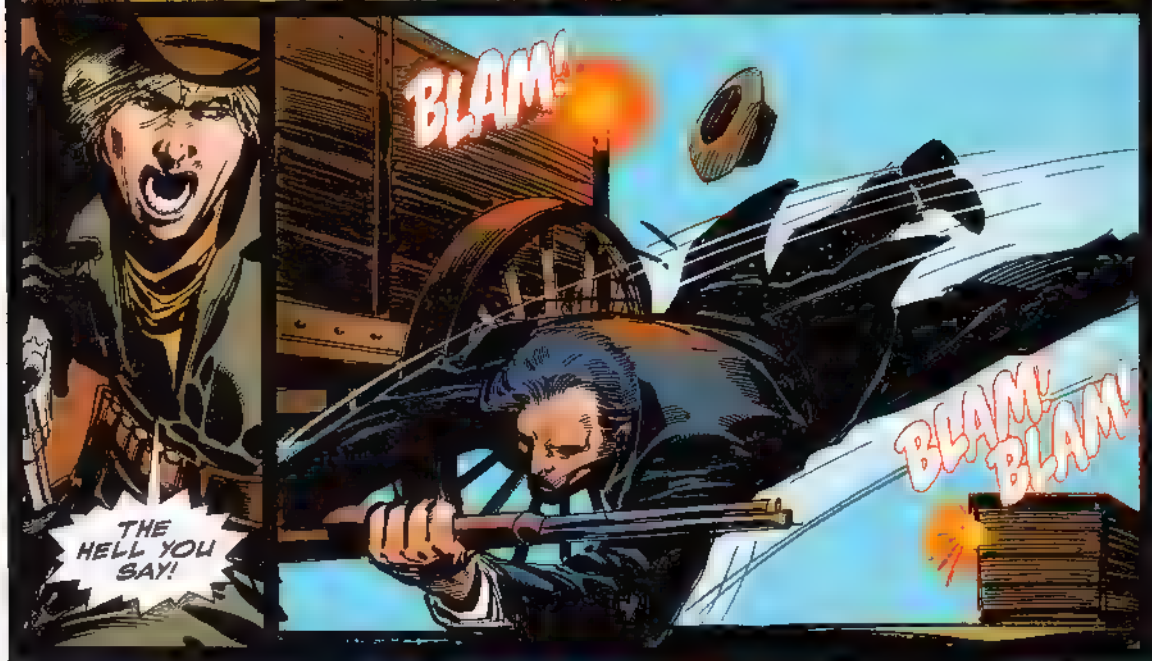
THAT'S FAR
ENOUGH. WE KNOW
WHO YOU ARE AND WHY
YOU'RE HERE. PUT UP
YOUR HANDS. YOU'RE
SURROUNDED.

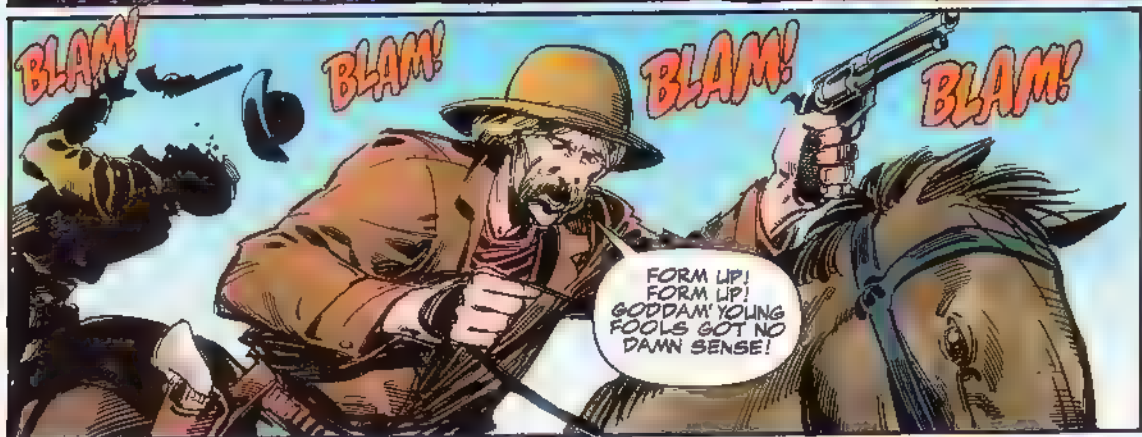


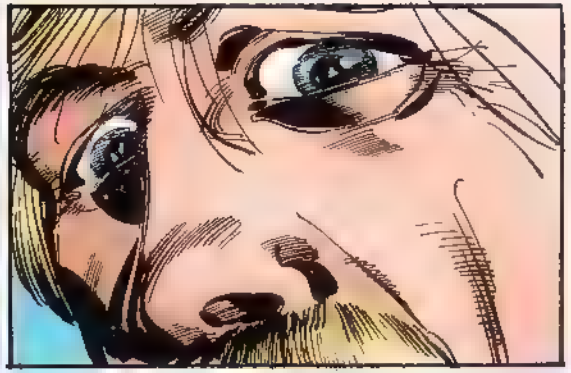
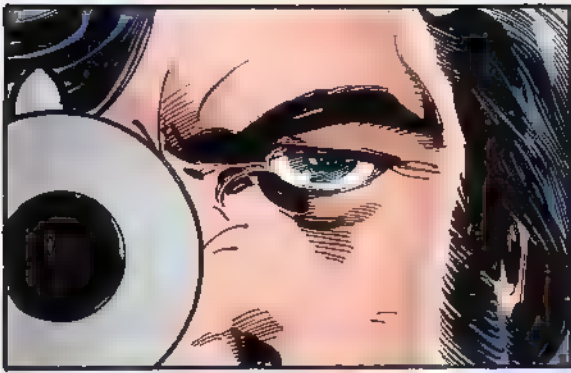
ONE MAN
DON'T MAKE A
POSSE!

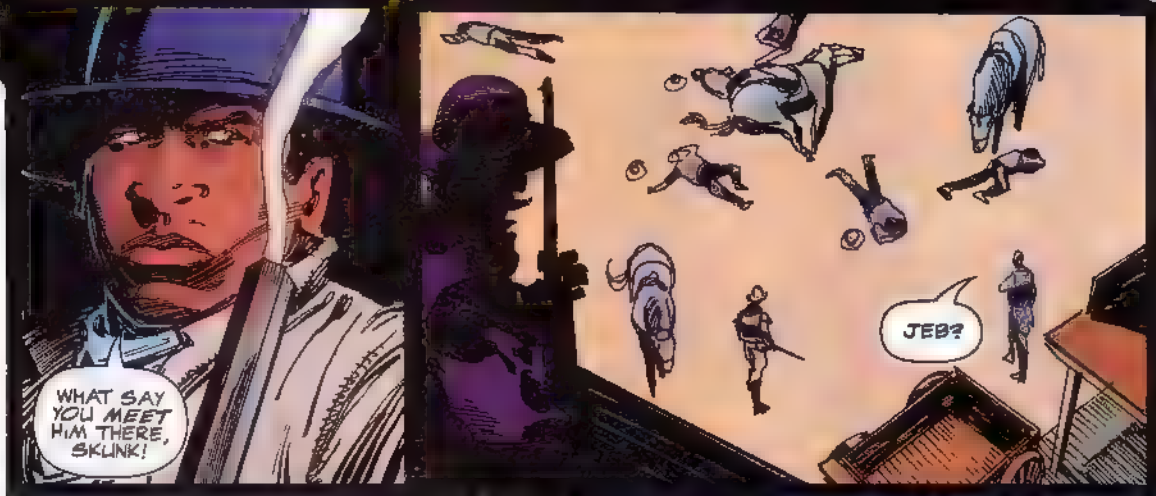
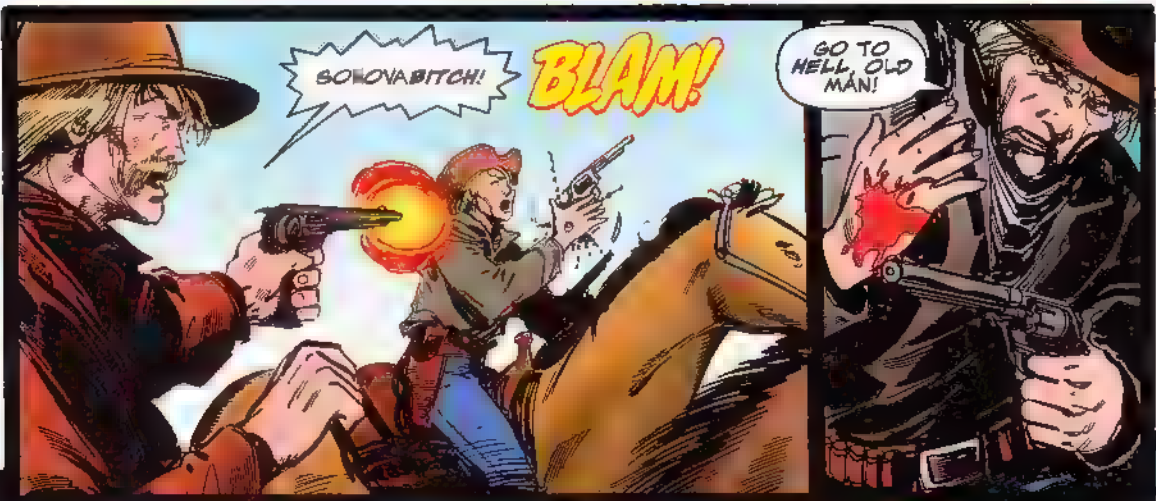


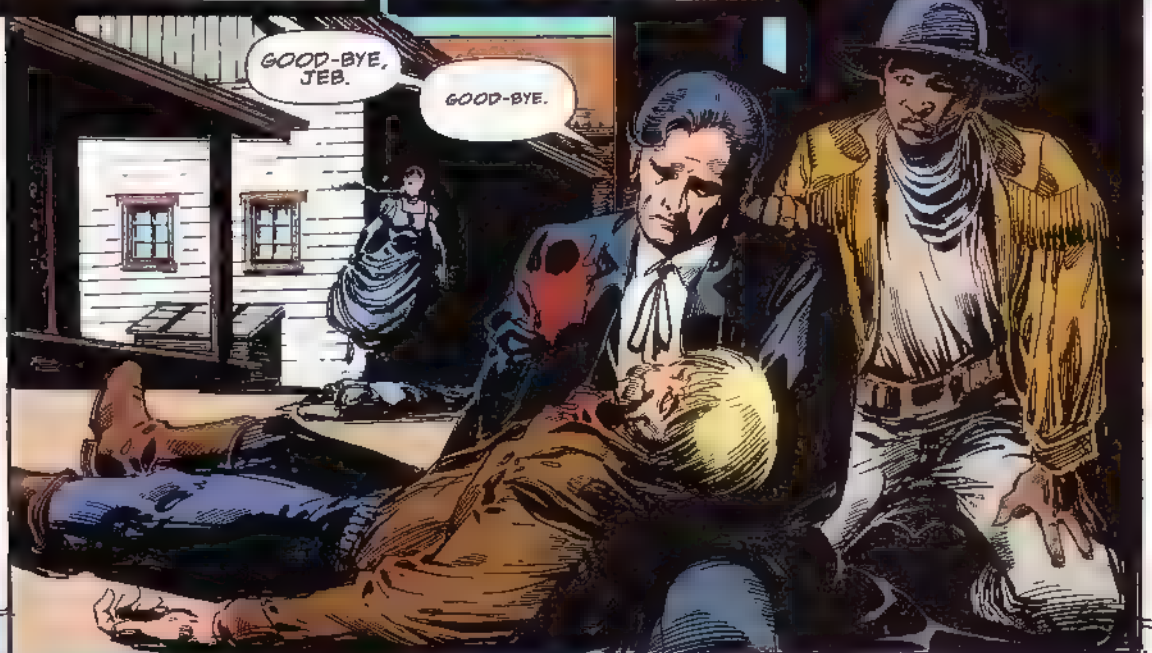
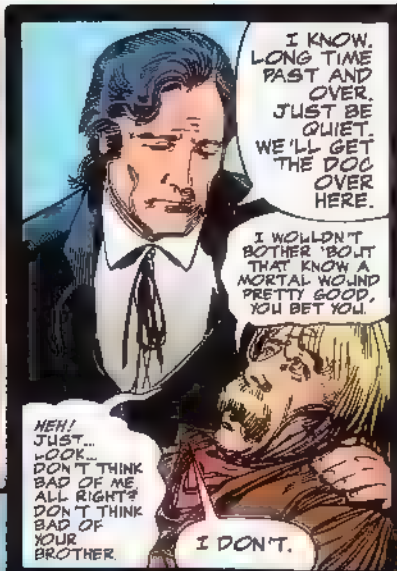
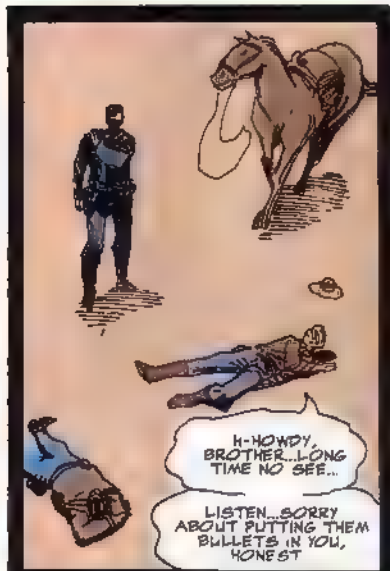
HE
ISN'T
JUST
ONE MAN.
LOOK
AROUND
YOU--
SLOWLY.











"Dear Belinda- We buried Jebediah today. We took him up to Lawrence to lie between Mother and Dad. The town has bought the old farm now for a cemetery.

"He died better than he had lived. It's as if, at the end, all the best parts of him, the parts that really made him one of us, that made him a Kent, came back. I will mourn him all the days of my life. Your loving brother- Nate"





"Just a few things, Clark, to tie everything off. On the nation's centennial birthday, General Custer got himself and the majority of his command killed at Little Big Horn.

"I wonder if he thought he was at Washita Creek again and thought he had caught the Indians napping. Looks like they caught him

"Less than a month later, on August 2, 1876, Wild Bill Hickok was shot from behind while playing poker in Deadwood, Dakota Territory. His last hand, aces and eights, became known as 'the dead man's hand'

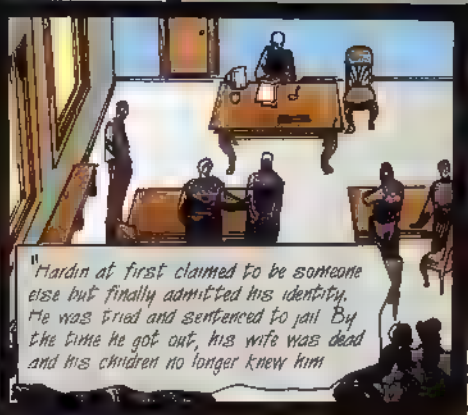
"I'm always struck by the linkage between the dates of Custer's and Hickok's deaths. Both were larger than life and even dressed somewhat alike in buckskins, to die so close to one another. Strange.

"One month later, on September 7th, Jesse James led his gang on the ill-fated raid on Northfield, Minnesota.

"It broke all of his--and Quantrill's rules--and they paid a heavy price for it. The Youngers wound up dead or in jail and Frank and Jesse barely escaped.



"The following year, 1877, John Wesley Hardin was arrested on a train in Pensacola, Florida, by Texas Rangers. The reports don't mention Joshua Freeman being there, but I choose to think he was



"Hardin at first claimed to be someone else but finally admitted his identity. He was tried and sentenced to jail. By the time he got out, his wife was dead and his children no longer knew him

"The years took their toll as they went by.



"Jesse James was killed in 1882 in his own house, shot in the back while hanging a picture, killed by a man he thought was his friend but who wanted the reward--and the notoriety.



"The violence John Wesley Hardin did came back to haunt him.

'He had tried going straight, tried being a lawyer, but he failed and fell back on old ways and was killed in 1895 by a crooked sheriff he had threatened--again, shot from behind like Jesse James, like Huckok.



"I've managed to uncover some sketchy details about Joshua Freeman. He was a lawyer and a state legislator and a sheriff. He may even have been in the Spanish-American War!

'And I have one last fragment from Nathaniel Kent's journal."



"September 5, 1894. It is twenty years to the day since Job died. Forty years since he and I and Pa came to Kansas. I found myself thinking about them tonight and all that I have seen and experienced."

"The century ends soon--my century. Oh, God willing. I'll live into the new one but it'll properly belong more to my children and their children than to me. I wonder what it will bring them?"

"I cannot think it could be more tumultuous than the years I have seen; at least, I pray to heaven they cannot! But I wonder, sometimes, and I doubt."

"Now my century is ending, Clark, and with it a whole millennium. And I too wonder what the days to come will bring and I also doubt. I already know our century was far worse than anything Nathaniel could have imagined."

"To The Stars By Hard Ways. That's the state motto of Kansas. 'Ad Astra Per Aspera' The stars of our dreams, our ideals. We never take the simple path to them, do we? Sometimes I wonder if we'll ever get there at all."

"Then I think of you and what you stand for, and remember Nate, and what he stood for, and there was even some good in Job in the end, and I find reason to hope."

"Hard ways or not, maybe we'll reach the stars yet, eh, son?"



WE'LL MAKE IT, PA. WE'LL MAKE IT.

-FIN-

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 001 Prologue- Family History

"Pieces", first appeared in The World of Krypton issue #1, released October, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), John Byrne (inker), Rick Bryant (inker)

"After the Fall", first appeared in The World of Krypton issue #2, released November, 1987

(writer), John Byrne (penciller), Mike Mignola (penciller), Rick Bryant (inker), Walter Simonson (inker)

"Bleeding Kansas Part 1", first appeared in The Kents issue #1, released June, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Bleeding Kansas Part 2", first appeared in The Kents issue #2, released July, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Bleeding Kansas Part 3", first appeared in The Kents issue #3, released August, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Bleeding Kansas Part 4", first appeared in The Kents issue #4, released September, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Brother Against Brother Part 1", first appeared in The Kents issue #5, released October, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Brother Against Brother Part 2", first appeared in The Kents issue #6, released November, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)



"Brother Against Brother Part 3", first appeared in The Kents issue #7, released December, 1997

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"Brother Against Brother Conclusion", first appeared in The Kents issue #8, released January, 1998

John Ostrander (writer), Timothy Truman (penciller), Michael Bair (inker)

"To the Stars By Hard Ways, Part One", first appeared in The Kents issue #9, released February, 1998

John Ostrander (writer), Tom Mandrake (penciller), Tom Mandrake (inker)

"To the Stars By Hard Ways, Part Two", first appeared in The Kents issue #10, released March, 1998

John Ostrander (writer), Tom Mandrake (penciller), Tom Mandrake (inker)

"To the Stars By Hard Ways, Part Three", first appeared in The Kents issue #11, released April, 1998

John Ostrander (writer), Tom Mandrake (penciller), Tom Mandrake (inker)

"To the Stars By Hard Ways Finale", first appeared in The Kents issue #12, released May, 1998

John Ostrander (writer), Tom Mandrake (penciller), Tom Mandrake (inker)



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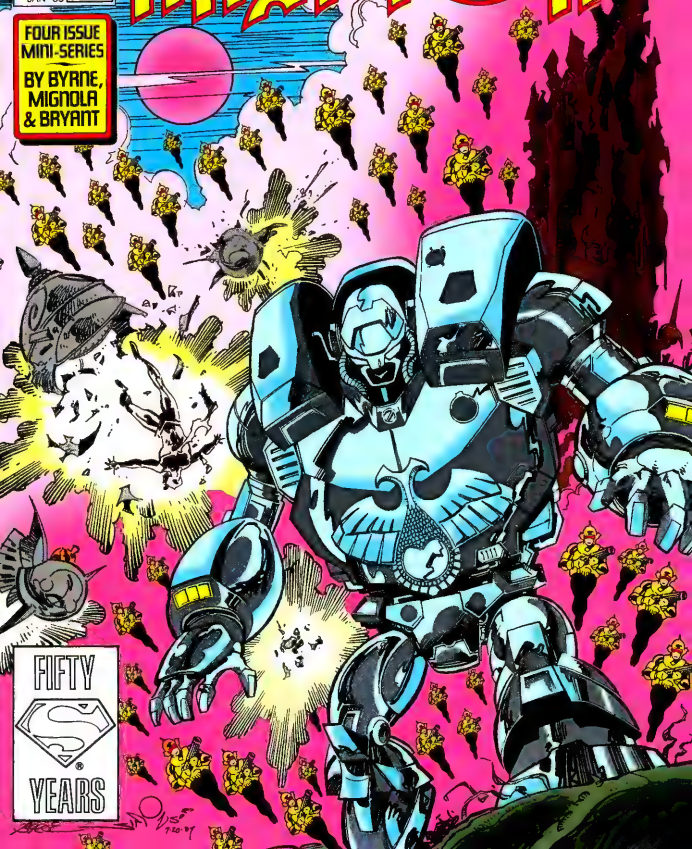


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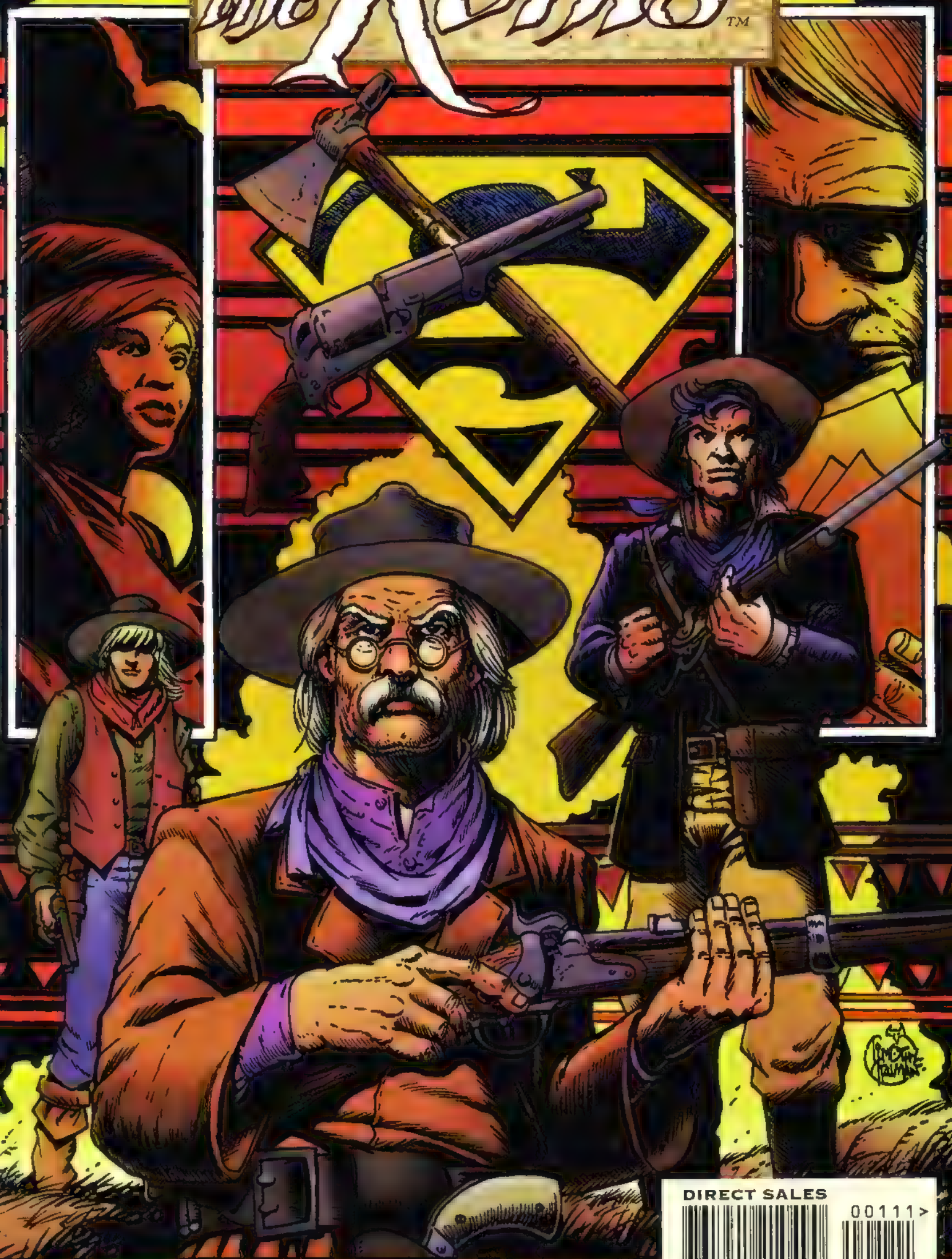
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5TH SMALLVILLE



8th day of July 1861
Bill Dauterive
Justice of the Peace



Feb 9, 1868
are really
mess
around here
got law
like a

Hard Water
CARTER



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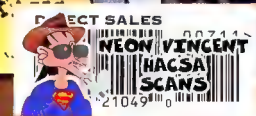
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